

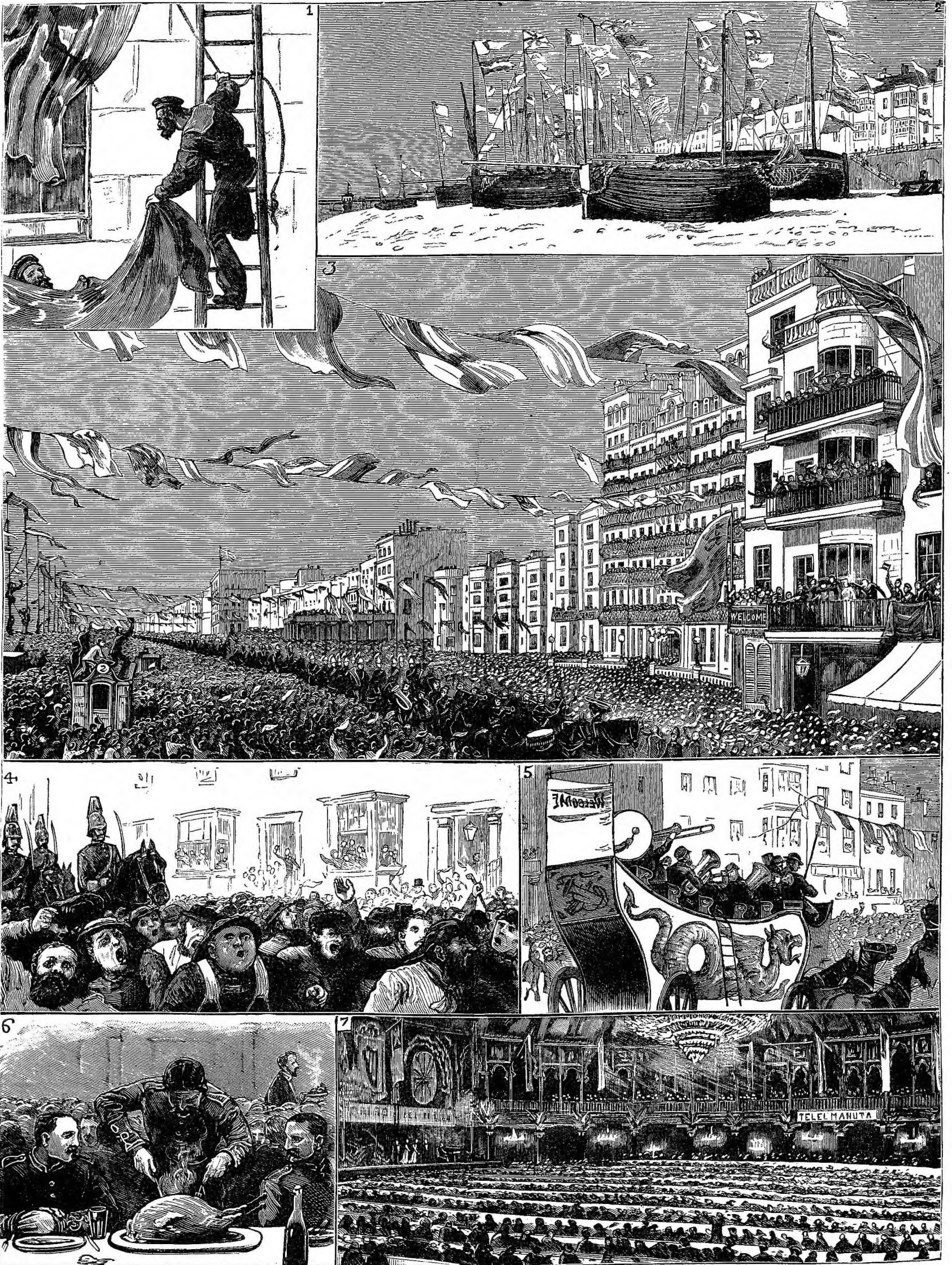
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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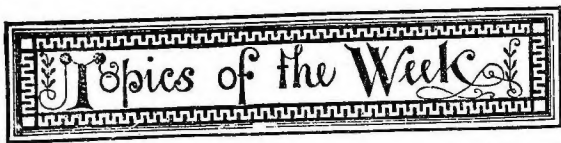
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1882

ENLARGED TO TWO SHEETS [PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



1. Coast Guards Hanging Bunting.—2. The Fishermen's Tribute.—3. The Procession in the King's Road.—4. The Saline Guard.—5. The Town Band at the End of the Procession.—6. Assaulting Turkey.—7. The Banquet.

THE RETURN OF THE TROOPS FROM EGYPT—RECEPTION OF THE FOURTH DRAGOON GUARDS AT BRIGHTON



CONSEQUENCES OF THE CLOSURE.—It cannot be said, we suppose, considering the interest the subject has excited, that the discussion on the First Rule of Procedure has been unduly prolonged. At the same time we question whether any one who had given the slightest attention to the question before the reassembling of Parliament is indebted to these debates for a single new idea regarding the probable effects of the Closure. We now see that almost everything that can be profitably said about the matter was said months ago, when the proposal was first seriously offered for consideration. If any one who did not know the habits of English public life were to take literally the terrible prophecies of Conservative orators, he would imagine that the glory of England was speedily about to depart. Our Constitution and our laws have been established by free discussion; henceforth, we are told, free discussion will not be permitted, and of course our Constitution and our laws are sooner or later to disappear along with it. Talk of this kind is sincere enough at the time, but we may reassure ourselves by remembering how frequently we have heard similar forebodings. When the late Tory Government proposed that the Queen should receive the title of Empress of India, the Liberals took quite as gloomy a view of the future as the Conservatives are taking now. The least of the evils which were confidently predicted was that the Royal title would be abandoned in favour of more gaudy honours. Yet who has ever thought of speaking of Her Majesty as an Empress except in her relation to India? And are there any signs that the nation is likely to be troubled by an attempt to reassert disused prerogatives of the Crown? In England people hardly ever think of the new title at all; and the chances are that the Closure will not have much more important practical consequences. As M. John Lemoine truly says, "England is a country whose laws are formed by custom, where habits are stronger than regulations;" and we may be sure that unless the national character be thoroughly transformed liberty will not be in much danger either in Parliament or elsewhere. According to the interpretation of the Speaker, the first Rule will give the House of Commons very little additional power, since the Closure can be proposed only if it is obviously desired by "the House at large."

POPE LEO XIII. ON SOCIALISM.—It is possibly given to Popes to see things which ordinary mortals cannot see. To Leo XIII. the mischiefs and dangers peculiar to the nineteenth century seem very much like those of the twelfth century. As the evils of the elder epoch were alleviated by the preaching and good example of St. Francis of Assisi, so a revival of the Franciscan institutions would be a remedy for present troubles. To most observers, however, the social characteristics of the two periods seem so radically different, that it is hard to realise ourselves as the descendants of the men of those days. They were incredibly harsh and cruel; we, though culpably indifferent to suffering which does not press itself on our attention, are foolishly averse to inflict punishment even on those who deserve it; they were saturated with faith, albeit a faith which often degenerated into superstition, whereas with us the religious doctrines of old time have been so shaken by the facts of science that even men who crave to believe feel the greatest difficulty in believing; and lastly, although luxury and misery existed side by side in the twelfth century, they were very dissimilar to the luxury and misery of the nineteenth century. The luxury of mediæval times was of a simple, barbaric type, consisting chiefly of finer clothes and plenty to eat; whereas the luxury born of modern wealth laps a man in its pleasant folds from the cradle to the grave. The lot of the mediæval poor man was excessively hard in some respects, but his mind was too undeveloped to brood over the fact, and he had a firm faith that in a few short years, after the gates of Death had been passed, all would be set right. How different is the modern poor man! He has wants unknown to his mediæval representative, the comfortableness of the well-to-do is pressed every moment on his attention, the shop-window full of sparkling jewels and his craving appetite are often only a few inches apart. Then, like some of his richer neighbours, he is often a sceptic. He knows there are good things to be got in this world; he is not sure about any other world. Pondering this, he is apt to arrive at the conclusion that the best solvent of human misery is dynamite. Yet, although the dissimilarity between the two epochs is probably greater than the Pope imagines, his suggestions, at all events in nominally Roman Catholic countries, where Socialism is most violent and aggressive, are by no means devoid of practical wisdom. Had he merely recommended the multiplication of fraternities of Begging Friars—as Protestant readers of the Encyclical at first not unnaturally supposed—the proposed remedy would have been useless because out of date. But when he advises that laymen should enter the Order of St. Francis as Tertiaries, he is really bidding his disciples practise the tenets of their religion more strictly and earnestly than most of them now do. In short, it is the familiar but too often unheeded advice of hundreds of preachers, "Be in the world, but not of the world." Taking his suggestions in this sense, the Pope is undoubtedly right. Genuine Christianity, just because it is

true Socialism, is the surest cure for the false Socialism which causes so much terror. This is the Socialism which Christ inculcated when He bade His followers minister to Himself in the persons of the sick, the hungry, the naked, and the afflicted. This is the Socialism which was preached by St. Francis when he bade the poor man be content with his lot, which was not without dignity, and when he told the rich man that he was bound to be merciful and generous.

BEES.—Sir John Lubbock, who lately took away the traditional character of the ant for business-like qualities, has been making experiments on bees. We have all heard the industrious bee contrasted with the idle, self-indulgent wasp. But Sir John finds that the wasp is really the more industrious creature of the two, and possesses besides the commercial virtue of early rising. For a bee and for a wasp Sir John provided stores of honey, and watched the animals at their pleasing toil. The wasp declared for early hours and a late closing movement, rising at 4 A.M., and persevering after the bee had sought its couch. Sir John thinks wasps may be less sensitive to cold than bees, but this is a mere friendly hypothesis. It is more to the point that the bee's proboscis is meant to extract honey from flowers, whereas the wasp chiefly shines in eating the manufactured article. In this branch of industry the wasp can successfully vie with any insect, labouring at its task from 4 A.M. to 8 P.M., and visiting the honey 116 times. After this few will question the perseverance of the wasp when occupied in a branch of business congenial to its habits. Sir John has also discovered that bees have no ears for music, and on the whole disparages the busy bee.

ARABI'S TRIAL.—It is said that the Egyptian authorities would be well pleased to find some pretext for abandoning the proposed trial of Arabi. If this be true, it is to be hoped that our Government will aid rather than hinder them in the search for an adequate excuse. Almost everybody in England is of opinion that we committed a mistake in handing over the rebel leader to the Khédive—a mistake not unnatural at the time, perhaps, but which ought now to be frankly acknowledged. In whatever way the trial might end it would be to our disadvantage. If Arabi were acquitted the Egyptian people would, of course, be more certain than ever that we wronged them grievously in interfering in their affairs. If he were condemned to death and executed, there would be an outcry throughout the civilised world against our inhumanity, since it would be very properly urged that we might have saved him if we had chosen; and the fact that we had not chosen would be attributed to the meanest motives. On the other hand, were he condemned to death, and set free by our intervention, we should be rebuked by the Egyptians for submitting the case to their tribunals without any intention of letting it be decided in Egypt. "You professed," they would say, "to uphold the authority of the Khédive; and all the time your real purpose was to show that he has no authority whatever." Look at the matter from what point of view we may, the result is the same. England herself ought to have determined Arabi's fate; and she should not even now, at the eleventh hour, shrink from what is her plain duty. The only argument on the other side is that Mr. Gladstone has committed himself to a particular course, but Mr. Gladstone's policy has undergone so many transformations lately that one more change need not cause him much inconvenience.

MR. GREEN'S IMPRISONMENT.—Most of us feel relieved at the release of Mr. Green. There seems something especially anomalous in an age of unbounded licence, when men say and write with impunity that which only a few years ago would have exposed them to a criminal prosecution, that a clergyman of unblemished moral character should be deprived for some eighteen months of his liberty. Perhaps, as the Archbishop of York acutely said, the prison door was locked on the inside, but at any rate it looked like martyrdom; and, in the eyes of Mr. Green's adherents, it doubtless was martyrdom. We need not, therefore, criticise too closely the legal subtleties which have resulted in the opening of the portals of the gaol. But the uncomfortable question remains whether henceforward Mr. Green may not do something which will again subject him to incarceration. The difficulty, as everybody knows, with him and his fellow-believers is that they will not secede from the Church of England. They maintain that they are the exponents of her true ceremonies and doctrines, and that the ceremonies and doctrines of which the Bishop of Manchester (for example) approves, are a modern innovation on the practice of the Ancient Church. Such being the case, it is plain that unless the remarkable latitude now granted in the official Church of England is still further extended, such "martyrdoms" as those of Mr. Green will occasionally occur, even if the Public Worship Act were repealed. Nor would Disestablishment even preclude the possibility of such occurrences. The quarrels which arise in any organised body, whether lay or ecclesiastical, are constantly brought before the national law-courts, and if the man whom the law pronounces to be wrong persists in his error the law will undoubtedly fine or imprison him for his contumacy. In such cases the duty of the Court is to ascertain if the rules of the society have been infringed, and judgment is given accordingly. We mention these patent facts to show that the so-called "scandal" of the imprisonment of a worthy and well-meaning but obstinate man may become an unavoidable incident.

THE PRIZES OF DENTISTRY.—"As conceited as three dentists" are the terms in which a recent French novelist describes one of his characters. It may not have been generally remarked that dentists are more conceited than barristers, plumbers, publishers, actors, or any other class of men. But one Parisian dentist, at least, could afford, if he chose, to indulge in honest pride. This is Dr. Evans, the master, or, if we may say so, the Boss American dentist. Dr. Evans has lately arraigned his chief clerk for pilfering a trifle of 1,000,000 francs out of the doctor's fees. The clerk confesses to 300,000 francs, but disclaims the million. At the trial Dr. Evans was asked what his income was. He put the question by, but said it was large enough to prevent him from missing 4,000*l.* a year. As Clive wondered at his his own moderation, we marvel at that of Dr. Evans's chief clerk. By his own showing he only stole a poor 12,000*l.* from a master who could not miss the money. Thanks to iced drinks and hot cakes, American teeth are the worst, and American dentists, by reason of practice, the best in the world. The labourers may be worthy of their hire; but their patients seem to pay as well as the Jews whose teeth were extracted by the orders of King John. The jury thought the clerk was put under too strong temptations, and his sentence was lenient.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.—This enterprising young politician cannot complain that he receives inadequate attention. No other Member of Parliament of his age is half so much talked about, and even among his opponents there are some who predict for him a great future. It would be unsafe to assume that these anticipations will not be realised, for violent eccentricity has marked the opening stages of the career of more than one English statesman. Fifty years ago many observers laughed at the notion that the author of "Vivian Grey" would ever be really eminent, yet good judges foretold even then that he would ultimately push to the foremost rank in politics. Probably it is this example that animates Lord Randolph Churchill; but as yet he has given no decisive proof that he has any prominent qualities corresponding to those of Lord Beaconsfield—except, indeed, audacity. Of that he has at least enough; but Lord Beaconsfield had ideas as well as audacity; and the ideas of his later years were essentially the same as those for which he contended in youth. What are Lord Randolph Churchill's ideas? He talks of the Tory democracy, but that has rather lost its novelty, and we are not aware that he has given any very lucid definition of what he means by it. In other respects he does not seem to differ much from ordinary Conservatives, except that he would oppose Liberal measures with considerably more vigour than Sir Stafford Northcote cares to display. This naturally makes him popular among strong party men of his own way of thinking; but very much more is necessary to one who aspires to a leading place in Parliament. A man with so high an ambition must convince the country that he has seriously studied the problems of politics, and that he is capable of guiding public opinion wisely and dispassionately. Lord Randolph Churchill has certainly not convinced the country of this yet, and the obstruction which he proposes to offer to the Rules of Procedure which remain to be considered will hardly tend to remove doubts as to his practical ability and good sense.

LONDON IMPROVEMENTS AND EVICTIONS.—In the palmy days of the Second French Empire, under the reign of Baron Haussmann, Paris was provided with new and magnificent avenues with a rapidity and a completeness which excited the envy of Londoners. Since those days he Metropolitan Board of Works, originally established in 1855, has plumed its wings for longer flights, and some improvements, which would be deemed of very respectable magnitude even by Parisian critics, have been executed. More, however, would undoubtedly have been done by the Board in this direction had it not been clogged by restrictions on its powers, made by Parliament out of charitable motives. Parliament enacted that where the Board displaced poor people by its demolitions, it must provide accommodation for the persons thus turned out, and the rigidly literal interpretation recently put upon this clause (and apparently with good reason) by Mr. Justice Chitty with reference to an improvement scheme in St. Giles's, tends to fetter the Board more than ever. In fact, before long Parliament will have to reconsider the whole question. In this matter we do not wish to speak dogmatically, but it is worth while to take note of the ordinary laws of supply and demand. Now, if an extensive area in Central London (say the region between Holborn and the Strand) were laid bare by fire, most of the space would be reoccupied by factories, shops, and maybe dwelling-houses of a superior class. It may be a sad fact, but nobody, except, perhaps, the Peabody Trustees, would specially cater for the poor. Such property may pay in the suburbs, the speculators would argue; it will not pay in the central districts, because the land is too valuable. But because poor men's houses might not be profitable as a commercial speculation, it does not follow that a corporate body should refrain from building them. There are numbers of working men whose avocations prevent them from living in distant suburbs, and already some of the so-called suburbs are becoming as squalid and congested as the old central districts. Why should not the Board of Works be authorised—indeed, be compelled—to erect in the older districts blocks of houses after the

Peabody pattern? Such dwellings seem always to be eagerly sought after, and that by the better class of working people, who are really more deserving of consideration than the degraded inhabitants of the slums. The profit might be too modest to tempt the ordinary building speculator, but if the job was fairly managed it need cause no demand on the ratepayers' pockets. We should like to see everybody decently housed, but we have no desire to see the poor all shovelled out into the suburbs. The natural thing is to have a mingling of classes in every quarter of "Great Babylon."

THE SCHOOL BOARD ELECTIONS.—The nomination list of candidates for the new London School Board is now closed, and early next week the persons nominated will cease to have the right of withdrawing their names. Very soon, then, the contest will be as keen as possible, and those electors who choose to attend the meetings of candidates will hear much concerning "the ring" on the one hand, and concerning "crotcheteers" on the other. Fortunately, the struggle is not now to any considerable extent between the upholders of voluntary schools and the upholders of Board schools. A few years ago this was the supreme issue; but experience has taught both parties that there is ample room for schools of all kinds, if only they are efficient. The question now before the electors relates almost exclusively to the rate of expenditure which ought to be permitted to the Board. It is hardly worth while to contend that the Board ought to be economical; that may surely be allowed to go without saying. But the meaning of those who cry out loudly for economy usually is that the last Board was guilty of great extravagance. Very few persons are in a position to judge whether this was so or not; but it is significant that the charge has been made most vehemently by members who were far from displaying remarkable diligence in attending to the regular duties of their office. Whether the last Board was extravagant or not, it is certain that it could not have done its work well if it had acted in a grudging spirit. We have seen complaints, for instance, about the increasing salaries of teachers; but such complaints proceed from people who know nothing about the exhausting character of a teacher's labours, or of the difficulty of attracting to the profession suitable candidates. If we are to have good teachers and good schools, we must pay handsomely for them; and there is no department of public activity in which generous expenditure is likely to be so well rewarded.

COLONISTS AND NATIVES IN SOUTH AFRICA.—The well-deserved tribute of respect paid on Monday to Mr. Saul Solomon, an esteemed member of the Cape Parliament, for his constant efforts to uphold the legitimate rights and interests of the natives, may render a few remarks on the subject given in our heading not out of place. An idea prevails—and it is an idea not altogether unsupported by fact—that colonists are wont to treat the dark-coloured natives with whom they come in contact more harshly and unjustly than public opinion in the mother-country approves, and that therefore the natives are likely to be better looked after when the Central Government controls the affairs of the settlement than when the colony manages its own business. Unfortunately the inference is not borne out by facts. Let us take four instances. The United States Government has always retained in its own hands the management of the Red Indians. The mass of the people of the Eastern States are kindly disposed towards these savages, yet American opinion asserts in the strongest language that the Indians have been cruelly and miserably mishandled. But is not Canada an exception, for there the Indians are so well treated? Canada is only apparently an exception; the skilful management of the Indians being due to the fact that the wilderness over which they roamed was for years held by the Hudson's Bay Company, a body practically independent of the Home Government, and impelled by self-interest to treat the Indians well, because of their value as trackers and fur-collectors. Let us now turn to the Southern Hemisphere. At the Cape, and in New Zealand, the only two colonies in that half of the globe where native races are sufficiently numerous to be formidable, Home Government management entailed a series of bloody and costly wars. The reason is obvious. When the colonists have to fight their own battles, and to pay the cost of them, they are chary of provoking the natives. This fact, by the way, shows that in these disputes the natives are not always in the wrong; if they were, there would be fighting, redcoats or no redcoats. Pondering over these undoubted facts, we cordially endorse Mr. Solomon's parting advice to the Colonial Office, "Do not interfere with the Cape Government except on occasions of great emergency."

A STRANGE FIGHT.—A battle more ghastly than the romantic encounter between Brummy and the Dog has lately been witnessed, or is at least reported, by a correspondent of the *New York Sun*. The combatants were of the Ganowanian race, or, not to be too learned, were Red Indians. One of them was a man, who had injured or insulted a lady of the Pole-cat family, noted for their beauty and pride. Four Pole-cat girls, therefore, challenged the Red Indian Tarquin to a combat on the following principles. If the girls could get the man down, and strip him of a belt he wore, he was to be for ever an outlaw and accursed. If he mastered them, his offence was to escape punishment. Only nature's weapons were to be used, and the man was

not to hit below the breast. The lists were pitched, the fighters met in their war-paint, and the rounds were too ghastly to be described. The women confined themselves to catching and holding; the man hit out at their faces with his fists. Two girls would go down like ninepins, but other two were always hanging to the wretch's waist, knees, or neck, and at last numbers and pluck prevailed. The man was got down, his belt was waved in triumph, and by this time he has probably died of hunger, or by his own hand.

NOTICE.—The Number this week consists of TWO WHOLE SHEETS, one of which is devoted to an ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTION OF BALMORAL.

THE COMING CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE GRAPHIC.

We imagine that even our greatest living Painter could scarcely have anticipated the pleasure he would give to millions, when he painted for our Christmas Number "CHERRY RIFE."

A volume could be filled, showing the enthusiasm her appearance created. One amusing incident we must find space for here. An admirer of the child's face, who had evidently been gazing at one of our Coloured Prints as figured at the Railway Stations, straightway telegraphed to the "GRAPHIC OFFICE" the following suggestive message:—"Is the Mother of 'CHERRY RIFE' a widow? Reply, please."

Mr. MILLAIS has now Painted for us a younger Sister of "CHERRY RIFE." This Picture has been pronounced by many of his brother Artists to be one of his finest Works, and she will be introduced to the Public at Christmas by "THE GRAPHIC" as

"LITTLE MRS. GAMP."

The following Artists have also Painted Pictures, which will be reproduced in Colours.

MAMMA'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT: A BOY AT LAST. By W. F. YEAMES, R.A.
HUNGRY BIRDS. By CARL BAUERLE.
NEW YEAR'S DAY IN OLD NEW YORK. By G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.
CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR: A SCENE AT THE EVELINA HOSPITAL. By C. J. STANLAND.
UGLY AUNTIE AND LOVELY AUNTIE. By Miss MARY L. GOW.
AFTER THE BALL: COMPARING PROGRAMMES. By ARTHUR HOPKINS.

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER IN DANGER. By J. C. DOLLMAN.
MR. OAKBALL AT FLORENCE. FOUR PAGES OF WATER-COLOUR SKETCHES BY R. CALDECOTT.
CHRISTMAS MORNING AT MAMMA'S BEDROOM DOOR. By A. MARIE.
PREPARING FOR THE CHILDREN'S PARTY: "NOW THEN, ONE, TWO, AND THREE." By A. E. EMSLIE.
CHRISTMAS MORNING: DECORATING THE SIGN BOARD. By YEEND KING.

LIST OF TALES:

DR. TODD'S CHRISTMAS BOX. By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE. Illustrated by W. R. RALSTON.
MILEY MELLACHIN'S BORROWED PLUMES. By C. J. HAMILTON.
MR. WOOLSEY'S TROUBLES. By F. W. ROBINSON, Etc.

The Edition now printing is FIVE HUNDRED AND SIXTY THOUSAND, after which no more can be issued, and it will be facilitating the work of the Printer, Publisher, and Retail Trader if the PUBLIC WILL KINDLY GIVE THEIR ORDERS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE TO THEIR NEWSAGENT.



ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

PRESIDENT: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.
A CONCERT will be given in aid of the Foundation and Endowment of the above College by the Brinsmead Concert Company (assisted at the London Concert by Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Herbert Keates). **ST. JAMES'S HALL, THURSDAY EVENING, November 16, at 8 o'clock.** Artists: Miss Anna Williams and Madame Vatey; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Herbert Keates, Signor Runcio, Mr. Barrington Pooce, and Signor Foli. Solo Pianoforte: The Chevalier Antoine de Kontski. Solo Violin: Herr Tzouanski. Sofa Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission 1s. Tickets may be obtained at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, 28, Piccadilly, and usual Agents.

AMSTERDAM INTERNATIONAL, COLONIAL, AND GENERAL EXHIBITION, 1883.
All Applications from INTENDING EXHIBITORS in the UNITED KINGDOM must be sent in to the undersigned before the 15th of November.
P. L. SIMMONDS, British Commissioner, 35, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

THE ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF HIGH CLASS PICTURES BY ENGLISH AND CONTINENTAL ARTISTS IS NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTH AND SONS' GALLERY, 5, Haymarket. (Opposite Her Majesty's Theatre). Admission ONE SHILLING, including Catalogue.

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools, is now OPEN at THOMAS MCLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket. Admission, including catalogue, 1s.

SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS, 115, STRAND.—NOW ON VIEW. "Besieged," Painted by F. Holl, Etched by Walneby. "What are the Wild Waves Saying," Painted by C. W. Nicholls, Engraved by G. H. Every. All the Modern Publications On View.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity,"—*The Times*) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE TETRATORUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and a his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON.

Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool Street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton, Every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge. Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday, From Victoria at 10.45 a.m., and London Bridge at 10.35 a.m. Pullman Drawing Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations. On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts. A Special Train for Horses, Carriages, and Servants, From Victoria to Brighton, at 11.15 a.m. every Weekday.

BRIGHTON.—The NEW PULLMAN LIMITED EXPRESS, Lighted by Electricity, and fitted with the Westinghouse Automatic Brake, now runs between Victoria and Brighton.

From VICTORIA, Weekdays, at 10.0 a.m., and 3.50 p.m.
From BRIGHTON, Weekdays, at 1.20 p.m., and 5.45 p.m.
This New Train, specially constructed and elegantly fitted up by the Pullman Car Company, consists of four Cars, each over 58 feet in length.

The Car "Beatrice" (Drawing-Room) contains also a Ladies' Boudoir and Dressing Room.

The Car "Louise" (Parlour) contains also a separate apartment for a private party.

The Car "Victoria" contains a Buffet for Tea, Coffee, and other Light Refreshments, also a Newspaper Counter.

The Car "Maud" is appropriated for Smoking.

The Car "Train" is lighted by Electricity, the system being that of Edison's incandescent Lamps in connection with Faure's system of Accumulators.

Lavatories are provided in each Car, and a separate compartment for Servants is also provided in one of the Cars.

The Staff attached to this Train consist of a Chief Conductor, Assistant Conductor, a Page Boy, and two Guards.

There is Electrical communication between the several Cars and the Conductors; a passenger travelling in any one of the Cars can therefore call the attention of the Conductor by pressing one of the small Electric discs.

There is a covered gangway communication between each Car, thereby enabling the Conductors to pass from Car to Car.

PARIS.—SHORTEST CHEAPEST ROUTE.

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Powerful Paddle Steamers with excellent Cabins, &c.

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SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourist Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City Office, 11, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By Order,

J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager

LYCEUM.—"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."—Every EVENING, at 7.45. Benedick, Mr. HENRY IRVING; Beatrice, Miss ELLEN TERRY. MORNING PERFORMANCE TO-DAY (SATURDAY), at 2 o'clock, and Saturdays, Nov. 18, Dec. 2, and Dec. 9. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open, 10 to 6.

GLOBE THEATRE.—This Theatre will RE-OPEN under the management of Mrs. BERNARD-BEERE, TO-NIGHT with (at 8.45) a New Rustic Drama in three acts (in prose) by ALFRED TENNYSON (Poet Laureate) entitled THE PROMISE OF MAY.

Mr. Charles Kelly, Mr. H. Cameron, Mr. E. H. Russell, Mr. March, Mr. Medwin, Mr. Halley, and Mr. Hermann Vezin, Miss Emmeline Ormsby (by permission of Mr. Wilson Barrett), Miss Alexes Leighton, Miss Maggie Hunt, and Mrs. Bernard-Beere. Scenery by Messrs. Hann, Spang, and Perkins. Musical Conductor, Mr. Hamilton Clarke. Country Dances by D'Auban. The whole produced under the direction of Mr. Charles Kelly. Preceded at Eight o'clock by A FAIR ENCOUNTER, by C. M. Rae, Esq. Seats may be secured at the Box Office, and at all the Libraries. No Fees. Acting Manager, C. J. Abud.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT (Managers) Messrs. ALFRED REED and CORNEY GRAIN. ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE.—The "TURQUOISE RING," by G. W. Godfrey and Lionel Benson. Followed by an entirely New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled "EN ROUTE." MORNING PERFORMANCES Thursday and Saturday at Three. Evenings, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Admission 1s. and 2s. Stalls, 3s. and 5s. No fees. N.B.—Thursday, December 7, the Afternoon Performance will commence at 2.30. Doors open at 2. See daily papers.



THE FOURTH DRAGOON GUARDS AT BRIGHTON

THESE troops, who arrived from Egypt on the 21st October, were formally welcomed by the Brightonians on Friday, the 3rd inst. The regiment paraded at 11 A.M., and proceeded through New Road into North Street and the Western Road, along which they marched as far as Brunswick Place, turning down this thoroughfare in honour of their old comrade and commander, General Shute, C.B. The Mayor and Mayoress of Brighton (Mr. Alderman and Mrs. Hallett) were driven in an open carriage immediately before the bands, which preceded the regiment throughout the march. The cavalcade continued its progress along the sea front and returned by the Old Steine and the Pavilion Parade to their barracks. Thousands of persons lined the streets and balconies, and the houses were bedecked with banners and mottoes. In the evening the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men (to the number of between four and five hundred) were entertained at a banquet in the Dome of the Royal Pavilion, under the presidency of the Mayor. The men of the First Sussex Artillery Volunteers and the First Sussex Rifle Volunteers lined the route to the Dome, and the respective bands played at intervals during the banquet. Mr. Marriott (one of the M.P.'s for Brighton) proposed the Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces. He had been in Cairo at the time of the entry of the British troops, and bore testimony to their excellent behaviour. The Khédive had said of them, "I have only one fault to find with them: where they ought to pay one shilling, they pay two shillings, and frequently three shillings."

We may take this opportunity of expressing our regret that, owing to the extreme pressure on our pictorial space, we have not been able so fully as we could wish to chronicle the doings of the Marines, whose conduct during the campaign has on all sides won them high praise.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT LEAVING CAIRO

THE Duke of Connaught left Cairo for Alexandria on the evening of October 26th. He was seen off at the Railway Station by the Khédive and Sir E. Malet, while a large number of Europeans assembled to bid farewell to the Prince, who had made himself universally popular during his stay in the Egyptian capital. As a parting gift the Khédive presented his Royal Highness with a magnificent sword and a set of jewels for the Duchess of Connaught.

WOUNDED MEN AT WOOLWICH

THIS engraving (from a photograph by J. Shepherd, Artist and Photographer, Woolwich) represents some of the more serious cases among the wounded at the Herbert Hospital. These men were brought home on board the *Courland*. We append a list of names and particulars:—

Drummer G. Walsh, 2nd Battalion York and Lancaster Regiment (84th). Wounded at Kassassin on 9th September; bullet passed through the muscle. Is a native of Pontefract, Yorkshire.

Private A. Frazer, 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry (74th). Wound of back, bullet supposed to be lodged. Stated to be done by one of the enemy's wounded; injury received when eighty yards over the trenches of Tel-el-Kebir. Is a native of Old Town, Edinburgh; was reported dead.

Private A. Whitehouse, 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry (74th). Wound of chest; bullet passed clean through body; was reported dead. Is a native of Staffordshire.

Lance-Corporal J. Constable, 1st Battalion Royal Highlanders (42nd). Wound of left forearm; fracture of bone. Is a native of Dundee.

Sister Wallace, the lady nurse, on the establishment of the Herbert Hospital, who was serving at Base Hospital, Ismailia, and attended these patients on the voyage home. She is very popular among the sick (these men who came from Egypt claiming her as their own sister); and so are the other lady nurses belonging to the Hospital.

Sergeant D. Gunn, Cameron Highlanders (79th). Mentioned in Sir Garnet's Despatch, vide *Standard*, 3rd inst. Wound of left side, top of lung; occurred when 400 yards over the trenches, near the second line. He imagines the bullet is lodged. Is a native of Greenside, Edinburgh.

Private J. Mahoney, 1st Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers (87th). Wound of right leg; was shot when 130 yards over the trenches by a wounded Egyptian. Is a native of Cork.

Lance-Corporal J. Willis, 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders (75th). Wound of left leg, 800 yards over trenches following enemy up. Is a native of Ballymacreedy, Belfast.

Private J. McCallister, Cameron Highlanders (79th). A bullet passed through his body near hips; was 150 yards over the main trench. Native of Kilmarnock, Ayrshire.

The whole of these cases are progressing favourably.

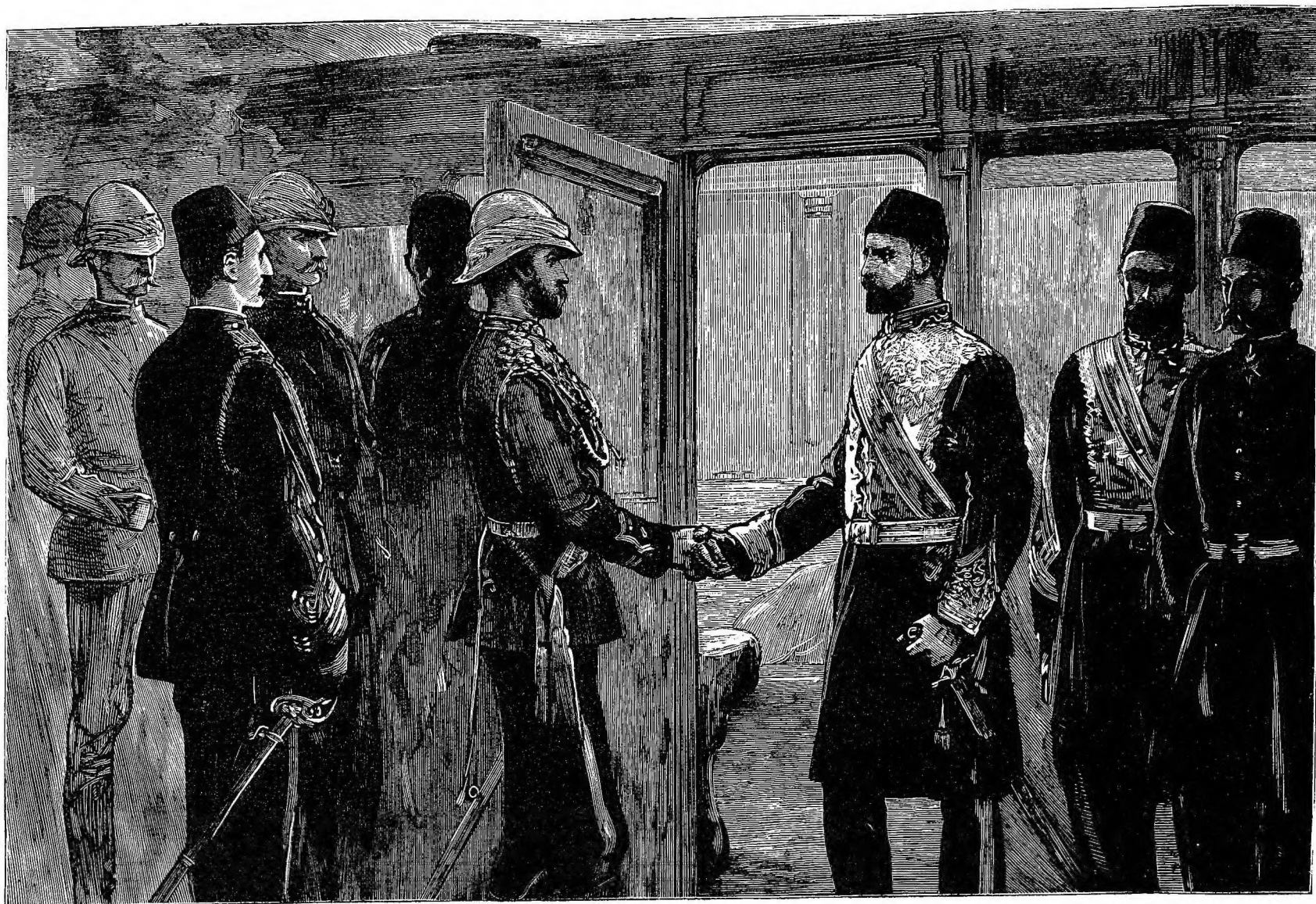
N.B.—All were wounded at Tel-el-Kebir, except Drummer Walsh.

SALE OF MYERS'S AMERICAN CIRCUS

AN auction sale of a somewhat unusual character took place at the North Woolwich Gardens on the 18th October, when Mr. Rymill, of the Horse Repository, Barbican, sold, by order of Mr. James Washington Myers, the circus proprietor, all the appurtenances, animate and inanimate, of one of these extensive establishments. There were fifty-five performing horses and ponies, five elephants, six male lions, show carriages, an immense circus tent, uniforms and other dresses, trick hoops, standards, procession poles, &c.

As will be seen by our artist's notes, the leading lions realised but low prices. It would appear that circuses on a gigantic scale are less remunerative in this country, where distances are small and entertainments numerous, than in the United States, where in remote places the arrival of the circus is often the event of the year.

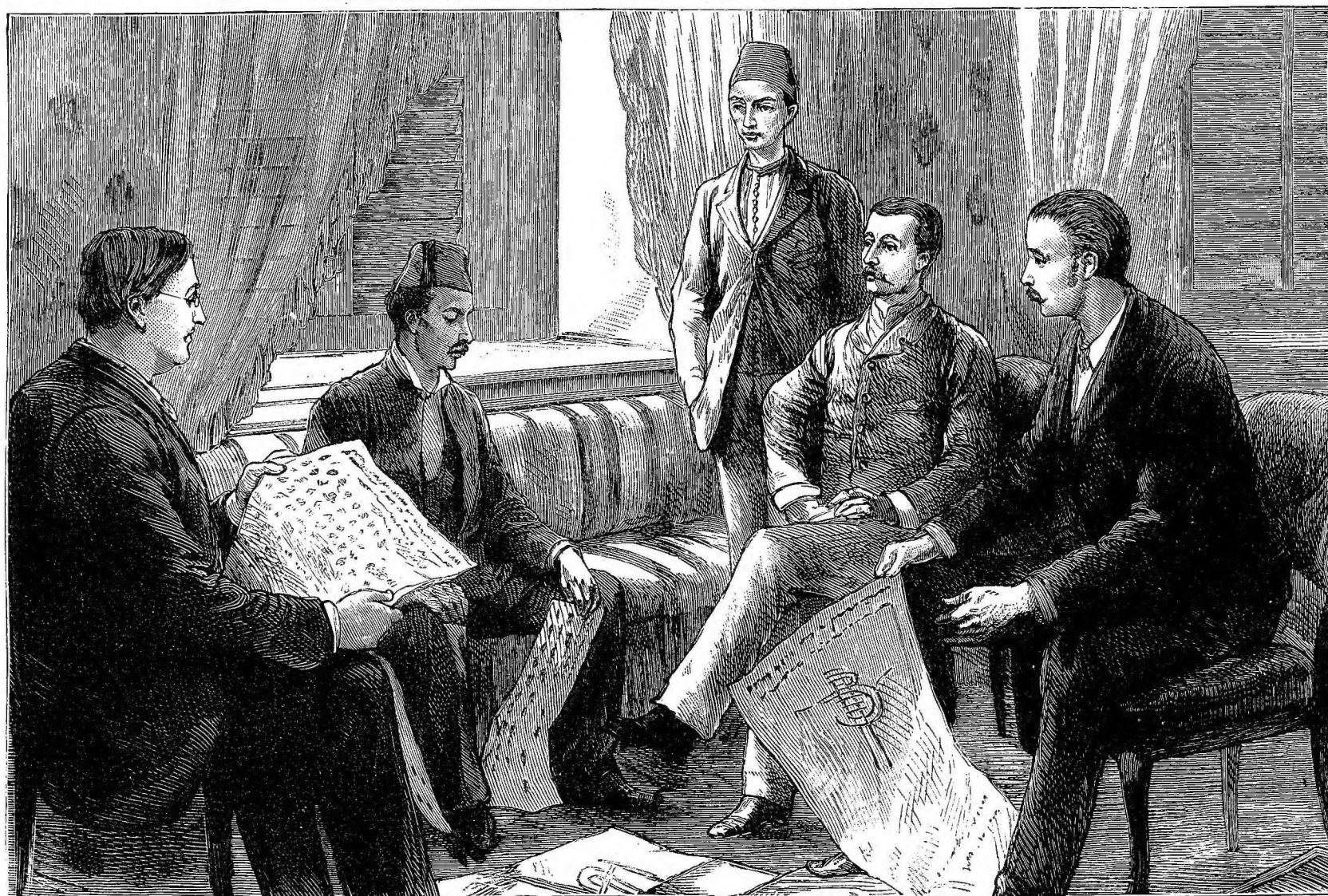
(1) "Dragging the Lions into the Arena."—The cage containing the six lions was dragged into the ring in the tent (where the sale of the animals was conducted) by an elephant "Blind Bill," and a few of the caged ones had been primed by a feed they were put up for sale.



THE RETURN OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT—THE KHÉDIVE TAKING LEAVE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS AT THE CAIRO RAILWAY STATION
FROM A SKETCH BY A MILITARY OFFICER

Mohammed Ibn Ahmed Arabi (Arabi's Son)

Mohammed Ibn Ahmed (Arabi's Servant)



Mr. A. M. Broadley

Mr. Evans (Interpreter)

The Hon. Mark Napier

THE APPROACHING TRIAL OF ARABI—THE FINDING OF THE IMPORTANT PAPERS: AN INTERVIEW BETWEEN MR. BROADLEY AND ARABI'S SON

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

Private A. Whitehouse (2nd Highland L. I.

Sergeant D. Gunn (Cameron Highlanders)

Private J. Mahoney (1st Royal Irish Fusiliers)

Private J. McCaulester (Cameron Highlanders)



Drummer G. Walsh (2nd York and Lancaster Regiment)

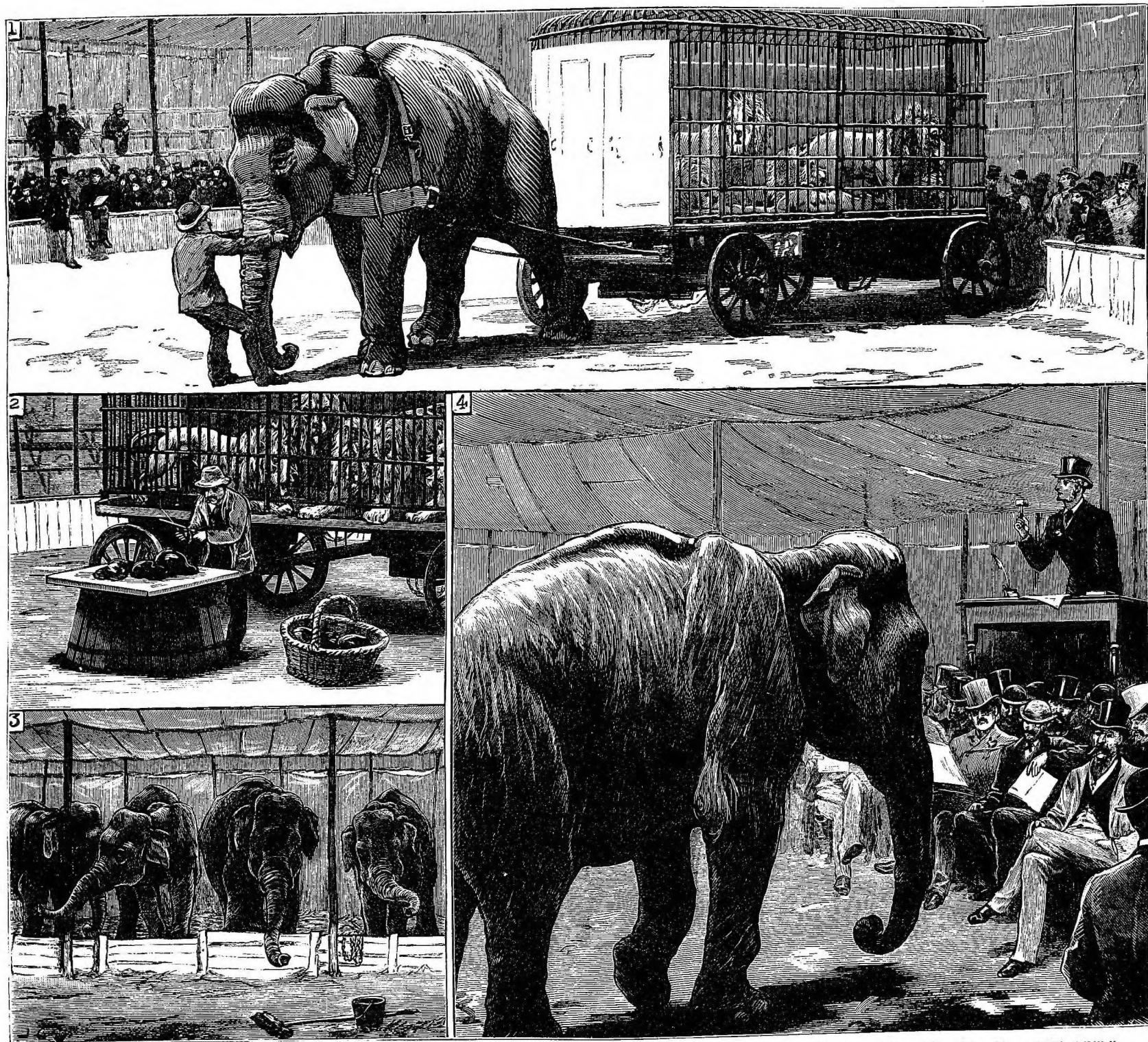
Private A. Frazer (2nd Highland L. I.

Lance-Corporal J. Constable (1st Royal Highlanders)

Sister Wallace (Lady Nurse)

Lance-Corporal J. Willis (1st Gordon Highlanders)

SOME OF THE WORST CASES FROM TEL-EL-KEBIR—A GROUP OF WOUNDED MEN AT THE HERBERT HOSPITAL, WOOLWICH



1. Dragging the Lions into the Arena.—2. The Feeding of the Lions.—3. "Any Advance upon 1,000 Guineas for the Four Gentlemen?"—4. Knocking Down "Blind Bill."
THE SALE BY AUCTION OF MYERS' "GREAT AMERICAN CIRCUS AND HIPPODROME"

The six lions fetched a thousand guineas, and were bought by Cooper, their keeper and trainer.

(2) "The Feeding of the Lions" needs no explanation.

(3) "Any Advance Upon 1,000 guineas for the Four Gentlemen?"—These four small elephants were sold for the above amount to Messrs. Sanger. They all perform together, so were sold as one lot. They were chained by the leg to the ground in a pen under the tent opposite to the auctioneer.

(4) "Knocking Down 'Blind Bill.'"—This elephant is a large specimen of the Indian elephant. She (for "Bill" is a lady) is blind. She has attained a good deal of notoriety, if only for her late feat of killing a man at the Alexandra Palace while Myers's show was there. She is reputed to be a very intelligent and clever animal, and was knocked down at 150 guineas to the keeper, Cooper, who bought the lions.

The horses did not fetch very high prices, and the et-ceteras of costumes, show and travelling cars, tents, poles, and harness, brought ridiculously small sums.

THE FINDING OF ARABI PASHA'S PAPERS

MR. A. M. BROADLEY, Arabi's senior counsel, writes to our artist:—"The story of the finding of Arabi Pasha's papers is as follows:—On the evening of the 22nd October Arabi said to me, 'My life and honour are in your hands and in the hands of England; if you can get me an interview with my servant, Muhamed Ibn Ahmed, I will give you all my papers which escaped Tel-el-Kebir and the looting of my house at Cairo, and they are by far the most important instruments for my defence.' Sir Edward Malet and Sir Charles Wilson generously came to the rescue, and on the afternoon of the following day the negro half-caste, Muhamed Ibn Ahmed, received his master's orders, in the presence of Sir Charles Wilson, to treat as brothers the English lawyers, and surrender to them the documents he had so faithfully guarded. Arabi described minutely the different hiding-places of the papers—in holes of the wall, behind the backs of pictures, and in his wife's dress; and the servant promised obedience. Muhamed Ibn Ahmed

has probably no other property in the world than a blue shirt and a ragged cloth coat to cover it, but neither terrors nor bribes could shake his allegiance to his fallen but beloved master. 'Give me to-night,' he said, 'to open the receptacles the Pasha alludes to, and to-morrow morning the papers are in your hands.' I slept little that night, as I felt how much depended on the result; and next morning I was very early with Arabi. From the window of the cell I saw his son and servant arrive. I went down to meet them. The news they brought was not encouraging. Muhamed Tewfik's powerful agents had smelt a rat, and palace emissaries during the night had told the wife of Arabi that on the morrow her husband would be surrendered to the tender mercies of Abdul Hamid at Stamboul. She had fled to a friend's house, and taken the papers with her. 'Your father's honour, and, perhaps, his life,' I told the son, 'depends on your finding your mother. I conjure you to lose no time. Three hours hence, and it may be too late.'

"Muhamed Ibn Ahmed Arabi is a slender, dark-complexioned

دبراء المحققة المردى ٢٢٢ أكتوبر ١٨٨٢
انتى عشت ستر ريتشرد ايفى وه ادر شت لدر افذا كاتيا لى وافرو عتعارفا
اه يافذ لاهاماء. نى افواجا بدردلى وه نكنتى دوه صاحب الشرف باركه تايبه ندر انز كنبه
كله حاشى شرعية نى احمد عتار

ARABI'S AUTOGRAPH INSTRUCTIONS TO MR. EVE TO RETAIN MESSRS. BROADLEY AND NAPIER FOR HIS DEFENCE

[Translation]
"Verily I have appointed Mr. Richard Eve, of Aldershot, London—Officer Katiyall and Officer Sandachana to take for my defence Mr. Broadley, of Long Street, and Hon. Mark Napier, son of Officer Campbell—both the aforesaid.

(The words italicised are obscure, being probably an attempt to write in Arabic some English designations or descriptions.)

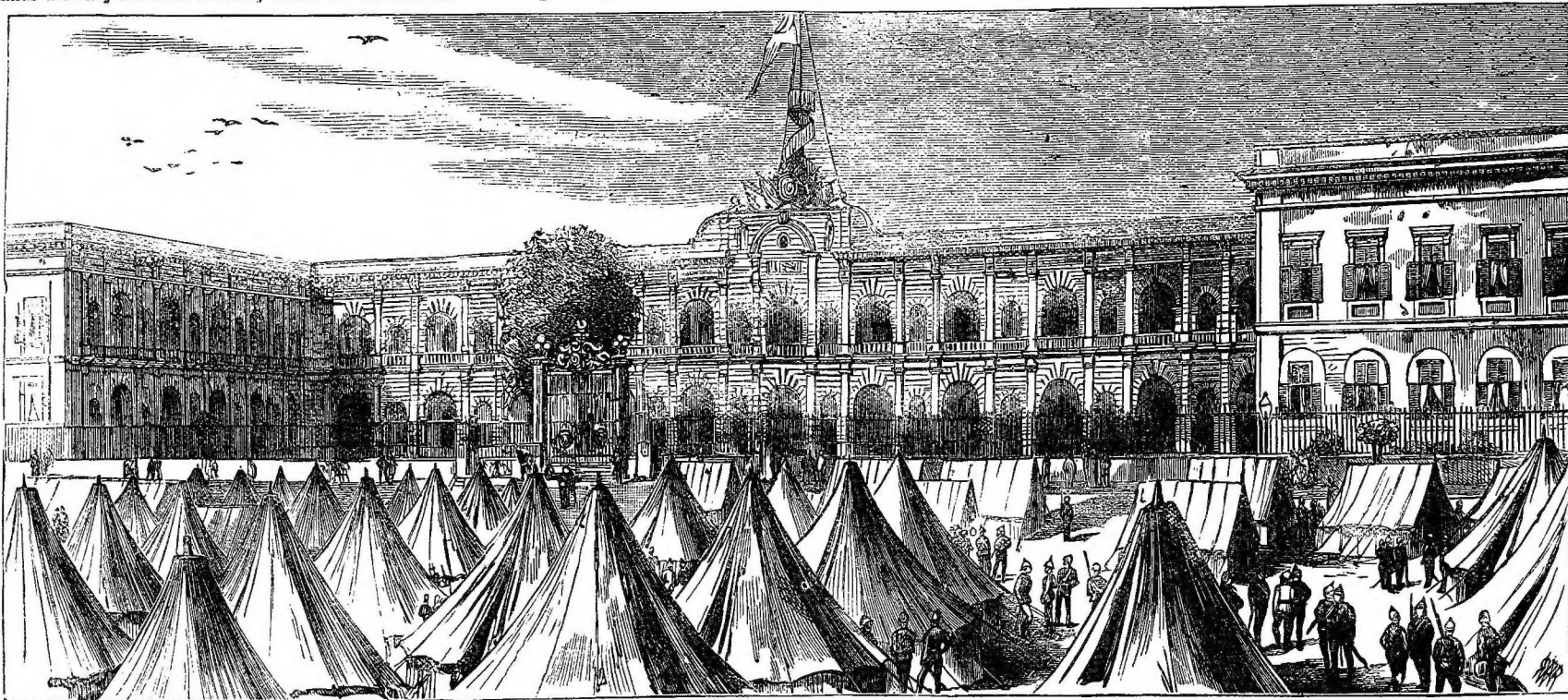
youth of twenty-one, with one eye hopelessly destroyed. He has always been his father's darling. He grasped my hand and said, 'I am sure I can find her; but grant me two hours' delay, and I will join you at Shepherd's Hotel—with the papers.' Muhamed Ibn Ahmed Arabi and his servant disappeared, and I took up a post of observation in the well-known and cool verandah of the great Cairo hostelry. Hardly an hour had elapsed when a brougham was hastily driven to the door, and my friend Muhamed hastily descended, and, carrying a large parcel in his hand, rushed up the steps and into my room. Five minutes later and I was deep in the exhibits of my client Ahmed Arabi. From a woollen cloth, the distinctive feature of which was a yellow ace of spades, the boy drew forth one after another his father's hidden papers. With Mr. Napier's assistance I took them one after the other and placed them in a case; firmans, letters from men in high places at the Imperial Ottoman Court, decrees of the Ulemas of Egypt, covered with hundreds of seals and signatures, records of Cabinet Councils, and papers of every conceivable description. I must confess I never shook hands with any one more cordially than I did with the faithful

Muhamed Ibn Ahmed. Two hours afterwards the papers were in Her Majesty's Consulate, initialled and numbered by Sir Charles Wilson and myself. Time will show the value of my *trouvaille*."

THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS' HOLIDAY UP THE NILE

"Cook's excursions to the Pyramids of Sakkarah," writes our special artist, Mr. F. Villiers, "is one of the most pleasing and most varied little tours that their representatives in Egypt have mapped out. It necessitates early rising, for the steamer leaves the Iron Bridge at 6 A.M. But the delicious freshness of the morning more than repays one for discarding the mosquito curtains so early. On the morning I started, with other special correspondents, on the invitation of Messrs. Cook and Sons' agents in Cairo, I rose at four in the morning, under the impression that the start was to be made at five, and was fortunate enough to get a glimpse of the wonderful comet, which rises here at a little after three, and disappears in the brighter light of the sun. It was, indeed, a grand sight; not

easily to be forgotten. The tail was remarkably broad, and in length seemed to stretch quite thirty-five or forty feet across the sky. "It is difficult which most to admire—sunrise or sunset on the Nile—both are so beautiful. Our steamer, the *Masr*, slowly paddled through the brown waters, now turning quite purple in the rosy tint of the sky. The famous Pyramids of Gizeh on our right were slowly assuming a reddish glow in the light of the morning sun. After breakfast at seven we arrived, at 8.30, at Bedreshayn, coming quite close inshore, so near that we could step off the boat immediately on to the land. We were surrounded by irregular cavalry in the shape of donkeys and their boys, shouting, 'This very good donkey, sar! This Flying Dutchman, sar!' &c. All of us at last mounted, and we started for Sakkarah. The greater part of the way lies through flooded country, as it is now high Nile. A causeway, like a huge serpent with many coils, winds its way from the fertile land to the desert. Here, as we amble along, a fresh breeze tempers the heat of the sun, which is now high, and becoming powerful. Leaving the causeway we come upon the ruins of Memphis, or at least its tombs, and then Mariette's house is reached, a building



THE ARDIN BARRACKS, CAIRO, WHERE ARABI WAS IMPRISONED WHILE IN BRITISH CUSTODY
From a Sketch by a Military Officer

which was erected for the excavator when he was discovering the Serapeum. Our poor little brutes of donkeys now enjoy a well-earned rest, for we go on foot to the Tomb of Tih. The inscriptions and drawings on its walls are in a wonderful state of preservation. Candles are used by the closely studious till our guide fires a red light, the fumes of which eventually drive us into the fresh air, and we then are taken to the Serapeum, where we gaze upon the wonderful sarcophagi of the sacred bulls. All the galleries are illumined by caniles placed at short intervals. Our guide produces a red light when we arrive at the recesses where the sacred beef used to lie. It is necessary for those who study comfort to take off coat and waistcoat, for the air in the cave is hot and close.

"After the Serapeum comes a sight almost as interesting to those who are not too intensely intense as the tomb of the sacred beasts. We return to Mariette's house, where iced figs, bottled beer, and beef (put to much better use than shut up in granite tombs) between thin slices of bread and butter, by our well conducted conductor, soon refreshed us after the fumes of the Serapeum and the walk across the desert. A cigarette, cigar, or humble pipe—there is time for all three—and we then disturb our basking donkeys and wakeful

attendants. Scrambling on the backs of our wiry little steeds we jog along to the Pyramid of Ounas, lately opened by the Museum Administration of Cairo. One of the most interesting sights in this pyramid is, after having viewed the interior chamber, to squat down in the gallery, and watch your companions unintentionally carrying out the Darwinian theory in trying to escape grazing their spines against the low roof. If the interior of the pyramid falls short of the tourist's expectations, it necessitates a good deal of healthy exertion to get there, and that is a great consolation. Ounas finishes up the sight-seeing as regards the wonders of the past. But there is a good deal that is interesting in the present on the journey home. It had been market day at Bedreshayn, and the people of the outlying villages were returning over the causeway to their homes. The men seem to have decidedly the best of it in this part of the world, the women and beasts of burden are far worse off. There was an old lady, at least seventy years old, leading a donkey on which was her son, a man in the prime of life, in her other hand she struggled with a sheep. All the women were carrying heavy loads while the men sauntered along at their ease. There was only one exception to this utter

selfishness on the part of the men. There were three girls mounted on a camel, encircling each other, to keep their equilibrium, chanting some love song as they moved along. Behind were two young men walking, appreciating or depreciating certain verses with a groan or a nasal sound of approval. This was evidently a case before the nuptial tie, for following them was an old buffer seated on a mule, with his young wife trotting by his side, a girl about the age of fifteen, who was hastening her lord towards the village by prodding the donkey in soft places.

"The majority of the people were civil and a few very uncivil to us Europeans. To show the alarmingly unsettled state according to news we occasionally receive from England, I and my companions were insulted by some boys and a young female, much in this fashion: First boy: 'May God never bring you back!' Second boy: 'Yes, rather that you may go the more quickly to hell!' The young female seemed more incited against my grandfather than myself, and said one or two unpleasant things about remote relatives. She was really pretty, and I should have liked to have been friends.

"We arrived at about 3.30 on board the steamer, had dinner

at 4, when Dr. Howard Russell, the special of specials, with his usual humour, returned thanks for the Press. All the river was now aglow with the departing sun, and darkness set in as we finished one of the best managed and most interesting tours I have ever enjoyed."

THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS

MR. ALDERMAN KNIGHT, who has been chosen Lord Mayor in succession to Alderman Sir J. W. Ellis, Bart., was born on March 25th, 1833, being the youngest son of the late Mr. J. W. Knight, of Marylebone and St. Alban's. He was educated at the City of London School, where he took honours in all the classes he passed through, and was captain of the school when he left. He commenced his business life with the firm of Messrs. George Brettell and Co., of Wood Street, but soon after started on his own account in Love Lane, and has there built up a most successful and extensive business. He was annually chosen a member of the Common Council for the Ward of Cripplegate Within from 1867 to 1874, in which latter year, upon the death of Mr. Alderman Challis, he was unanimously elected Alderman of the same ward. He has largely contributed to the prosperity of his ward by the erection of several fine blocks of warehouses. In his capacity as Chairman of the Improvement Committee of the Commission of Sewers he was greatly instrumental in promoting improvements in the Poultry, Queen Street, Ludgate Hill, and Fenchurch Street; and as Chairman of the Improvement Committee of the Corporation, he successfully carried through negotiations for the letting of the great bulk of the lands vacant after the Holborn Valley Improvement. He has served on many other Corporation Committees, and was Chairman of the City of London School Committee in 1869, being the first old pupil of the school to attain that position. He filled the office of Sheriff in 1875-6, and amongst other notable events of his shrievalty was the reception banquet and ball given in the Guildhall in May to the Prince of Wales upon his return from India. He is the founder and Chairman of the City of London Fire Insurance Company, and Chairman of the Southwark and Vauxhall Water Company. He is a liberal supporter of the ward charities, and as Chairman of the Governors of Lady Holles' Schools has been eminently successful in the establishment of a large middle-class school for girls in Hackney, and has also most efficiently maintained the Lady Holles' public elementary school in Cripplegate. He is also Chairman of the Governors of the Hampton Grammar Schools, and has resuscitated old educational endowments at Hampton; and in addition to a public elementary school has erected a first-class grammar school for over 200 boys. He is a member of three livery Companies—the Spectaclemakers', the Fruiterers', and the Loriners'. He has been twice married, and has a large family by his first wife, but no children by his present wife. He has travelled considerably abroad, and last year made a lengthened tour throughout the United States and Canada. He is highly esteemed and held in the warmest regard in his ward, and has established a successful ward club for the purpose of affording social intercourse among its members. His country seat is at Elms Side, Hampton, and his town residence is 9, Hyde Park Place, W.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside and Regent Street.

MR. SHERIFF DE KEYSER, Alderman of the Ward of Farringdon Without, in succession of Mr. James Figgins, retired from that office, was born on December 13th, 1832, at Fermonde, in Belgium. His father was Mr. C. De Keyser, the founder of the Royal Hotel, who returned in 1856 to Brussels, and died there in the year 1860. Mr. De Keyser married, in 1862, Louise, eldest daughter of the late Mr. J. Pieron, of Brussels. Mr. Alderman and Sheriff De Keyser has had considerable experience in municipal life, and he was for fifteen years a member of the Court of Common Council, is a member of the Spectaclemakers' Company, a Governor of Bridewell and Bethlehem Hospital, and of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and a member of the Society of Arts and the Royal Geographical Society. He has been Chairman of the Bridge House Estates Committee and of the Guildhall School of Music, and has served all the offices of the ward, including that of Guardian of the Poor of the West London Union, previous to the amalgamation with the City of London Union. Mr. De Keyser was educated in England, under the personal care of the late Mr. J. Roach, of the Rectory House, Parson's Green, Fulham, and late at Brussels and in Germany. The Sheriff has taken a great interest in the volunteer service, and his undoubted ability and genial courtesy will ensure for him a hearty welcome in the higher sphere of civic life to which he has been called. His residence is Chatham House, Grove Road, Clapham Park.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Hanns Hanfstaengel, 59, Unter den Linden, Berlin.

MR. SHERIFF SAVORY is senior partner in the Goldsmiths' Alliance (Limited), late Messrs. A. B. Savory and Sons, of the eminent firm of manufacturing silversmiths and jewellers, 11 and 12, Cornhill, and Red Lion Street. The house is old established, having been founded by Mr. Jonas Cockerton in 1751. The name of Savory was first associated with the firm in 1786, and has continued in unbroken succession for nearly a hundred years. Mr. Savory is the eldest son of the late Mr. Joseph Savory, of Buckhurst Park, Berkshire (who died in 1879), by Caroline, daughter of Mr. J. Braithwaite, of Kendal, Westmoreland, and Scotby, Cumberland. He was born in 1843, and educated at Harrow School. He is on the livery of the Goldsmiths' and the Poulterers' Companies, and for some years has been Churchwarden of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street. He is a director of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, and holds several provincial appointments, including that of Guardian of the Windsor Union, and of representative at the Oxford Diocesan Conference for the Deanery of Bray. Mr. Savory resides at Buckhurst Park, Berks, and is a member of the National Club, Whitehall Gardens, S.W.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside and Regent Street.

For the foregoing particulars we are indebted to the *City Press*.

CAIRO RACES

THESE races took place on September 28th at Abbassiyeh, and were under the patronage of Sir Garnet Wolseley and the Dukes of Connaught and Teck, the stewards and officials being various officers of the Army of Occupation. The programme set forth six events: "The Hunters' Hurdle Race," the "Arabian Purse," the "Tel-el-Kebir Stakes," the "Kassassin Stakes," the "Nile Stakes," and the "Consolation Scurry." There was a numerous attendance, and the usual refreshment tents lined the course. In one a Maltese sold beer at exorbitant prices, and next was the tent of Sir Garnet Wolseley and the Duke of Connaught. The enjoyment of the day was, however, marred by the terrible explosion at Cairo Railway Station, which compelled a large number of the officers to return to the city and assist in subduing the flames.

THE ROOM WHERE ARABI SURRENDERED

THIS sketch shows the room in the barracks at Abbassiyeh, a suburb of Cairo, where General Drury-Lowe received the surrender of Arabi and Toulba Pashas, on the evening of Sept. 14th, the day after the victory of Tel-el-Kebir. In correction of some statements that Arabi surrendered conditionally to the British authorities it should be mentioned that Arabi was brought out from Cairo at the request of General Drury-Lowe, who had informed the Governor of the city that Arabi must be given up preliminary to any negotiations for the surrender of Cairo. Accordingly the Governor returned to Cairo, whence Arabi was shortly afterwards brought out in a carriage.

When before the British general he tendered his sword, and said, "I surrender unconditionally to the clemency of England."

ARABI'S PRISONS

FOR some time after his surrender Arabi Pasha remained in custody of the English authorities, being imprisoned in the Abdin Barracks (shown on the opposite page), the very place where a year previously he had forced the Khédive at the bayonet's point to comply with the demands of his soldiers. When handed over to the Egyptian authorities he was transferred to his present quarters, a large building once used as the stage-costume workshop of the ex-Khédive Ismail's Opera House.

"KIT—A MEMORY"

MR. PAYN'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 509.



WITH the opening of the new week affairs in the House of Commons have taken a new turn. It seemed last week as if, in spite of brave words to the contrary, the Opposition would presently collapse, and the Procedure Rules rapidly become Standing Orders. Lord Randolph Churchill has the credit of changing all that. On Monday he published in the columns of *The Times* a manifesto, in which he severely criticised the tactics hitherto pursued by the leaders of the Opposition, and boldly and uncompromisingly hoisted the flag of obstruction. Let us, he said in effect, put our backs against the walls, persistently obstruct the passing of the Resolutions, and so force the Government to dissolution. What Mr. Bright would call the childishness of such advice given under existing circumstances, was universally recognised, both in the Conservative Press and by Conservative speakers. On Tuesday night Sir William Dyke, for many years the principal Whip for the Conservative party, and therefore especially well qualified to speak on the subject, observed that this was not a very felicitous time to force on a dissolution.

But whilst every one condemned Lord Randolph, he got his way, not yet to the full extent of the dissolution, but certainly to the energetic commencement of the tactics of obstruction. It has been shown again that, whatever sober-minded and responsible politicians may think and say on the subject, Lord Randolph Churchill is more truly the exponent of Conservative feeling than is any one who may dispute with him the leadership of the party. Two effects of his letter were seen before twelve hours had elapsed. Sir Stafford Northcote had hitherto refrained from taking any step in the direction of challenging the Government policy in Egypt. There was a strong, if not very well defined, feeling on the Conservative benches that something must be done in that direction. Where to begin, and what to attack, was the business of the leaders rather than of the rank and file. It became increasingly clear that, unless Sir Stafford Northcote moved in this direction, some one else would. After the fresh evidence given on Monday morning of Lord Randolph's activity, Sir Stafford took the earliest opportunity on Monday night of giving notice of a resolution on the subject. Its terms were not such as to gratify the full aspirations of his followers. He merely proposes to move a resolution declaring that the House is entitled to a fuller explanation than it has yet received of the nature, proposed duration, and estimated cost of the employment of a portion of the British forces in Egypt. That, of course, is not a vote of censure, and is scarcely a resolution on which the House could divide. What will naturally happen will be that Ministers will give as much information as is convenient, and for the rest will shelter themselves behind the impregnable entrenchments of the "convenience of the public service." When a Minister states, with respect to foreign affairs, that it is not for the convenience of the public service that he shall be more communicative, there is nothing more to be said—at least by responsible members of the Opposition. Sir Stafford will thereupon withdraw his resolution, and the episode will be concluded.

Sir Stafford Northcote and those with whom he takes counsel may be supposed to know their own business, and it is, therefore, presumable that in selecting the terms of the motion they did all that was possible from the Opposition point of view. In another direction activity was more marked, and proved more successful. It was thought that the division on the First Resolution might be taken on Tuesday night. There certainly was nothing in the possibilities of debate that made it reasonable or desirable to extend the wearisome talk. For seven months the subject has been present to the minds of members. It was discussed at great length, and divided upon early in the Session. Since the Autumn Session commenced it has been daily debated from all possible points of view. To affirm that any fresh light might be thrown upon the question by further discussion is an insult to common intelligence. On Monday night the lingering hope that the division might be taken on Tuesday was strengthened by an unlooked-for incident. When the House met there stood upon the paper amendments sufficient to carry the House through the sitting, leaving Tuesday for Sir Stafford Northcote to move the rejection of the Resolution. Early in the evening, however, the Speaker ruled out on points of order three of the amendments, and the House suddenly found itself almost face to face with Sir Stafford Northcote's motion. A hasty attempt was made to meet this accident by moving the adjournment, but only an hour could be wasted by that device, and before ten o'clock, there being no help for it, Sir Stafford moved his amendment. Sir William Harcourt replied, the debate was fairly launched, and there was the whole of Tuesday for anything else that might have to be said as a preliminary to the division.

This unexpected turn of events only inspired the Opposition to renewed efforts. They boldly determined to carry the speech-making on to Thursday, in view of which undertaking there remained the necessity for herculean efforts. The Liberals, it was certain, would be no party to the performance, and the whole burden of the talk must be thrown on the Conservatives. Lord Randolph firmly maintained his position; and Mr. Rowland Winn, the Conservative Whip, was authorised to "see what could be done." At the outset he was cheered by the discovery that at this crisis the Conservatives might rely upon the active alliance of the Irish members. Since the Autumn Session opened the Parnellites have been phenomenally silent. They have scarcely cared to put in an appearance, and their place below the gangway is habitually empty. During the first few days of the Session Mr. Biggar, faithful among the faithless found, filled his place, and maintained his watch upon the two front Benches. But of late domestic cares have gathered round the member for Cavan, and he too has deserted the House. But on this main question of the Closure Mr. Winn's efforts sufficed to obtain pledges from the Parnellites to resume their earlier habits of speech, and the names of a dozen were readily obtained. Amongst the Conservatives Mr. Winn was not less successful. They rose to the height of the occasion, and members whose names make rarest appearance in the Parliamentary reports now declared their willingness to sacrifice personal feelings for the public good. On Monday night Mr. Winn obtained forty names good for as many speeches. On Tuesday the list was nearly doubled, and the proposal to keep the talk flowing till Thursday, which at first seemed ridiculously

impossible, was carried a step further, and it was fixed that the division should not take place till yesterday night (Friday).

Of the character of a debate thus constituted there is not much to say. It is probable that with the exception of the Speaker, who is perforce kept in his chair, Mr. Gladstone is the only man who has listened to any appreciable portion of the speeches. It was humorously said from the Conservative side that debate in the House of Commons is divided into two parts. One is occupied by the delivery of Mr. Gladstone's speeches, and the other by disputes as to what he had said. Possibly it is the personal interest in the speeches that keeps the Premier in his seat. It is certain that being there members opposite address their speeches directly to him, and in discussing the principles of the Closure manage to say many words as to what Mr. Gladstone has said and done in times past, and what he may say and do in times to come. As for the House itself, it will take no part in this somewhat heavy farce. Members come down at question time, get paired for the night, and go off with clear consciences, leaving Mr. Winn's volunteers to address audiences varying from three to thirty.



BOSTON SOCIETY IS FAMED FOR ITS REFINED LANGUAGE, and now even the prosaic fact of taking boarders is delicately termed "having a few remunerative guests."

A MODERN COPY OF THE QUIANT OLD VIKING'S SHIP, now in the Christiania Museum, is to be built for Lady Brassey's use at Cowes during the next yachting season.

ANOTHER ROYAL AUTHORESS is added to the list. Archduchess Valérie of Austria, following in her brother's footsteps, has composed several poems in the Magyar language, and is now writing a drama. The youthful writer is only fourteen.

HANSON CABS have at last been introduced in Philadelphia, and the British model has even been followed as to the scale of charges. Considering the usual high rate of Transatlantic carriage fares, the Philadelphians are agreeably astonished at such cheap transport.

THE GHOSTLY FENAYROU MURDER, which has so interested the Parisians, has been converted into a drama as *Le Crime du Pecq*, and will be played on a starring tour in Belgium. The public representation is forbidden in France, but the manager proposes to cheat the authorities by giving a private performance, admission by invitation only, at one of the Paris theatres.

THE ROMAN VILLA IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT has been still further excavated; and now, that the whole of the site belongs to one owner, the work goes on far more satisfactorily. Another important wing of buildings has been unearthed; but the rain and weather have done some damage, and it is anxiously desired to cover in the whole before the frosts. At present, however, the funds are not adequate for this scheme.

THE MULES PURCHASED FOR THE EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN which have been brought to England have not turned out very profitable property. Many of them have just been sold at Woolwich, and, though choice specimens of their race, they have realised neither their value nor cost. Indeed, they barely produced an average of 10s. apiece—not a third of the amount expended in purchasing and transporting them from South America.

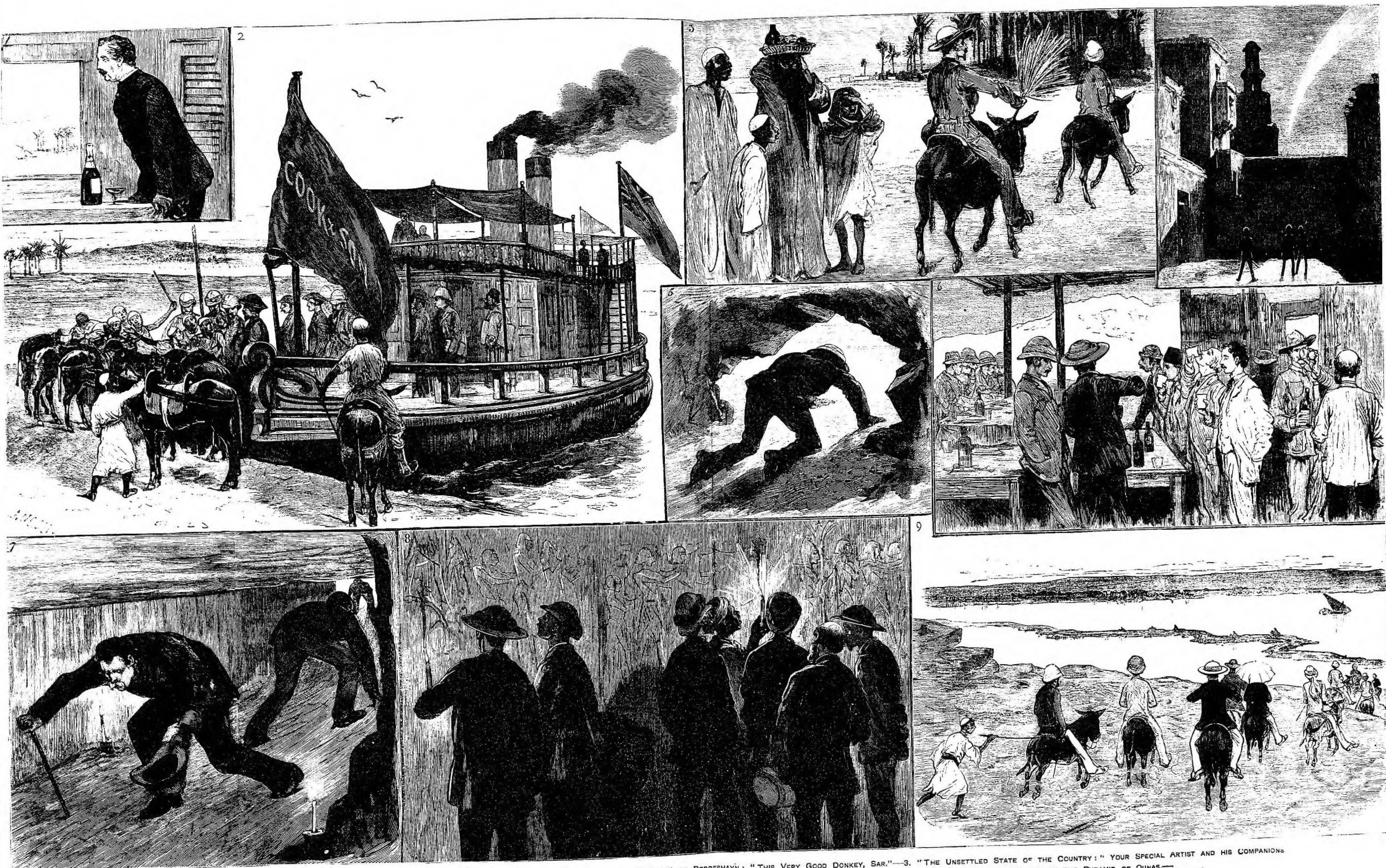
THE LAND LEAGUERS IN AMERICA certainly honour their leaders' memory, to judge from the elaborate arrangements during the recent transfer of Miss Fanny Parnell's remains to Boston. The "casket" containing the body cost some 500l. Rich crimson silk plush covered the exterior, the corners were tipped with gold, and the handles were bars of pure gold. Inside, gold fringe with heavy golden tassels ornamented the edge, while the name-plate was made of gold, and a large gold cross adorned the plate-glass lid.

THE JOUR DES MORTS was kept last week in Paris with the usual ceremony, and the tombs of celebrities in the various cemeteries were covered with wreaths. One of the best cared-for graves in Père La Chaise is that of the poet Béranger, whose monument looks as bright and clean as if it had just been erected. This is due to a poor old printer, Béranger's cousin and last living relative, who keeps the letters of the inscription fresh, clears away all weeds, and spends his leisure time making the place clean and neat.

A TERRIBLE STORM is predicted for the 11th of next March, by the same official in the Canadian Finance Department, who foretold the late cyclone in the States, the *American Register* tells us. This weather-prophet states that the tempest will affect India, the south of Europe, England, and especially the North-American Continent, while its strength will be so fearful that no smaller vessel than Cunarders can live on the ocean. All the lowlands on the Atlantic will be submerged, and he begs the American and Canadian Governments to take the due precautions. Though such an appalling prophecy may be considerably exaggerated, there is no doubt that weather warnings are at length beginning to do immense service in the States. Thanks to the Signal Office, some 1,600,000l. value of property, and many persons remained safely in harbour during last month's cyclone, and the Department estimates that the saving effected in this storm alone pays the expenses of the service for ten years.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,502 deaths were registered, against 1,466 during the previous seven days, a rise of 36, being 120 below the average, and at the rate of 20.1 per 1,000. These deaths included 65 from scarlet fever (a decline of 2), 54 from measles (an increase of 9), 13 from diphtheria (a rise of 4), 25 from whooping-cough (an increase of 7), 2 from typhus, 31 from enteric fever (a fall of 1), 5 from ill-defined forms of fever (an increase of 2), 26 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 1), and 347 from diseases of the respiratory organs (a decline of 8, and 51 below the average), of which 199 were attributed to bronchitis and 103 to pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 41 deaths; 30 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 12 from fractures and contusions, 4 from burns and scalds, and 5 of infants under one year from suffocation. Seven cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,896 births registered, against 2,570 during the previous week, being 111 above the average. The mean temperature of the air was 50 deg., and 3 deg. above the average.

THE SALE OF THE HAMILTON MSS. to the Prussian Government has caused considerable disappointment in British antiquarian circles, and it is pointed out that the collection contains one important series of documents which are comparatively worthless to Germany, though most interesting to British students. These are the State Papers relating to the History of England and Scotland from 1532 to 1585, and which, considering the important position of the Hamilton family during Mary's reign, are of great value, particularly as they have always been jealously kept from the public eye. Germany accordingly has good-naturedly agreed to give up this portion of the manuscripts. England, too, is likely to lose another interesting collection—the library of the Sacred Harmonic Society, which, unless some steps are taken speedily, will probably go to a Boston museum. The British Museum refuses to buy the complete library, and the Society decline to divide the collection, which contains the finest selection extant of madrigals by English writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, old English operas, church music, early specimens of type music printing, and MSS. of Haydn, Mendelssohn, Arne, Purcell, &c.



1. ON BOARD THE "MASR": "THE SPECIAL" DR. RUSSELL, RETURNS THANKS FOR THE PRESS.—2. ARRIVAL OF THE "MASR" AT BEDRESHAYN: "THIS VERY GOOD DONKEY, SAR."—3. "THE UNSETTLED STATE OF THE COUNTRY": "YOUR SPECIAL ARTIST AND HIS COMPANIONS ARE INSULTED BY THE NATIVES."—4. SOME OF US RISE EARLY ENOUGH TO SEE THE COMET.—5. YOUR SPECIAL ARTIST SEEKS FRESH AIR.—6. WE HALT AT MARIETTE'S HOUSE.—7. IN THE GALLERY OF THE PYRAMID OF OUNAS.—8. WE VISIT THE TOMB OF TIH.—9. WE RETURN TO THE RIVER.

AFTER THE EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN—THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS' HOLIDAY TRIP UP THE NILE
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



THE preparation for the trial of Arabi still forms the chief topic in EGYPT, and Mr. Broadley has published a couple of the letters found amongst Arabi's correspondence, and which clearly establish the fact that Arabi was directly encouraged by the Porte. One is from Mohammed Zafer, a well-known sheikh, and a trusted confidant of the Sultan. In this the writer states that the Sultan has directed him to urge Arabi never to lose sight of the fact that the maintenance of the integrity of the Caliphate is a duty, and that "it is incumbent on every Egyptian to strive earnestly after the consolidation of my power to prevent Egypt from passing out of my hands into the rapacious hands of foreigners, as the vilayet of Tunis has passed; and I repose all my confidence in you, my son, to prevent such a thing happening." After further expressing the Sultan's trust in Arabi, the writer declares that His Majesty has neither confidence in the reigning Khédive, nor in the ex-Khédive Ismail, nor in Halim. "But," he continues, "the man who thinks of the future of Egypt, and consolidates the ties which bind him to the Caliphate, who pays due respect to His Majesty, and gives free course to His Majesty's firmans, who assures his independent authority in Constantinople and elsewhere, who does not give bribes to a swarm of treacherous sub-officials, who does not deviate one hair's breadth from his line of duty, who is versed in the intrigues and machinations of our European enemies, who will watch against them, and ever preserve his country and faith intact—a man who does this will be pleasing, agreeable to, and accepted by our great lord the Sultan." Another letter from Ahmed Pasha Ratib, the Sultan's Secretary, is much to the same effect, declaring that it matters nothing who is Khédive of Egypt provided that the ruler upholds the sovereignty of the Caliph, and shows the most perfect zeal in upholding the faith and the country's rights. These two letters are both dated February 22nd, three weeks after the formation of Mahmoud Baroudi's Ministry, of which Arabi was virtually the real Premier, and certainly go far to dispel any lingering doubt that Arabi and his colleagues were working for the National cause of "Egypt for the Egyptians." In both these letters, however, Arabi is warned to do nothing which would bring about the intervention of the Foreign Powers.

Arabi's papers, *The Times* correspondent tells us, may be divided into four classes. First, certificates of honour conferred on Arabi by the Sultan; secondly, letters of encouragement from confidential *employés* of the Sultan to Arabi; thirdly, petitions and communications addressed by Egyptians to the Sultan through Dervish; fourthly, decrees, *fatwas*, and other documents establishing the participation of the great majority of the Egyptians in the movement of which Arabi was the head. Meanwhile Mr. Broadley and the Egyptian Government are still at variance regarding minor points in the preparations for the forthcoming trial, as the latter will not permit Arabi's counsel to examine his fellow-prisoners, and further declines to allow them to be present at the private interrogatories of other than their own clients. Mr. Broadley, however, has joined with Sir E. Malet and the Egyptian Government in denying the statement of the ill-treatment of the prisoners.

Lord Dufferin arrived on Tuesday, and is expected to stay three months. The greatest possible interest is manifested in his mission, which is universally attributed to a determination on the part of the British Government to abolish the Dual Control, and to render paramount English influence in Egyptian affairs. Thus M. Brédif before his arrival protested against the decision of the Egyptian Cabinet, that the abstention of Sir Auckland Colvin from participating in their deliberations precluded the attendance of the French Controller. There have been numerous speculations as to the real plans which Lord Dufferin is commissioned to carry out, but these will naturally depend to a great extent on the result of the confidential negotiations now being carried on between the British and French Governments. Another grave Egyptian question is the revolt in the Soudan. The black troops recently disbanded are now being re-enlisted for an expeditionary force to be despatched southward as speedily as possible; but in the mean time, despite a reverse in an assault upon Obeid, on Sept. 18th, the Mahdi is continuing his advance upon Khartoum, whence the Governor, Abdel Kader Pasha, sends the most discouraging reports. A black regiment sent against the False Prophet was routed with the loss of 1,000 men. The news, however, is so conflicting, that General Alison has determined to send three officers into the Soudan to ascertain, as far as possible, how the situation really lies. Colonel Stewart, of the 11th Hussars, lately Vice-Consul in Anatolia, Captain Kelham, of the 74th Highlanders, and Lieutenant Wood, R.E., have been selected for this mission. The health of our troops is far from good, as may be judged that out of 25,092 officers and men, no fewer than 7,038 sick men were treated in hospital against 432 who were wounded.

England and Egypt have also been a fruitful theme of discussion throughout Europe this week. In France, as usual, M. Gambetta's organs have been firmly maintaining that France can never abandon her position in Egypt, nor consent to withdraw from the Control, and leave England master of the situation. The anti-Republican journals take another tone, some arguing that by her own mistaken policy France has forfeited her right to interference—others that Frenchmen will benefit as much as Englishmen under England's rule. In Germany the Anglo-French conflict is watched with much attention, and the general opinion is that France will have to yield, and acquiesce in England's claims to the supreme control. "Who shall prevent such a result?" asks the *North German Gazette*. "The sea is ruled by the British fleet, and the land route down the Balkan peninsula has been effectually blocked by far-seeing British statesmanship." Austria also regards with equanimity the prospect of England's practical annexation of Egypt, and even looks upon Lord Dufferin as the future Governor-General. Turkey is greatly alarmed at the mission, tried her utmost to delay Lord Dufferin's departure, and is still more apprehensive of events from the calm and quiescent attitude with which England's action is looked upon by all the European Powers.

Socialist bill-stickers have been very busy this week throughout FRANCE, and particularly in Paris, where the Prefecture of Police and the Bourse have been threatened with dynamite, and numerous placards have been posted in various quarters, professing to emanate from the International Revolutionary Executive Committee, and containing terrible threats to the "bourgeois of every degree," who, it is declared, have for centuries retained the social wealth in their hands, and for whose destruction all engines are legitimate, from daggers and dynamite to poison and petroleum. One of the bill-stickers was caught, but no information could be obtained from him, though the *Gaillots* publishes the most detailed account of the Socialist conspirators, their meetings, resorts, and leaders, chief amongst whom, the journal declares, is Prince Krapotkin. Revolutionary placards have been posted at Marseilles and Bordeaux, but no further acts have been reported on the part of the Socialists, save a meeting at which various speakers congratulated their hearers upon the terror caused in the ranks of the Government and the *bourgeoisie* by the threats which have been held out to them. The Government is carefully watching all the sales and transport of dynamite, and a circular has been issued ordering all consignments of this

explosive to be escorted from the railway station to their destination by a detachment of gendarmérie.

The Socialist scare apart, political circles have been very tranquil, all parties reserving themselves for the coming Parliamentary campaign, which begins next week, the Chamber having been reopened on Thursday. Ministers, Conservatives, and Gambettists, have been equally silent of late, but on Tuesday M. Spuller, one of M. Gambetta's most trusted henchmen, made a singularly important speech to his constituents, which, from the manner in which he spoke of "My chief and I," was manifestly an inspired utterance. He, of course, warmly vindicated the policy of the Gambettist Cabinet, declaring that a Republic did not mean the absence of Government, and that people should not be allowed with impunity to cry *Vive le Roi!* While deprecating an immediate and unconditional separation of Church and State as likely to "kindle civil war in every family," the separation ought to be the eventual goal aimed at. As to the creation of Judges by election, he would not support the measure until he knew who were to be the electors, nor could he vote for a central Mayor of Paris without first knowing what his functions were to be. On foreign affairs M. Spuller was particularly forcible, declaring that times had proved how thoroughly M. Gambetta had understood the Egyptian question, and that he foresaw the sequence of events, while the succeeding Ministry had adopted various and contradictory policies until "the Cabinet collapsed, and French influence along with it." He concluded by urging union upon all Republicans, and condemning "senseless and criminal agitation, and any idea of violent revolution." This speech, which may be looked upon as a manifesto pure and simple of M. Gambetta, was to be followed by a Ministerial declaration at the opening of the Chamber.

In PARIS M. Grévy has received the new Papal Nuncio, Mgr. Camille de Rende, with more than official welcome. The Nuncio, in handing his accrediting letter, spoke warmly of the Pope's predilection "for a people whose history exhibits a long series of signal services rendered to the Church and its Supreme Chief, and for a people who still continue to give him sincere testimony of respect and devotedness." He also assured M. Grévy of the Pope's desire for the maintenance of cordial relations between the Vatican and the French Government. M. Grévy made a most cordial reply, and assured the Nuncio that "the protection due to religion and the strengthening of the bonds of friendship existing between France and the Holy See will be the object of our constant solicitude." Another political topic has been the negotiations with the Malagasy Ambassadors, who have apparently been greatly astonished at the claims advanced by the French Government to the coast of Madagascar lying from Diego Suarez to Majambo—an extent equal to the whole north coast of England, and where the Queen has thirteen garrisoned forts. The Ambassadors, it is stated, have been coolly informed that unless this territory is peaceably given up it will be forcibly taken by an expedition now being fitted out at Marseilles. Naturally the Ambassadors have written home for instructions.—Tunisian affairs have also been the subject of much attention. Ali Bey has shelved his brother's chief favourite, Mohammed Khasnachar, and has formed a new Cabinet, under Si Laszi, a well-known French sympathiser. M. Cambon is Foreign Minister, General Forgemol Minister of War, and General Legerot Marine Minister. Turning to more social topics, the typhoid epidemic in Paris has once more shown an alarming increase, though the general mortality is lower than usual. A new opera bouffe by M. Émile Jonas, *La Bonne Aventure*, has been brought out at the Renaissance; and a serious accident occurred on Monday to the mid-day Boulogne mail. At Wimille Station, about two miles from Boulogne, the train ran into some goods trucks. The only serious injuries were to a Post Office clerk and to Lady Somers, who were too much hurt to be removed to Boulogne.

A curious question has arisen between AUSTRIA and ITALY. The visit of the Austrian Emperor to King Humbert has long been a matter of discussion, and now it appears, from Count Kalnoky's declaration to the Delegations now meeting at Pesth, that the difficulty lies in the selection of a meeting-place. The Italian Government wish the visit to be paid in Rome, which would then receive a complete recognition as being the official capital of the Italian Monarchy. Unfortunately the difficulty of the Pope arises. The Emperor could not help paying his Holiness a visit, but how could Leo XIII. return the call without proving that his theory of being a prisoner in the Vatican is a mere fallacy? The Italian papers this week have been full of the subject, and warmly praise the attitude of the Government. To return to Austria-Hungary and her Delegations, military matters and the Herzegovinian insurrection have formed the chief themes of deliberation. With regard to the causes of the latter, M. de Kallay considered that many of the rebels were simply induced to join the movement by terrorism, and that the insurrection was fomented by the people of Montenegro despite all the efforts of their Prince. There have been some very serious riots at Vienna during the week owing to the dissolution by the police of a Revolutionary Society known as the Shoemakers' Union. The police have been attacked in force, and on Tuesday the military were called out.—Fresh anti-Semitic outrages are also reported from the district of Wieselburg, owing to the rumoured sacrifice of a Christian girl at Tisza Eszlar.

NEW SOUTH WALES is greatly rejoicing over its Budget, which shows that since the present Government has been in power the income of the Colony has increased by upwards of 2,000,000/., namely, from about 5,000,000/., in 1878, to nearly 7,200,000/., the revenue in 1881 exceeded the actual expenditure by 1,500,000/., Next year's revenue is estimated at 7,360,000/., and the expenditure at 6,780,000/., leaving a balance of 580,000/.. The Treasurer further stated that the revenue was in a flourishing condition, and that he should not be surprised if it reached 8,000,000/., next year. It was the intention of the Government to utilise a large portion of the surplus for permanent public works. The fire at the Garden Palace, Sydney, seems to have been far more serious than could be judged from the first telegrams. The extent of the loss is incalculable, as the building contained numerous Government offices, the Technological Museum, the Linnean Library, and the Art Collection. The majority of the railway surveys are burnt, and they will accordingly have to be made over again. Thus the construction of new lines will be delayed.

OF MISCELLANEOUS NEWS the chief European topic is the decision of the Spanish Government not to hand over to the British Government the three Cuban refugees who, by some curious error on the part of the Gibraltar police, were taken outside the British frontier, and left to the mercies of the Spanish authorities.—In RUSSIA some extraordinary financial scandals have been discovered in official circles, both with regard to the Skopia Bank and the powder manufactory at Tschernigord.—From SWITZERLAND comes an official contradiction that the Socialists have purchased the Castle of Winterthur.—In INDIA detailed reports show that the entertainment at Bombay to the troops returned from Egypt on the 28th ult. was most enthusiastically carried out.—In the UNITED STATES telegrams tell us of the great success of Mrs. Langtry. The elections which took place in thirty-three states on Tuesday have resulted in large majorities for the Democrats, who will probably have a majority of forty in the next House. The Republicans, however, will still retain their small majority in the Senate.—There has been a terrible fire at Halifax, NOVA SCOTIA, where the Asylum for the Poor has been burned to the ground. Thirty-one helpless patients who were in the top of the building were burned to death.—In SOUTH AFRICA the Boers are stated to have been

defeated twice by the Caffre Chief, Mapoch, first in a defile, whither the Boers had been decoyed, and where they lost 300 men, and secondly in the open, where they were again defeated with loss. Any abandonment of Basutoland by the British authorities has been officially repudiated by the Cape Premier, Mr. Scanlan, in a speech at Aliwal.



THE Queen spent a few days at the Glassalt Shiel last week, returning to Balmoral with the Princess Beatrice on Saturday. Later in the day the Earl of Northbrook arrived as Minister in attendance, as well as the Rev. Dr. James Lees, and both gentlemen dined with Her Majesty in the evening. On Sunday morning the Queen attended Divine service at Crathie Church, where Dr. Lees officiated; and in the evening Lord Northbrook and Dr. Lees joined Her Majesty and the Princess at dinner. Lord Sackville arrived next day. The Queen's stay at Balmoral concludes next Wednesday—a week earlier than usual; and immediately on the Court's return to Windsor Her Majesty will commence inspecting the various regiments returned from Egypt. Thus, on the 20th inst., the Queen will review the Guards on their parade ground in St. James's Park, the men, at Her Majesty's request, wearing the uniforms used in Egypt; and shortly after the Queen will pay a private visit to Parkhurst, Isle of Wight, to inspect the Seaforth Highlanders, stopping at Haslar Hospital, on her way back to Windsor, to visit the naval invalids of the campaign. Further, Her Majesty will inspect the 1st Battalion of the Manchester Regiment (63rd), now at Warley. The Queen has become patroness of Lady Jane Taylor's fund for the relief of the families of the killed and wounded in the late campaign, both Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice giving donations.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters, are at Sandringham for the winter season. Arriving at the end of last week, the Prince and Princess and family attended Divine Service on Sunday at St. Mary Magdalene's, where the Rev. F. Hervey officiated; and they are now entertaining a large circle of guests to celebrate the Prince's forty-first birthday on Thursday. The customary county ball in honour of the event was to take place last (Friday) night. Next week the Prince goes to Norwich to inaugurate the Agricultural Hall, and on December 12 he will come to town with the Princess to open the new City of London School. The Prince has become chairman of the Longfellow Memorial Committee. As Colonel of the Household Cavalry, the Prince will give a dinner to those detachments of regiments who served in Egypt.

The Duke of Connaught has returned from Egypt in excellent health. Coming overland from Brindisi, he reached Dover on Monday, where he was met by his wife and the Duke of Edinburgh. The Duke had declined any public reception, and, after a few brief greetings from the Mayor and officials, he left at once for London, where the Duke of Albany, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and a number of friends were waiting to welcome him, besides a guard of honour of the London Irish Rifle Volunteers.—The Duke of Edinburgh will open the Liverpool Homes for Ancient Mariners on December 16.—Princess Christian will open the Fancy Sale in aid of St. Stephen's, Windsor, at the Windsor Guildhall on the 20th inst.—The Duke and Duchess of Albany received a deputation from the inhabitants of Esher on Saturday at Claremont, when the Duke was presented with a bust of the Duchess as a wedding gift. On Tuesday night the Duke presided at the anniversary dinner in aid of the National Orphan Home, while he has promised to become a patron of the coming International Chess Tournament, to take place in London next year. The Duke and Duchess will shortly entertain at Claremont the Guild Mayor of Preston and Miss Birley, when the latter will present the Duchess with a diamond bracelet, subscribed for by the ladies of Preston, and which was to have been offered to the Duchess had she not been prevented from attending the Guild Festival.—There is some prospect of the Princess Louise remaining at Victoria (Vancouver's Island) until the spring, instead of returning to Canada at once.

The Empress of Germany does not regain her former strength very quickly, and a consultation of physicians has been held, the doctors deciding that Her Majesty's health is satisfactory, but that the recovery will be slow. She firmly refuses to spend the winter in the south, according to their recommendation, and, after remaining at Baden-Baden till the 18th inst., will return to Berlin to keep the Crown Princess's birthday.—The Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark will shortly start on a long foreign tour.



FLOODS continue to cause much inconvenience and distress in several of the western and southern counties. Great part of the valley of the Thames is still under water, and in North Wales the Conway has burst its banks, stopping the traffic on the Llandudno and Festiniog Railway. Berkshire was visited by a heavy gale on Friday night, and some damage was done on Saturday and Sunday by severe storms in Lancashire, Cheshire, and the Isle of Man. In Somersetshire several cottages have been washed away; and traffic is suspended on the Yeovil and Durston line, between Athelney and Langport. At the latter place the monthly sitting of the County Court was adjourned, the Judge being unable to reach the town.

FESTIVITIES IN HONOUR of the returning troops have been numerous throughout the week. At Brighton, on Friday evening, the 4th Dragoon Guards were entertained at a grand banquet in the Pavilion, after a parade march in the morning through the town, which had been royally decorated for the occasion. At Portsmouth, on the same day, there was a dinner given by the townspeople to 1,100 men of both branches of the service; and there were similar dinners on a smaller scale at Chatham, Shorncliffe Camp, and Devonport. The Indian Contingent arrived, on Wednesday, in the *Lusitania*, which also brought the 87th Foot. It comprises representatives of almost every warlike race—except the Ghoorkas—from which our native army is recruited. In consequence of the return of the Household Cavalry from Egypt, guard at the Horse Guards for the current week will again be mounted on alternate days by the First Life Guards and the Blues. The Queen has approved the granting of peerages to Sir B. Seymour, under the title of Baron Alcester of Alcester, and to Sir Garnet Wolseley as Baron Wolseley of Cairo, and of Wolseley, Staffordshire. Her Majesty, it is stated, will review the regiments of Foot Guards who have served in Egypt on the Guards' Parade Ground on Monday week. The banquet to the brigade will come off the same evening at the Aquarium.

GUY FAWKES' DAY, little honoured now in the heart of London, was duly celebrated in the suburbs and in the provinces. The bonfires on Primrose Hill and Hampstead Heath, despite the

unfavourable weather, drew together considerable numbers of spectators, and in South London the Lewisham Bonfire Boys held their annual carnival, winding up with a huge fire on Loampit Hill. At Lewes, Exeter, Bridgewater, and Luton the display was on even a grander scale than usual, effigies of Arabi Pasha dividing popular disfavour with those of Guy Fawkes and the Pope. At Witham, in Essex, where disturbances had been apprehended, there was a curious scene, in consequence of the magistrates summoning 125 of the inhabitants to serve as special constables, some from eight till ten, and others from ten to midnight. The action of the magistrates was generally condemned, and not a few who had been summoned absolutely declined to take the oath. Fortunately for the specials, whose duty was to remain in reserve until called upon, the commanders of the different sections provided refreshments, and permitted their men to play cards and sing songs. Order was kept in the streets by fifty of the county police, and some of the specials whose duties ceased at ten then offered to remain till twelve.

A TERRIBLE disaster, involving the loss of forty-four lives, occurred on Tuesday morning at the Clay Cross Coal and Iron Company's Collieries, Danesmoor, Derbyshire. So safe had these workings been generally considered that naked lights were commonly used in them, except at a few points. The pits, in consequence of the slackness of orders, were to have been idle for the day, but many men had gone down early in the morning to finish work commenced on Monday. At ten o'clock some forty of them were drawn up to the bank; a quarter of an hour later a dull rumbling sound was heard, the ground was shaken as by an earthquake, and a column of smoke and dust shot up from the main shaft. The sound of the explosion, which was heard at a distance of over four miles, brought crowds in a few minutes to the spot, and for the rest of the day hastily-organised relief parties fought bravely against the after-damp, and slowly but steadily made their way to the remoter workings. By midnight twenty-five men, many severely injured by the explosion or after-damp, had been brought out alive, but over forty bodies still remained in the pit.

ON THE BRIGHTON RAILWAY a serious accident—through a London and North-Western train for Willesden Junction running into an engine standing on the line near Balham—has followed close upon the terrible disaster to the Midland express in the previous week. Both driver and fireman of the Willesden train were dangerously injured, and seven passengers somewhat severely hurt, besides others who were badly bruised and shaken. On Saturday last a sleeping car in the night train between Perth and Inverness parted company with its wheels, and was dragged for some distance along the ground. Fortunately the train, which was going very slowly at the time, was pulled up, and the inmates of the car relieved from their unpleasant position with no more injury than a pretty severe fright.—The funeral of the unfortunate Dr. J. F. Arthur took place last Thursday in the burial-ground of the Free Church, Aberdeen. The deceased gentleman, it is now stated, was in the habit of taking opiates to relieve his sufferings from illness contracted in the East.

ALL DANGER OF A STRIKE among the colliers may now be regarded as at an end, the North Wales miners, who were the last to come to terms, having now agreed to accept, for the present, the compromise offered by the masters of a 7½ per cent. advance.

POLITICAL ACTIVITY during the week has by no means been confined to the precincts of the House of Commons. Sir R. Cross has found time to dilate to the Conservatives of Bexley on "the irony of fate" which has constrained Mr. Gladstone to carry out in Egypt the policy initiated by Lord Beaconsfield at Constantinople, and has warned them not to be impatient with their leaders. Like Sir Garnet at Tel-el-Kebir, their object is not to win a transient success but a crushing victory. At Derby Sir W. Harcourt has availed himself of the triple ceremony of the opening of the New Art Gallery presented to the town by Mr. Bass, the opening of the New Arboretum, and the turning the first sod of the Little Chester Recreation Ground, to defend the new Rules in his own vigorous fashion. To suppose Mr. Gladstone to be in a conspiracy to put down free discussion is as reasonable, according to Sir William, as to suppose Mr. Bass in a conspiracy to put down bitter beer. Replying to a deputation from the London and Counties Liberal Union, Mr. Gladstone has expressed his confidence that Liberal feeling everywhere is with the Ministry, and that Government will become a laughing-stock if power to stop all measures is suffered to fall into the hands of minorities, whether small or large; and Sir C. Dilke, at a Conference and dinner of the same Union a few days later, dwelt eloquently on the great measures—notably the reform of the government of the Metropolis—which may be expected from the Premier in the next Session if only his hands are strengthened now in the matter of Procedure. But of all the extra-Parliamentary utterances of the week, that which has certainly attracted most attention has been Lord R. Churchill's spirited letter to *The Times* on the policy of the Conservatives, calling on his party rather than submit to the *clature* to force the Government to appeal to the country. Now, thinks the *enfant terrible* of the Tories, is our time; give Liberals a few more years to manipulate the constituencies, and the opportunity will be lost.—Mr. Waddy, Q.C., a strong advocate for Disestablishment, has been returned for Edinburgh by a large majority.—The Right Hon. Spencer Walpole, best remembered as the Conservative Home Secretary in 1866, has signified to the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge his intention of applying for the Chiltern Hundreds at the end of the present Session.

AT EDINBURGH, before a more than usually unruly gathering of students, whose gaiety vented itself before the formal business commenced in the division of "squeezing" the new Greek Professor, Lord Rosebery delivered on Saturday his inaugural address as Rector of the University, on the peculiarly Scottish virtue of "Patriotism."

MR. FROUDE has been lecturing the Birmingham and Midland Institutes on our political character as a nation. Mr. Froude has infinite faith in our future so long as we are "a working people;" but he modestly distrusts the "men who spend their time in reading and talk, and what they are pleased to call thinking."

AT A COUNCIL MEETING, on Tuesday, of the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture, resolutions were passed urging the appointment of a special Ministry of Agriculture; and a letter was read from Mr. Gladstone declining to receive a deputation, but requesting an expression of their views in a form which would enable him to submit them to the Cabinet. At a meeting last week of the East Riding Chamber, it was asserted that until the appointment of such a Ministry it was quite useless to send in agricultural returns.

LORD NORTHBROOK will take the chair at the meeting to be held on the 16th, at the Westminster Palace Hotel, in support of the New National Club. The Premier has consented to be put in nomination for the presidency.

FROM IRELAND, beyond a few sporadic cases of moonlighting (a game no longer without danger if the parties come before a Dublin jury), an occasional outburst against fox-hunting, or rather against obnoxious foxhunters (the labourers will not have the hunt stopped, because that would drive money out of the country), and perplexed discussion of the position which Irish M.P.'s should take with respect to the *Clature*, there is little or nothing worth recording. Stung possibly by the bitter remark of Mr. P. J. Smyth that "the tergiversation of the Irish party in voting for the gag was a disgrace to the nation," the Home Rulers, it is now understood, will vote *en masse* against the Liberals.—The last remittance to the Irish Ladies' Fund has been forwarded to Dublin from the Mansion House, bringing the total raised in England up to 15,701.

"Rents," says the treasurer of the Dublin Fund, which still remains open, "have begun to be better paid, but the ruin entailed on many a sufferer is irretrievable." On Saturday Mr. Justice Andrews was sworn in as successor to Baron Fitzgerald, who resigned on the passing of the Crimes Prevention Act.—The first "Degree Day" of the Royal Irish University was held on the 8th inst., in its permanent buildings, Earlsfort Terrace, in the presence of an influential assemblage of representatives of various creeds and denominations. The loyal spirit shown by the students was especially noteworthy.

MR. WILLIAM KINGSTON SAWYER, the well-known journalist, and editor of *Funny Folks* and the *South London Press*, died last week of typhoid fever, at the comparatively early age of fifty-four. From the age of ten, when he attracted the attention of the editor of a Brighton journal, Mr. Sawyer may be said to have been in literary harness. His best known works are a charming book of poems, "Ten Miles from Town," and "The Legend of Phyllis." He also contributed to various periodicals a large number of stories and essays, while one of the last poems he ever wrote recently appeared in this journal. Mr. Sawyer was one of the most personally popular members of the literary world, being a well-known member of the Savage and Urban Clubs, and being the President of the Whitefriars Club at the time of his death. His bright, cheerful spirit, his untiring wit, and singularly gentle manner will be greatly missed by his large circle of friends, a number of whom, together with a deputation from the Whitefriars, attended his funeral at Brighton on Monday last.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has acceded to the request of the Long-fellow Memorial Committee that he would allow his name to appear as chairman. He is "glad that an opportunity has been afforded him of showing the high respect he entertains for the memory of the greatest of American poets."

THE LIMESTONE CLIFF at the village of Crich, in Derbyshire, where a great landslide occurred last July, is again moving, and another landslide on a large scale is apprehended.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS held last week in England and Wales appear, from an analysis made by the Press Association, to have resulted in Conservative victories in several important boroughs. Either through innocence or malice the veteran Conservative Lord John Manners has been attributing this result to the fact that women vote at these elections.



THERE IS NO FOUNDATION, it is said, for the report put in circulation a few days ago that the Archbishop of Canterbury intends to resign the Primacy. His Grace, whose health continues to improve, hopes before long to pay a visit to the Continent.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE STRENUOUS EFFORTS OF THE MAYOR, and the generous subscriptions—amounting to 1,000*l.* in all—of Churchmen outside the parish, the Vicar's Rate Fund at Coventry remains at 3,800*l.* Churchmen in Coventry, it is said, object to contribute on the pretext that the entire scheme is "a concession to mob-law and organised disorder." Still, the rate stands generally condemned, and commutation is equally confessed to be the easiest way of getting rid of it. In the opinion of many the sum raised, whatever it may be, will be accepted before the close of the year to put an end to further controversy.

THE LONG-CONTEMPLATED MEMORIAL to the late Canon Miller, of Greenwich, the originator of the Hospital Sunday movement, is to take the form of a new wing to the Royal Kent Dispensary. Collections were made last Sunday at eleven churches in and about Greenwich, and special offertories for the same purpose have been opened in other places of worship in the neighbourhood.

ON SATURDAY LAST, on the application of the Bishop of Manchester, Lord Penance decided that Mr. Green's "obedience" entitled him to his discharge, and at eight o'clock the same evening an official from the Archbishop of York's Court arrived at Lancaster, bearing the order for his release. Mr. Green proceeded the same evening to Morecambe, where his wife has been staying for some time. Meanwhile, at Miles Platting, passive resistance appears to be the order of the day. On Mr. Pym's presenting himself on Sunday at the early service a formal protest, drawn up and signed by 326 members of the congregation at a meeting held the previous Wednesday, was handed to him by the churchwardens. "Though the resignation of Mr. Green has smoothed away difficulties, we cannot forget," so ran the protest, "that you were willing to intrude yourself in any case, and we are quite unable to hold out to you the right hand of fellowship." At the celebration no one answered the invitation to communicate. Mr. Cowgill, Mr. Green's late curate, is still in the parish, and on Monday he and the churchwardens held the private monthly meeting of communicants in the schools adjoining the church. Mr. Pym was not invited to attend, and will not, it is believed, be allowed to enter the schools, which are the private property of Sir P. Heywood.

BORDESLEY, the benefice of the Rev. R. W. Enraght, has also been declared vacant by the Bishop of Worcester—three years having elapsed since the date of his inhibition. Mr. De la Bere and Mr. Mackonochie remain, says the *Guardian*, to be disposed of.

A NEW ARMY, entitling itself the Church Gospel Army, has appeared at Richmond, under the leadership of the Rev. E. H. Hopkins, Vicar of Holy Trinity, and has as usual aroused the ire of the roughs by parade marches with songs and banners. Two young men have been fined 10*s.* and 50*s.* respectively, for casting missiles at the army, and at the police who interfered for their protection, and the greater culprit, being unable to pay, has been sent to prison for a month. The desire to save souls seems sufficient reason to turn the streets of a quiet town into a Pandemonium.

THE GENERAL OF THE SALVATION ARMY has written to the papers to deny that a particularly objectionable hymn, quoted from memory by Canon Girdlestone, was ever used in the Salvation meetings; but the contradiction has again been contradicted, and abundant evidence has been offered that the spirit, if not the precise wording of the hymns, is precisely such as the Canon condemns. At the Liverpool Diocesan Conference the movement was described in one paper as a "Gospel of Hurley Burley," in which the little that was good was more than counterbalanced by the habits of irreverence and immodest self-conceit engendered by it in young people of either sex. The Bishop of Rochester, on the other hand, speaking at the opening of a new Mission Hall in South London, commended the Army for its humility and earnestness—these things the Church should imitate, and not its eccentricities.

AT A GIGANTIC GOSPEL TEMPERANCE MISSION MEETING in the Agricultural Hall, Canterbury, on Tuesday, the Bishop of Dover declared himself a firm adherent to the principles of total abstinence, and requested Mr. Booth to pin the blue ribbon to his breast. Five thousand voices, says the report, hailed with vociferous cheers the first English Bishop who had donned the blue ribbon.

AN ENCYCLICAL LETTER FROM THE POPE, written on the seventh centenary of the birth of St. Francis of Assisi, was read on Sunday in all the Roman Catholic churches of the Diocese of Westminster. It is in the Spirit of St. Francis that the Pope would have

men combat the evil desires and the covetousness in which are found both the germs and the weapons of modern Socialism.

AT A MEETING OF THE WORKING CLASSES OF EAST LONDON in the Victoria Club, Hackney, it was resolved to go on with the movement for securing one free day at St. Paul's. With proper supervision it was held that the danger of crowding might easily be obviated.

A MEETING to consider the form of a memorial to Dr. Pusey will be held on Thursday next, at Lord Salisbury's house in Arlington Street.



POPULAR CONCERTS.—These admirable and instructive entertainments are going on with a new series which promises to be as successful as any of its precursors. Although the twenty-fifth season began but recently, seven concerts (Mondays and Saturdays) have already been given, and the eighth is announced for this afternoon. The musical public remains constant to them, and with excellent reason. They were founded upon principles their unwavering adherence to which has been the secret of their continued prosperity. They were intended to introduce to the world of amateurs the works of great masters—from Bach and Handel, through Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, down to Schubert, Weber, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and others—with a very few of which any but reclusive students, or connoisseurs resolved upon knowing everything for themselves, were previously acquainted, and the public believed in by their promoters turned up as a matter of course. Combined with this, in the original scheme, was the idea of presenting as many works by composers of our own time as might be judged meritorious in accordance with their different degrees; and to this we owe many compositions by Sterndale Bennett, Brahms, Dvorak, Rubinstein, &c., which might have waited a long time before being heard and appreciated in England, by audiences numbering 1,000 and 1,500—and not unfrequently more. Through thus resolutely sticking to his original plan, Mr. Arthur Chappell has placed his concerts on a basis which is likely to support them for years and years to come. Up to the present time the director has brought forward no novelty of importance, but the repertory upon which he can draw at a moment's notice is so varied—varied, indeed, beyond example in its way—that he never can be at a loss to make out an attractive programme, especially having at command artists in every respect worthily qualified to interpret the music set down for them. That such is the case now only accords with the system he has invariably adopted. Of such a company of quartet players as Madame Norman Néruda, M. F. Ries, Höllander, and Piatti, few could be found to complain; and these have given us performances of quartets by Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert (the A minor, which Madame Néruda plays so divinely), and Schumann. The second sextet (in G) of Johannes Brahms, the great quintet in B flat of Mendelssohn (always memorable as the first piece introduced at the first Monday Popular Concert), and one of Mozart's most charming "divertimentos" for quartet of stringed instruments and two horns (Messrs. Mann and Standen) have also been presented. But these, as well as the solos of Madame Néruda and Signor Piatti, with two exceptions, were already more or less familiar to frequenters of the Popular Concerts. The first exception was a Ballade in G minor, the composition of Herr Franz Néruda, brother to Madame Néruda, and interpreted by the accomplished lady with sisterly affection; the second was an old Italian sonata, in F, by the Neapolitan, Nicolo Porpora, to which Signor Piatti, besides performing the violoncello part—how, may easily be imagined—had added, with singular ability and good taste, a pianoforte accompaniment of his own. Mdlle. Janotha, who is becoming more and more a favourite in St. James's Hall, although she has hitherto played no novelty to speak of, has reproduced a good many pieces from her by no means restricted catalogue—comprising examples from Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, &c.—with her never-failing accuracy, and as aforetime showing a marked predilection for Schumann, which, seeing that she came to us with the high authority on her behalf of Schumann's honoured widow, is hardly to be wondered at. The "novelties" vouchsafed to us up till now by Mdlle. Janotha are Beethoven's Variations in C (on the theme of our own National Anthem), a Nocturne in G by G. Henschel, and a *Valse Brillante* by "Jules Janotha." About the first of these we need say nothing; about the second there is nothing to say; and about the third we can only say to Mr. Chappell—a bit of family music, now and then, as may be found expedient, but for your own sake, and for ours, not too much of it. It doesn't fit in nicely with the Popular Concert frame. The vocal music has been for the most part satisfactory. What support Mr. Santley gave on the two occasions of his appearance need hardly be insisted on; and yet we feel inclined to rate this great singer for not looking more carefully into the "volumes" of songs by Schubert, where he would find many with which both to satisfy his own artistic aspirations and delight his hearers. The other singers have been Miss Carlotta Elliott; the always advancing Miss Santley; Miss Cravino, who has a good voice and promises well; Misses Marian M'Kenzie and Annie Marriott. Mr. Zerbin has been the accompanist from the beginning. Mr. Chappell's first *bona fide* novelty will be a Quartet in D, for pianoforte and string accompaniments, one of the earlier works of Dvorak—put down for Monday, the 20th.

WAIFS.—Madame Christine Nilsson, as a matter of custom, had no end of "interviewing" on the occasion of her arriving at New York, in the *Gallia*, on the 24th ult. She, however, seems to have gone through the ordeal with her accustomed taste and good sense, leaving her "interviewers," it may be taken for granted, about as wise as they were on boarding the ship. Her engagement was to begin at Boston, and will, unless circumstances intervene, be exclusively for concert-singing.—Rubinstein's "sacred" opera, the *Maccabæer*, was produced with success at Leipsic on the 4th inst.



THE TURF.—The Liverpool Meeting on the exposed plains of Aintree produced better sport than was expected, after certain signs which seemed to indicate that the conclusion of the present racing season would be an unusually tame one. The Irish division, according to custom, were in force, but met with several disappointments. The Knowsley Nursery brought out exactly a dozen, and fell to Petticoat, who, it may be remembered, showed herself one of the crack juveniles early in the season. Linnæus, who has won half-a-dozen or more races recently for Mr. Townley-Parker, beat ten others for the Croxteth Cup, among whom was the "aged" Sir Joseph, who ran second. As a younger Sir Joseph bade fair to secure one of our classic events, but difficulty in training him has

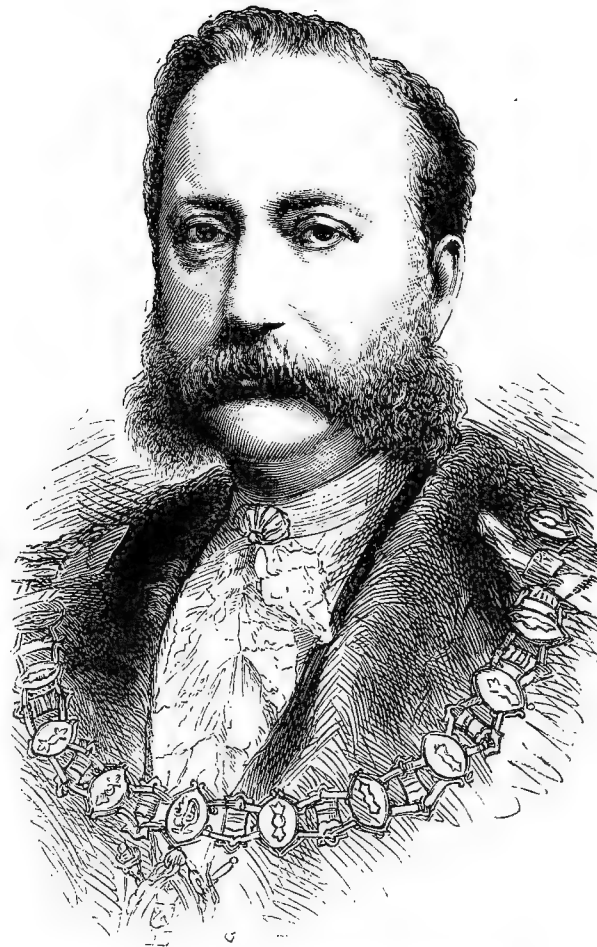
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MR. SHERIFF SAVORY

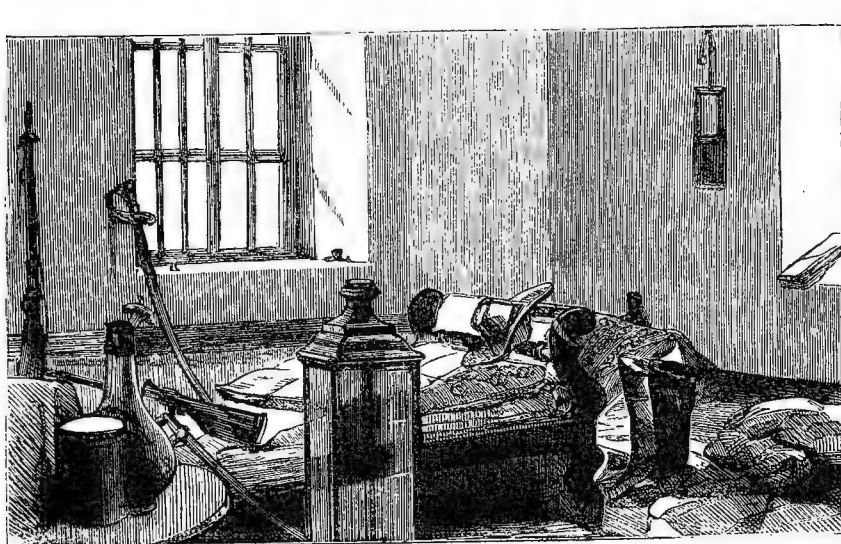


HENRY EDMUND KNIGHT, ESQ.
Lord Mayor of London

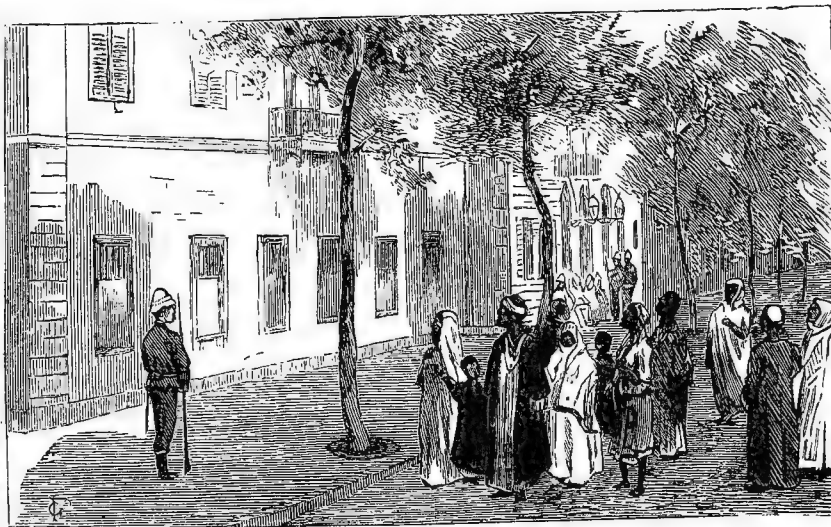


MR. ALDERMAN AND SHERIFF DE KEYSER

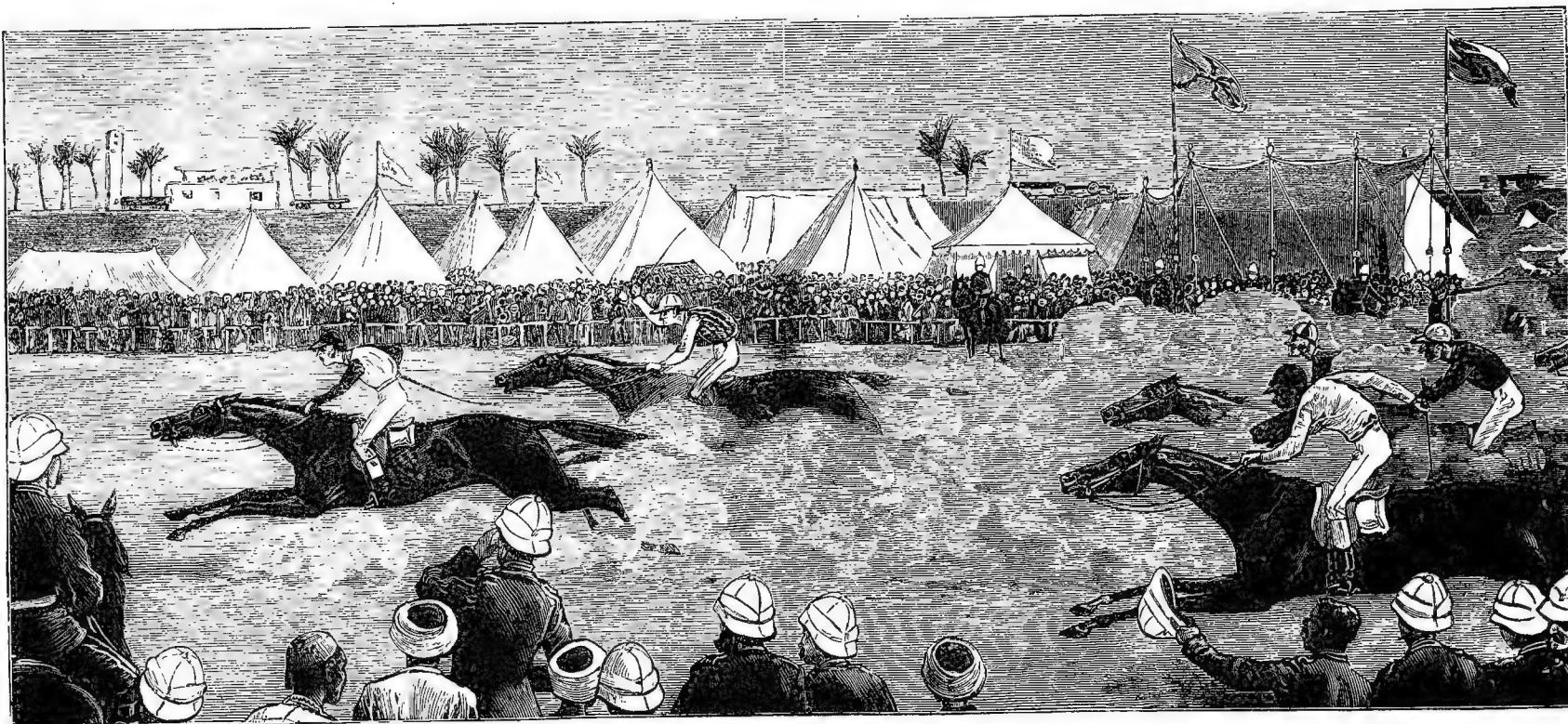
THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS



THE ROOM AT ABBASSIYEH WHERE ARABI SURRENDERED
From a Photograph



EXTERIOR OF ARABI'S PRESENT PRISON—ARAB SYMPATHISERS GAZING AT THE PRISONER'S WINDOWS
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr F Villiers



THE CAIRO RACES
FROM A SKETCH BY A MILITARY OFFICER



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

Three of these iron uprights he shook lightly; each of them in time yielded, and passing them through the holes in the bar that formed their cross support he laid them on the margin of the flower-bed.

KIT—A MEMORY

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "A GRAPE FROM A THORN," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

TENANTLESS

ALTHOUGH, as Kit had argued, there could be nothing at the Grey House "to bite" them, there was certainly something repellent, if not menacing, in the aspect of their former home, as the brother and sister beheld it on that wintry day. It had never been an attractive house, even in life—that is, when it had human tenants—but in death, it looked forbidding, and even ghastly. Every one knows the verses in which the Laureate has typified a corpse by an empty house,—

All within is dark and night,
In the windows is no light,
Nor any murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.
Close the door, the shutters close,
Or through the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark, deserted house.

The windows and doors of the Grey House had been closed by the hand of the owner; and by that act, it would seem, he had forbidden others to enter, yet these two were come to spy out its nakedness. Trenna trembled as the garden gate clattered behind them, and they crossed the lawn, strewn with sticks and leaves, to the front door.

"Is it really necessary to go in, Kit?" she whispered; "you know best, but—"

"I do, my darling," he put in quickly; "it is absolutely necessary that I should see with my own eyes that he is gone."

She answered nothing, but what her pale face and frightened eyes said was, "But suppose you should see with your own eyes that he is *not* gone?"

In physical dangers, and in the face of moral difficulties, Trenna had the courage of a lion; but there was to her mind something of sacrilege in what they were about to do. It was just possible, too, she thought, that on the morrow of that dreadful day of parting her father's resolution to leave England might have failed him; that he might have given way to reflections on his own desolate and forlorn condition, and, finding himself in that melancholy house alone, he might there and then have put an end to his existence. As they stood under his blinded window she whispered to her brother her fears of what he might have done.

"I don't think it's at all likely, Tren," he answered gravely. "But, even so, it is better to know the truth."

Then she understood that the same idea had actually been in her brother's mind that had been in her own; nay, was there still. He, like her, thought it possible that somewhere in that dark, deserted house might lie, or hang—

The apprehension was so terrible that she did not trust herself to

dwell on it, but hurriedly inquired of Kit whether the blacksmith had not better be sent for to help them get into the house.

"No, no," he said; "let us wash our dirty linen at home, if we can. Just now it would be ruin to me to have paragraphs in the paper about my private affairs."

"But if—if anything has happened—"

"There will then, perhaps, be some other way out of it," he interrupted drily.

What he meant was, as she well understood, that if her father was dead and had died intestate, he would be his heir, and therefore independent of consequences. Trenna herself had no love for her parent; it was impossible she should have it, but she could not forget the tie of blood; she shuddered at her brother's cold repudiation of it.

"The place is fast enough," he said, trying the door with his shoulder.

"Great heavens! do not ring the bell," she cried; for he was groping with his hand among the branches of the withered creeper. The notion of the bell echoing through the deserted house, with none to answer it except, perhaps, the dead, appalled her.

"Pshaw! I am looking for the key," he answered contemptuously. Then she remembered that, when Kit or her father were out at night, it sometimes used to be left in that place of concealment, in order that they might let themselves in. How long ago

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prevented his doing any good. In the Stewards' Cup, on the Wednesday, he again secured the barren honour of being second, Knight of Burghley being his conqueror on this occasion. Alban, with the best of the weights, beat Carlyle and two others for the Liverpool St. Leger; the Alt Welter fell to Lord Falmouth's cast-off, Lennoxlove; the Liverpool Nursery to the Lent Lily filly; and the City Cup to Torricelli.

COURSING.—Recent coursing meetings have not been particularly interesting. It may be noted, however, that at the Border Union gathering the Netherby Cup for all ages was divided between Mr. J. Hutchinson's Clyde Rocket and Mr. G. Cowan's Courtoise.

FOOTBALL.—The Association Challenge Cup, open to the United Kingdom, and not to be confounded with the London Association Challenge Cup, seems to create more interest than ever this season. Several important matches in the first round have recently been played. The Old Etonians, the holders, and the Old Foresters, who have shown excellent form this season, have played a drawn game; Nottinghamshire has beaten Sheffield; the Liverpool Ramblers have defeated Southport; South Reading has got the better of Dreadnought; Hendon has been victorious over West-End; Wednesbury Old Athletics have worsted Spital; Sheffield Wednesday has put out Spilsby; while Windsor, Blackburn Olympic, and Clapham Rovers have proved superior to Acton, Accrington, and Kildare respectively.—In Association games of interest, the Old Carthusians have beaten the Royal Engineers, and Queen's Park (Glasgow) have played a drawn game with the Blackburn Rovers; and in Rugby Union games Oxford University has beaten the Cooper's Hill Engineering College, and Blackheath has beaten Cambridge. Inter-county football, especially under Rugby Union Rules, shows a great advance this season.

LACROSSE.—The Sale and Ashton-on-Mersey Club has shown itself much stronger than Blackley (Manchester), scoring eight goals to its opponents two; and South Manchester, a strong club, has beaten Liverpool by four goals to two.

AQUATICS.—The final heat for the Cambridge University Four (coxswainless, we are sorry to observe), produced a very good race between Jesus and Third Trinity, the latter winning by about three seconds.

PEDESTRIANISM.—The Ten Miles Championship Belt provided by Sir John Astley, and held for the last two years by W. Cummings of Paisley, was again contested at Lillie Bridge, and won by the holder, whose absolute property it now becomes, his time being 52 min. 49 sec. and a fraction.—From America we hear that the Champion, Mr. W. G. George, has been defeated in the first of the three matches with that veritable flyer, L. E. Myers, of New York, the distance being half a mile, which the winner did in the excellent time of 1 min. 56 (and a fraction) seconds. To-day they run one mile, and on the 18th inst. three-quarters. General opinion has long indicated the result of the first bout; that George would win the mile; and that the three-quarters would decide the rubber.

ANGLING.—A 5 lbs. perch has been brought to bank near Daventry, and as there is no doubt about its weight it may claim to be the champion perch of these latter days.—Mr. Silk, pisciculturist to Lord Exeter, has just brought back from America a fine lot of black bass.

THE PROCESSION OF THE HOLY CARPET

MAHMIL, commonly but erroneously called "Mahmal" (literally "that by which anything is supported"), is a term universally applied in the East to the litter which accompanies the pilgrims to Mecca. Not infrequently, however, and with reason, it is used to designate the camel which bears the burden in question.

It is composed of a square skeleton frame of wood, with a pyramidal top, and has a covering of black brocade, richly worked with inscriptions and ornamental embroidery in gold, in some parts upon a ground of green or red silk, and bordered with a fringe of silk, with tassels, surmounted by silver balls. Its covering is not always made after the same pattern with regard to the decorations, being sometimes a fine silk brocade, adorned with ostrich feathers. But generally, if not invariably, on the upper part of the front, a view of the Temple of Mecca is worked in gold, and over it the Sultan's cipher. As a rule, it contains nothing in the interior, but has two copies of the Quran attached externally at the top,—one a small scroll, and the other in the usual form of a book, also small, each enclosed in a case of gilt silver. The Egyptian Mahmil, however, in place of the two copies of the Quran attached to the cover, has a small book of prayer and some charms packed within the litter. The five balls, with crescents, which ornament the Mahmil are of gilt silver. The whole is borne by a



fine tall camel, which is generally indulged with exemption from every kind of labour during the remainder of its life.

The most commonly accepted version as to the origin of the procession of the Mahmil is, that about the middle of the thirteenth century a beautiful Turkish female slave, after the death of the Ruler of Egypt, whom she had married, caused herself to be acknowledged as Queen of that kingdom, and performed the pilgrimage in a magnificent covered litter borne by a camel. After this, for several successive years, her empty litter accompanied the caravan merely for the sake of State; hence, succeeding Princes of Egypt sent with each year's caravan of pilgrims a Mahmil, as an emblem of Royalty.

This year no inconsiderable degree of misapprehension has arisen, owing to the circumstance that, consequent upon the recent troubles in Egypt, the procession of the "Kiswa," or covering for the Kaaba at Mecca, was celebrated at Cairo simultaneously with the procession of the "Mahmil," whereas, strictly and usually, the two events would be separated by an interval of between two or three weeks,—the former taking the priority. As regards the Arabic quotations in the illustration, that in the middle is the open-

ing sentence of the Quran: "In the name of God the Merciful, the Compassionate;" that on the left is the commencement of a Sura to the effect that the first house established was that at Mecca, while the remaining quotation on the right is a portion of the chapter in the Sacred Book of Arabia which enjoins the duty of making the pilgrimage to Mecca.



MR. JAMES WILLING'S new play, brought out at the NATIONAL STANDARD Theatre on Monday evening with the title of *The Ruling Passion*, cannot possibly have disappointed any playgoer who went to the theatre in the hope of finding the excitement so liberally promised in the playbill. The play is, we need hardly say, a melodrama, and, as far as its story is concerned, it presents nothing but the old antagonism between good and wicked personages, with the customary seasoning of love and violence. Nor does its dialogue fail to observe melodramatic fashions, being distinguished by a certain pomposity, combined with commonplace, which has long been peculiar to this sort of production. Still, the action of the play is sustained. Incidents of a startling kind are liberally provided, including a perilous balloon ascent and rescue, and the elaborate torturing of the innocent heroine in a madhouse, in which she has been improperly confined by her husband and his fellow-conspirators; and there is at least an intelligible story, strangely interwoven though it is with marvellous occurrences. But what, perhaps, will more than anything else help to make this piece popular is the abundance of "realism" which is incongruously associated with these somewhat unreal circumstances. No psychologist, we believe, has ever yet successfully grappled with the problem of why it is that people will not only pay money to see an imitation on the stage of realistic objects of which they can see the originals every day for nothing, but will behold the imitation with feelings of excitement that are altogether wanting in the presence of the *bona fide* article. Trafalgar Square is surely familiar and prosaic enough, and street cabs are not particularly strange sights; yet a view of Trafalgar Square, with a tiny pasteboard cab moving in a mimic Cockspur Street has ere now been known to move spectators to frantic exhibitions of delight. In the new play at the Standard a real Chelsea omnibus is the cause of no common degree of enthusiasm; greater still is the joy over a clever representation of the Crystal Palace with its grounds on a Foresters' Day; and there is hardly less over a representation of Piccadilly just at the moment when a procession of the Salvation Army is monopolising its pavements. To tell the truth, this piece is not below the standard of literary merit of much more pretentious theatres devoted to this order of dramatic work; while its elaborate scenic and realistic effects are perhaps even more complete than anything commonly seen elsewhere. The leading parts are represented by Mr. Leathes, who plays the wicked husband with a resolute determination to make him as melodramatically villainous as possible, and Miss Louise Moodie, who as the persecuted wife played with the sombre power which this actress has always at command. A humorous part, sustained by Mr. Odell, contributed much to the good reception which awaited the play.—Mr. Odell's strongly-marked manner and penetrating tones being well suited to the vast dimensions of our suburban play-houses. Of the rest of the numerous personages and their representatives there is nothing special to be said. Mr. Willing's play is undoubtedly a success.

The COURT Theatre will reopen, entirely re-decorated, on Tuesday next. *The Parvenu* will be preceded by a little one-act comedy by Julian Sturgis, entitled *Picking up the Pieces*, in which Mr. Arthur Cecil will play Lord Dawlish, and Miss Carlotta Addison Mrs. Melton.

Young Mr. Boucicault, who will not appear in the opening pieces at the COURT, though attached to that theatre, has been playing Danny Mann to his father's Myles-na-Coppaleen, in *The Colleen Bawn*, during the present week at the Brighton Theatre.

The NOVELTY Theatre, now in course of completion in Great Queen Street, will open in December with a comedietta by Mr. Baker Hopkins, called *A Double and the Rub*, and a new and original comic opera, entitled *Melita*; or, *the Parsee's Daughter*.

Mr. Tennyson's new rustic drama, *The Promise of May*, will be produced this evening at the GLOBE Theatre, under the management of Mrs. Bernard-Beere.

Mr. Savile Clarke has been commissioned by Miss Lila Clay to write for her an "Opera di Camera," to be entitled *An Adam-less Eden*, for representation by ladies only.

A children's pantomime—that is, pantomime sustained entirely by juvenile performers—is to be the Christmas novelty at the AVENUE Theatre, but it is to be played at *matinées* only. The title is *Dick Whittington and his Cat*. One of the scenes is to be a representation of the Children's Fancy Dress Ball given by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House.

The new play entitled *The Silver King*, written by Mr. H. A. Jones and Mr. H. Herman, is to be produced at the PRINCESS'S Theatre on Thursday evening next.

THE MIDGETS.—These little people now located at Piccadilly Hall continue to attract a large share of public favour. General Mite's impersonations and comic songs, "The Broadway Swell" and "The Bowery Boy," afford much amusement, and Miss Millie Edwards is no less successful in her endeavours to please. Lovers of the curious should avail themselves of the opportunity to visit these minute specimens of our race.



LORD COLERIDGE, who has been suffering from lumbago, is going on well, and will probably be able to resume his seat on the bench in a few days.

IN THE PROBATE AND DIVORCE DIVISION OF THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE on Wednesday last, Sir J. Hannen granted a decree *nisi* on the petition of Mrs. Ponsonby for a dissolution of her marriage with her husband, late Lieutenant in the Royal Navy. The respondent, who had left his wife in 1874, is the same officer of whom so much was said in connection with the suicide of a female attendant at the bar of the Criterion.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION was given this week by Mr. Justice Chitty in the case of *Spencer v. the Metropolitan Board of Works*. The plaintiff, who is the owner of sixty-three houses tenanted by working people, in St. Giles's, had been served with the usual notice by the Board, and had sent in his claim for compensation with a proviso that this was done without prejudice to any questions which might arise as to the rights of the Board to exercise their powers under the Act. It was now contended that the Board was bound, unless special leave was obtained from a Secretary of State,

to provide immediate accommodation elsewhere, before taking over the houses, for all the tenants and lodgers who would be displaced. And this view, after a long and technical argument on the full force and meaning of the word "take," was upheld by the Judge and an injunction granted.

A FINE OF 50*l.* has been inflicted on the Messrs. Whittle, of Whitehaven, for importing 22,000 lbs. of dynamite not thoroughly purified according to the conditions of the Licensing Act. The Government inspector had permitted them to re-ship the dynamite to Germany, and this, it was stated, had cost the firm 500*l.*

THE TWO MEN ARRESTED in connection with the diamond robbery in the Strand have been committed for trial. Bail in two sureties of 100*l.* each was accepted for Kelly, the alleged receiver, in whose defence it was urged that he had simply acted as an agent, and had given at once his true name and address.

THE INQUEST ON THE BODY OF DR. ARTHUR was concluded on Wednesday at Leeds. The verdict of the jury was that the deceased would have effected his escape had he not been affected by a narcotic draught; that the fire was accidentally caused by Mr. Cranston's reading-lamp; and that life might have been saved if the train had been stopped before it was taken to the water-crane. They condemned the Company's rules forbidding the engine-driver to pull up at once, and also the use of reading-lamps in sleeping-cars.

THE *cause célèbre* of Belt *v.* Lawes is still in the first stage of evidence for the prosecution. The Duchess of Cleveland, Lord Dartmouth, the late Lord Mayor, and Mr. G. A. Sala are some among the celebrities who have already borne witness to Mr. Belt's ability as a sculptor. The jury, it has been agreed, are to receive payment at the rate of a guinea each per diem.

THE COUNTER-CHARGES in the curious case of "Kidnapping a Wife" will now be settled in the Central Criminal Court, where Mrs. Chidgey and her friends the Mitchells have been committed for conspiracy, and Mr. John Davey, the husband of the deaf and dumb heiress, for assault.

THE COMMITTEE of the Irish Property Defence Association held a meeting on Tuesday at the Mansion House, to give an account of the work done since January, the sales attended, the caretakers and labourers supplied, the writs of ejectment served or posted, 38,702*l.* were claimed to have been saved, and Boycotting in many cases had been rendered perfectly harmless. The proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor and Mr. Kavanagh.

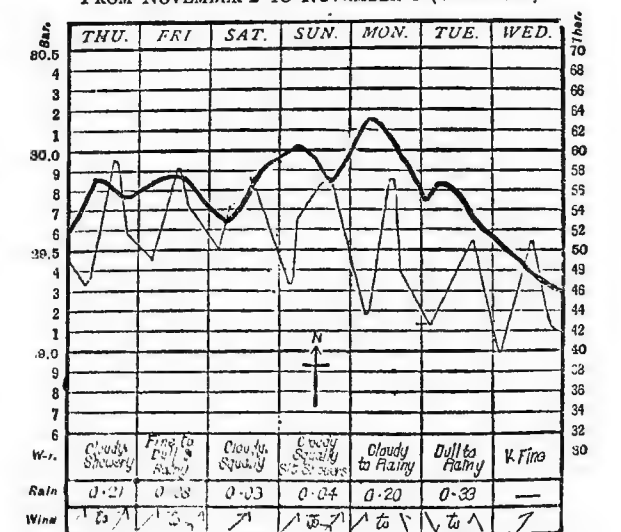
A STARTLING EXAMPLE of the proverbial recklessness of miners was brought to light at the Durham Police Court last week, at the trial of a man, named Ryder, for taking matches into the Tudhoe Pit, where an explosion, with loss of life, occurred not long ago. The manager had found matches hidden behind the defendant's ears, and since the explosion had discovered three pipes, two matches, and a contrivance for opening safety lamps. The Bench, with good reason, inflicted on the defendant a fine of 40*s.*

THE VENTNOR LOCAL BOARD have instructed their agents "to apply to the Court of Queen's Bench for a rule for a criminal information against the libellers," who have been describing this pretty winter health-resort as little better than a nest of typhoid.

ON Wednesday the late Lord Mayor took his seat for the last time at the Mansion House, and later in the day the new Lord Mayor was sworn into office at the Guildhall. Hearty cheering greeted the ex-Lord Mayor Ellis as he passed up to the Aldermen's Chamber to take his leave.

A TERRIBLE CRIME was committed at the Cambridge Barracks, Woolwich, on Saturday, when Corporal Alfred Harris, of the First Wiltshire Regiment, who had been ordered under arrest for disorderly conduct by the sergeant in command of the room, stabbed Corporal Edgar, who attempted to execute the order, to the heart, and broke out of barracks, wounding three other men in the struggle. Returning some hours later, he was secured, though not without offering considerable resistance. At the inquest, on Monday, the jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder."

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK
FROM NOVEMBER 2 TO NOVEMBER 8 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During this period the weather has been unsettled, chiefly very dull, and rainy. Subsidiary depressions passed across the country on Thursday (2nd inst.), succeeded by finer weather during the early part of the next day, but another depression appearing in the north-west, gave rise to a strong south-westerly gale and rain. A sharp recovery of pressure took place on Saturday (4th inst.), accompanied by strong and squally winds, till Sunday morning (5th inst.), when the barometer again fell, with a strong south-westerly gale. A brisk, though temporary, rise in pressure then took place, with light south-westerly winds, followed by a steady fall, with light south-easterly winds, which shifted to north-westerly and south-south-easterly light winds on Tuesday (7th inst.). The mercury still continued to fall on Wednesday (8th inst.), but was accompanied by brighter weather and south-westerly winds. Temperature was decidedly high on Thursday (2nd inst.), since when it has very gradually become lower, the nights, however, not being so cold as those of the preceding week. The barometer was highest (30.12 inches) on Monday (6th inst.); lowest (29.32 inches) on Wednesday (8th inst.); range, 0.80 inches. Temperature was highest (59°) on Thursday (2nd inst.); lowest (40°) on Wednesday (8th inst.); range, 19°. Rain fell on six days. Total amount, 0.89 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.33 inches, on Tuesday (7th inst.).

PROFESSOR PALMIERI died last week in his house near the foot of the crater of Mount Vesuvius, where he had lived nearly twenty-eight years. In 1872 he remained at his post during a serious eruption, when the Observatory was almost buried in ashes and encircled with streams of molten lava, which still lies in a congealed state around the building. He invented several scientific instruments, including the pluviometer, the electrometer, and the seismometer, and discovered the presence of boracic acid in the matter vomited from the crater, which he explained by the theory of a subterranean communication with the hot springs of Tuscany, which are known to be particularly rich in borax.

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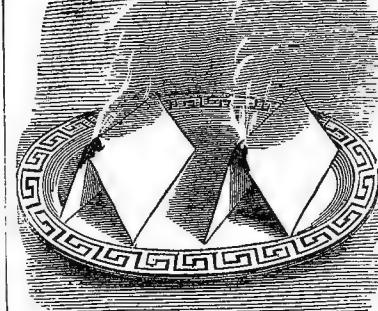
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THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL

TO THE "GREAT NECROMANCER" who wrote the "Lady of the Lake" and "Waverley," Scotland is under a heavy load of obligation. The work that Scott did has powerfully helped the land that he loved so well. His writings have made Scotland and Scottish scenery familiar and endeared to all wanderers in search of the picturesque from southern and sunnier climes. The cloud-topped hills, the streams that dash through rocky ravines or wind slowly amid softly undulating grassy banks, the lakes that lie within the shadow of the mountains' rugged precipices, the moors that stretch in ever-changing hues of purple and grey, the dark green fir-trees that give with their monotony a weird interest to the landscape, the rocky coasts, the play of light and shade on hill and vale and plain—these have, of course, from time immemorial been Scotland's characteristics. Occasional wanderers learned to appreciate the beauties of the country, and returned to softer-featured lands with descriptions of scenes that men born within the sound of Bow Bells listened to with wonder similar to that which they bestowed on stories of scalp-hunting Indians in the far-off Western America.

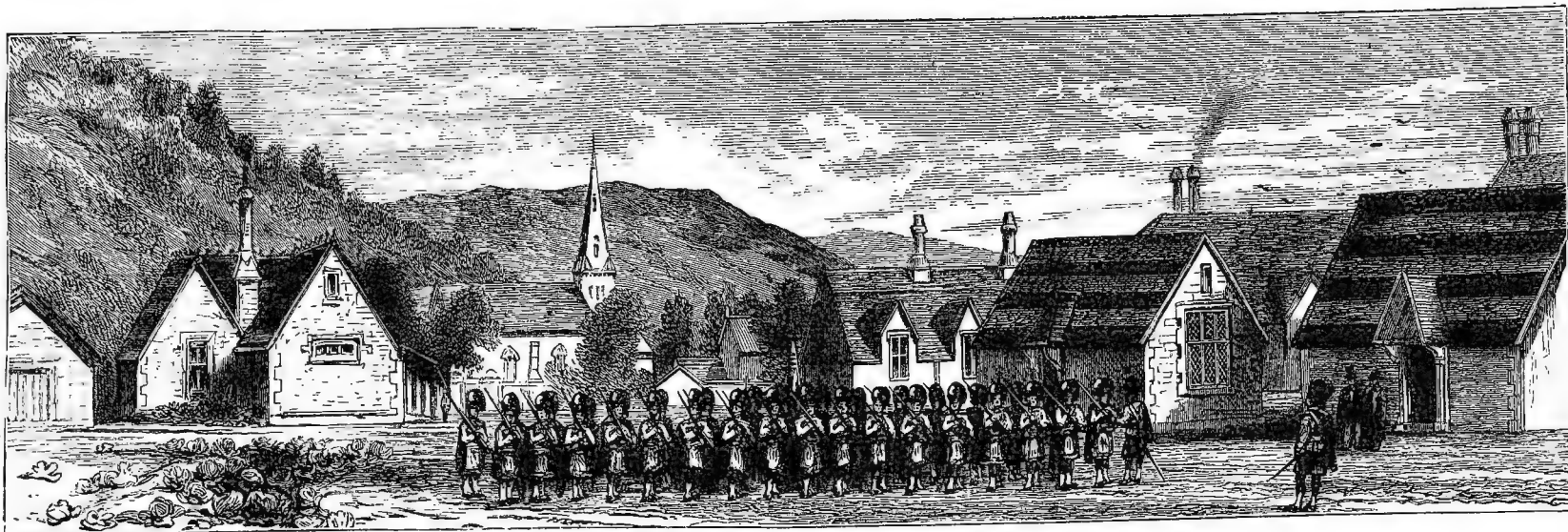
Dr. Samuel Johnson, a Londoner of Londoners, journeyed to the Hebrides, and his account of what he saw and experienced there first woke up the world of fashion—the world that thought all the world was comprised in London—to understand that far beyond the rattle of Fleet Street there existed men and scenes that were worthy the attention of even learned philosophers. Then, after an interval, during which enlightened knowledge of the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood" was only slowly growing, came Walter Scott with his magician touch. The traditions that clung to every dell, the legends that hung around each moss-clad ruin, the tales of chivalrous adventure that made every crumbling tower a record of man's daring and devotion and of woman's love and self-denial, glowed in the fiery light of his genius, and attracted the world's

attention to the scenes that gave to his fancy its inspiration—and to his pen its subjects. Scott made Scotland famous and popular, at the very time when in art and literature men weary of the conventionalities of an artificial school were beginning to look with eager eyes to Nature. Scott himself was one of the results of this artistic revolution, and, in turn, he helped it on. The Tweed, Loch Katrine, Edinburgh, became as fashionable with the travelling public as even Rome and "the grand tour" had been. The Continent seemed to sink out of sight for a time, lost partly in the sulphurous smoke of Napoleon's wars. Crowds flocked to the Highlands in ever increasing numbers. Steam came to make travelling easy. The scream of the railway whistle startled the wild deer in the glens; inns, roads, piers were constructed wherever it was thought a tourist would tread. The Highlanders themselves saw that the Sassenach could be easier preyed upon through hotel bills and guides' fees than in the old rough-and-ready way with pistol and claymore. Between thirty and forty years ago, the interest which Scott had awakened in Scotland, and which restless bands of tourists had perpetuated, received an added impetus. Royalty put its seal to it. Her gracious Majesty and the Prince Consort learned to know and to love the Highlands. They made for themselves a home in one of the most romantic districts of the country; and round that home their warmest affections seem to have entwined. From what our Queen herself has written, we know that Balmoral has witnessed many of the happiest days of her life: the memories that now cling to it of the loved hand and heart that helped to plan and to build it up can only deepen and consecrate her attachment to her Highland home.

FIRST VISIT TO SCOTLAND

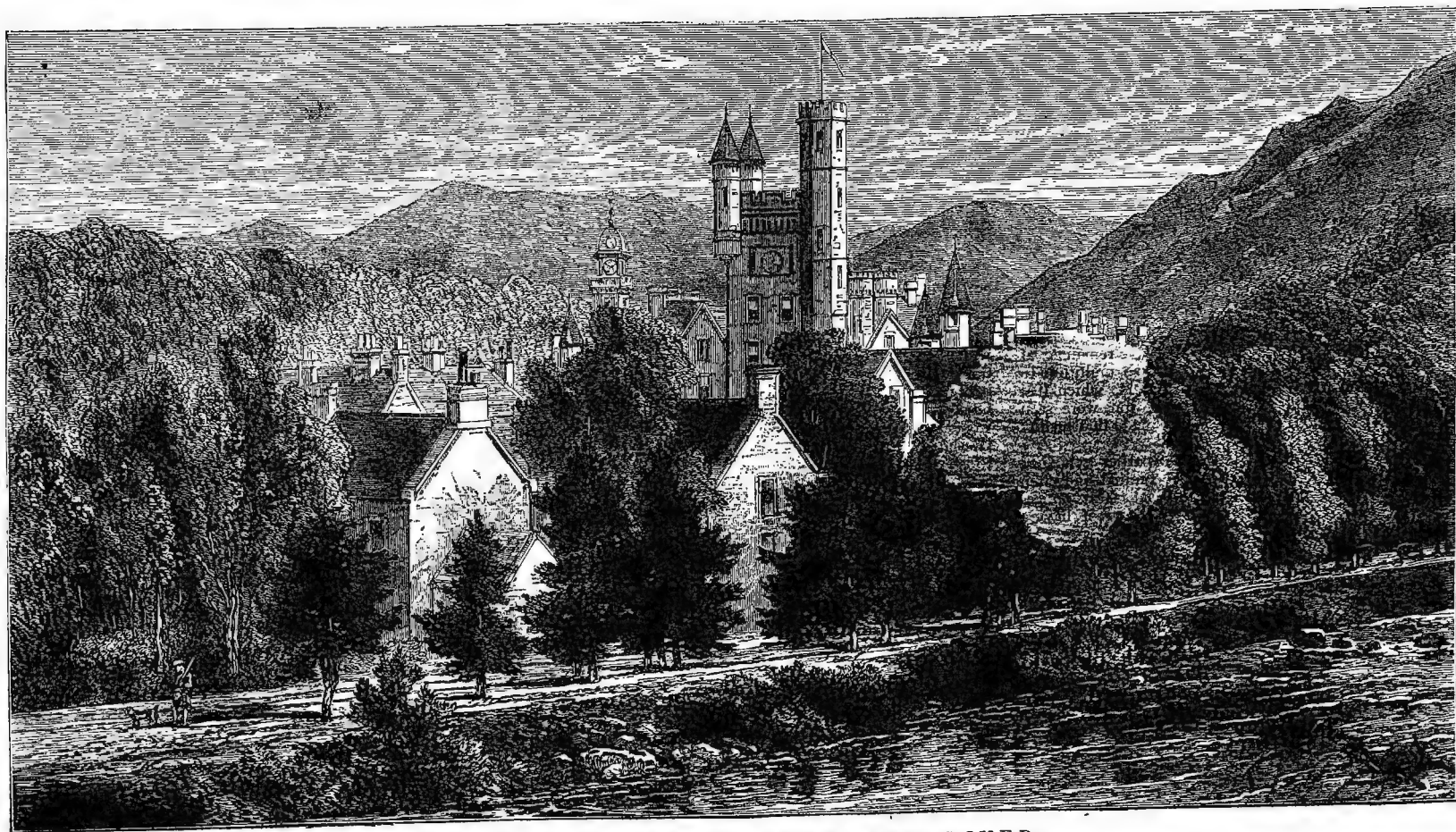
It was as far back as 1842, however, that Her Majesty first made the acquaintance of "Caledonia, stern and wild." That was on the occasion of the first visit to Edinburgh, just twenty years after George IV.

had made Royalty something more than a mere name in the Scottish capital. Forty years have passed since the Queen left Windsor, embarked at Woolwich on board the yacht *Royal George*, and sailed northwards with a convoy of nine vessels. Those were not the days of "Woolwich infants," nor was rifled ordnance a common feature of the army and navy, but the welcome accorded by Her Majesty's Scottish subjects was not the less hearty and sincere. There was only one drawback to the Edinburgh pageant of forty years ago, and that was that the reigning monarch had got up too early in the morning. In point of fact, the Queen landed at Granton Pier about eight o'clock, when the Lord Provost and magistrates of Edinburgh, who intended to be in waiting, were all in bed and fast asleep. Their discomfiture was duly commemorated in a parody upon the old Jacobite song, "Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet," which was originally written in reference to the defeat of Sir John Cope at the battle of Prestonpans during the Scottish Rebellion of 1745. Many changes have occurred during the forty years that have elapsed since the first Royal visit to Scotland of the present reign. Then the transit from the Thames to the Forth was accomplished by sea, and when there was occasion to move from Dalkeith to Taymouth, or on to Stirling, as happened at the time, all the travelling was done by road with the aid of numerous relays of horses. Nowadays the journey is made by railway, and so quietly that the wayside inhabitants might not even know of the fact were there not newspapers to enlighten them. It was then, and afterwards at Aberfeldy, that the late Prince Consort was initiated into the mysteries of deer-stalking. Only a few weeks ago his eldest son, the Heir Apparent, enjoyed the same sport at Aberfeldy. The two places lie widely apart, but there is a sprightly old Scottish song, familiar in the North for more than two centuries, which justly celebrates the beauty of the "birks" or birches of Aberfeldy. Perhaps this may form a kind of palliation for the ridiculous blunder committed quite lately by a London paper,



THE BARRACKS AT BALLATER

"When the Queen is at Balmoral there is always a company of some Highland Regiment quartered as Royal Guard at Ballater, the terminus of the Deeside Railway."



BALMORAL CASTLE FROM THE RIVER

which, in noticing the visit of the Prince of Wales to Abergeldie, possessing no birches to speak of, amused its readers with the novel information that the locality was immortalised by Burns when he wrote the verses commencing

Ronnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Abergeldy?

The learned editor improved upon Burns and printed the word "Abergeldie," evidently thinking that as the two letters were contiguous, the substitution of one for the other was a matter of no consequence. As most people know, the places have nothing in common beyond a slight similarity in sound, Abergeldy being near Loch Tay, in Perthshire, while Abergeldie is in Aberdeenshire, and not very far from Balmoral.

SECOND VISIT TO SCOTLAND

THE first visit to Scotland had been a success, and there is little wonder that it should be found recorded in the "Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," that "as the fair shores of Scotland faded from our view, we felt quite sad that this very pleasant and interesting tour was over." A strong impression was evidently produced by the "land of the mountain and the flood," and the natural result was a second visit in 1844. This time it was Dundee, Cupar Angus, Killiecrankie, and Blair Athole that were honoured with the Royal favour, and the Queen approached more nearly to that charming locality in which much of her life was subsequently spent. The Provost and magistrates of Dundee were more alert than their Edinburgh brethren, and the Queen, early astir with a degree of activity which has become proverbial, was received with suitable demonstrations of civic respect. The Highland diary indicates as poor an opinion of Dundee as it had already done of Leith, and in fact it can hardly be expected that either town should be entirely free from the characteristics usually attached to a bustling seaport. Industry and dust seem to be inseparable, and the leading ports on the Tay and the Forth no doubt merely follow a rule which may be pronounced altogether general. It was the mountains, the heather, the sublime solitudes that attracted the Queen and the Prince Consort. This feeling is reflected in every page of the "Journal" kept during the various visits to the Highlands, and, as before, the Royal pair left with regret, as is shown in the passage wherein it is recorded that "independently of the beautiful scenery, there was a quiet, a retirement, a wildness, a liberty, and a solitude that had such a charm for us."

THIRD VISIT TO SCOTLAND

THAT "age cannot wither, nor custom stale," the infinite variety of Scottish scenery, nor yet depreciate its value in the eyes of Her Majesty, was effectually shown by a third visit, which was projected and carried out in the autumn of 1847. This time the route was varied, and the West Coast was selected as the scene of the pleasant holiday, but the Court ultimately landed at Ardvreikie, in the county of Inverness. The Queen was once more among the mountains she had learned to love so well, and it may be regarded as a curious coincidence that those three Royal visits, to Taymouth, to Blair Athole, and to Ardvreikie, all seemed to tend towards the district afterwards celebrated as Her Majesty's Highland home. Balmoral was still in the future, however, and the residence at Loch Laggan—a locality intimately associated with the name of the witty Mrs. Grant—was only temporary. The progress thither was not unattended with incidents of a distinctly cheerless character. Fogs, adverse winds, bad weather, and a broken paddle-wheel, retarded the speed of the *Victoria and Albert*, and the voyage from Osborne, round the Land's End, and on to the Firth of Clyde, occupied a longer time than had been anticipated. The delay was of less consequence to the Royal party than to the immense multitudes of loyal subjects who turned out to give it a hearty and genuinely Scottish welcome. The arrangement was that the Queen should not proceed further up the Clyde than Dumbarton Castle, about fourteen miles below Glasgow, and the date of arrival was intended to be Monday, the 16th of August. As Her Majesty could not go on to Glasgow, the inhabitants of that great commercial emporium resolved that they would go to Her Majesty. They went literally by hundreds of thousands, and the rolling tide of humanity was swelled by immense additions from Paisley, Renfrew, Hamilton, Pollokshaws, and, in fact, every populous place of any note within a radius of many miles. The weather was splendid, and during the early part of the day the heat was tempered by a slight haze, which partially neutralised the effect of a hot sun. Every imaginable mode of conveyance was pressed into the service, and for a time the usually busy streets of Glasgow were turned into a kind of uninhabited desert. The people travelled coastwards by railway and steamer, by carriage, and on foot, until every coign of vantage was occupied by a dense crowd of human beings. An enormous fleet of river steamers, packed as closely as was consistent with safety, sailed far out to sea for the purpose of meeting the Royal Squadron. Such a scene had never before been witnessed on "the flowery banks of Clyde," as Miss Stirling Graham of Duntrune called them in the pretty verses she adapted to an old melody, and it seems improbable that a loyal demonstration of the like magnitude has occurred with the memory of the present generation. Everything favoured the most exciting ceremonial that had ever been witnessed on the Clyde, but it unfortunately happened that the one person in whose honour the proceedings had been inaugurated never appeared upon the scene. While the people were patiently waiting upon the hillsides, or cruising expectantly in private yachts or passenger steamers, the *Victoria and Albert* was off the Isle of Man and making the best of its way towards the coast of Scotland. For the reasons already stated the Royal Fleet was nearly a whole day late, and for perhaps the only time in her life the Queen failed to keep an appointment made with her loyal subjects. Those were not the days of quick telegrams, otherwise the detention would have been known and published in the morning papers for the information of the public, who would very likely have remained at home. As it was, all that could be done was for the multitude to disperse, and it did so when the excursion steamers, which had proceeded out to sea in search of the missing squadron, were seen to steam up the river after the discovery had been made that further waiting was useless.

Large numbers of the disappointed excursion parties remained over till the following day, putting up with such limited and often indifferent accommodation as they could procure at short notice. More would have stayed had there been any probability of having their wants supplied, but it was obviously impossible to provide shelter and a commissariat for so large an army. Food there was absolutely none, particularly in the smaller coast towns and villages on the southern bank of the Clyde. Those were more liable to attack by the invading force, owing to the travelling facilities at the time being greater than they were on the northern shore. The hungry crowd spread over the country like locusts, greedily buying up and devouring everything eatable that lay within its reach. The natural consequence was that on Tuesday, 17th August, when Her Majesty actually arrived, and the weather continued brilliant, the sight was less imposing than it had been on the previous day. It was still very fine, however, and a fleet of forty splendid steamers, gay with bunting, and crowded in every corner, escorted the *Victoria and Albert* to Greenock, where the Queen went on board the *Fairy* tender, which took the party up the narrower part of the river to Dumbarton. "Such a thing never was seen," wrote Her Majesty in "Our Life in the Highlands," and the enthusiasm must have created a strong impression when its effects are recorded in such

terms. An honest farmer on board one of the passenger steamers was asked if he had seen the Queen, and how he had conducted himself under these trying circumstances. "Oo ay," replied he, with the utmost gravity, "an' she was rale ceevil, for whan oor boat gaed alanside the Royal boat I boo'd an' syne she boo'd, an' then I boo'd tae Prince Albert, an' he boo'd, an' then I boo'd tae the young Prince o' Wales, an' he boo'd, an' we a' jist boo'd thegither." By similar little acts of gentle courtesy Her Majesty fairly won the hearts of her loyal Scottish subjects on the banks of the Clyde, at Rothsay, at Inverary, and along the Crinan Canal. This latter passage to the Western Highlands has ever afterwards been called "The Royal Route," a designation it still bears.

It was during the wet weather experienced at Ardvreikie, in the month of September, 1847, that Prince Albert wrote the political letters to Baron Stockmar which afford so good an idea of the Prince Consort's political views. Sir James Clark, the Court physician, was likewise at Ardvreikie, and in one of the Prince's communications to Stockmar, quoted by Sir Theodore Martin, in his "Life of the Prince Consort," there is jocular allusion to Clark's "finding the Western Highlands rather humid." The intimacy of Clark with George Combe led to the introduction of the latter to Stockmar, and the cementing of a lifelong friendship between the philosopher and the statesman. Combe, as is well known, was consulted with regard to the education of the Royal Family, but the astute phrenologist had already quite made up his mind with respect to the Queen herself. The experience was gained during an accidental visit made by Combe to the opera, where he deliberately set himself to diagnose Her Majesty's disposition by a critical examination of the Royal head through a lorgnette. This indirect association of Royalty with Scottish philosophy occurred in the year of the Coronation, and therefore four years before the first visit of the Queen to Scotland. The results of the phrenological study were singular, and in some instances prophetic. "She has very considerable force of character," he wrote, "but great powers of self-control. She will possess energy combined with tact and good sense. She will be firm, decided, and upright. She will be acute in observation, and have a great memory for persons and languages. She will be apt to learn by observation and experience. She possesses sufficient reflecting power to be able to appreciate principles—moral, political, or philosophical—when clearly pointed out to her. She will be naturally decided and firm to her purposes when fixed upon. From her sense of justice, if she once take up any position as morally right, it will be almost impossible to drive her from it: argument, opinion, or motives of any kind will have less influence than the determinations of her own will." The two eminent Scotchmen, Clark, the Banffshire physician, and Combe, the Edinburgh phrenologist, were much associated with the Royal Family during subsequent years, and one can almost imagine that the Queen had them, and others of kindred stamp, in her mind when she recorded in her journal that the subjects in the Northern portion of her kingdom were "such a chivalrous, fine, active people."

A FIXED RESIDENCE IN ABERDEENSHIRE

IT is very likely that George Combe was consulted by Sir James Clark, when the latter recommended Balmoral as a Royal residence. Hitherto the Court had but circled round the place, as it were; but from the stormy year 1848 onwards, the Aberdeenshire estate became the recognised centre from which the Queen could visit other portions of the Northern Kingdom. The riots in Glasgow, quelled by the prompt intervention of the authorities, and the strong common sense of its law-abiding citizens, failed to shake the faith of Her Majesty in the fidelity of the Scottish people, and the idea of a permanent residence near Braemar was happily carried into effect.

The disturbance in Glasgow, however, was severe enough while it lasted. The Pensioners, who had mustered in the cause of order, became so hard pressed that they were compelled to fire upon the mobs, killing two men and wounding three more. It was then that the late Sir Archibald Alison, Sheriff of Lanarkshire, and father of the gallant general of the same name now in Egypt, boldly rode in among the rioters at the head of a detachment of cavalry, and so succeeded in restoring order. While the new arrangement with regard to Balmoral had its advantages, it also entailed some little additional concentration of interest upon one particular locality. This did not, however, hinder the Queen from visiting Ireland in 1849, and again sailing up the Clyde in August of that year.

VISIT TO GLASGOW

IN 1847 the Royal visit ended at Dumbarton Castle, once the Gibraltar of the river, and historically famous as the most unassailable stronghold in the West, and the place from which the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots had embarked from France 300 years before. The second visit to the lovely scenery of the Clyde was arranged upon a different principle. Her Majesty steamed right up the river to Glasgow, where there was a tremendous display of enthusiasm and loyalty. The great commercial metropolis of Scotland had not entertained a British Sovereign for many centuries, and the citizens could hardly count as a Royal visit the unwelcome predatory excursion of Prince Charles Edward, who laid them sharply under contribution in 1745. They accordingly made preparations on a most gigantic scale; for Glasgow, when it takes anything seriously in hand, generally does it thoroughly. For nearly a fortnight workmen were busily engaged in the erection of triumphal arches, grand stands, and strong palisades, which guarded the whole line of route and helped to keep the enormous crowds of people in their places, and so secure the prevention of accidents. Sir Theodore Martin says that "all the city turned out to receive them," meaning, of course, the Queen and Royal Family, while Prince Albert wrote that evening to Coburg that the party had experienced "a brilliant reception in Glasgow, and a veritable triumphal procession through five to six hundred thousand human beings." His Royal Highness did not in the least degree exaggerate the extraordinary spectacle presented in the handsome streets of the great city that afternoon, and he probably under-estimated the numbers he could only dimly guess at. One of the most prominent decorative objects was a three-arch wooden gateway, 75 feet in height, erected at the north end of Glasgow Bridge, and painted in imitation of Aberdeen granite so as to harmonise with the stone of which the noble bridge is built. Even a drizzling rain, which fell at intervals, had no effect in damping the exuberance of the people, and the demonstrative loyalty of the crowd could not fail to gratify the Queen, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, who drove together in one open carriage. The citizens, who had turned out in thousands as special constables during the alarming and fatal riots of the previous year, again volunteered for similar duty under much more agreeable conditions, and they no doubt aided in securing complete immunity from accident. The Queen landed at the Broomielaw, which now no longer boasts a twig of the bonnie broom that gave the place its name, and Lord Provost James Anderson, who officially represented the city, received the honour of knighthood on the deck of the *Fairy*. The day was one long remembered with pleasure by the energetic citizens of Glasgow, who showed conspicuous ability in their management of a ceremonial which was to them of an altogether unusual character.

OPENING OF THE LOCH KATRINE WATERWORKS

WITH that commendable spirit of interest in everything that concerned the welfare of the country, the Queen quitted her retirement at Balmoral, in the autumn of 1859, for the purpose of

officially inaugurating the new water supply for Glasgow. Up to that date the water had been pumped from the River Clyde at a point some miles above the city, the southern suburbs having an independent reservoir in Renfrewshire; but as the population increased, the supply from both sources became totally inadequate to the wants of the inhabitants. The bold idea was entertained of deriving a supply, which seemed practically inexhaustible, from the romantic shores of Loch Katrine. The exquisite scenery, rendered immortal by the genius of Sir Walter Scott, lay almost forty miles off, and the intervening country presented some engineering difficulties, but the fall necessary for gravitation was ample, and after the usual Parliamentary preliminaries, and some comical skirmishing in connection with the quality of the water, the grand scheme was at length carried out. It must be remembered that somewhere about 40,000,000 gallons of pure water had to be furnished to the city daily, that the bringing of this enormous supply involved an engineering problem of no common intricacy, and that the money expenditure amounted to about a million and a half sterling. Lord Provost Robert Stewart, of Omoa, filled the civic chair when the enterprise was carried through, and the fountain erected to his memory in Kelvingrove Park, not far from the spot where the Prince and Princess of Wales afterwards in 1868 laid the foundation-stone of the new University, marks the estimation in which the grateful citizens hold the benefits conferred upon them by a former chief magistrate. The Queen took a warm interest in everything that was going on, and the opening of the Loch Katrine Waterworks, on the 14th of October, 1859, seemed likely to be one of the most brilliant demonstrations of its kind that had occurred during the present reign. Everything was in favour of the supposition. The magnitude of the undertaking, and the obvious benefits it would confer upon more than half a million of people, alike recommended it to all who took any interest in works of active benevolence and public utility. The fates, however, were wholly unpropitious, and there was a turning on of water that had no place in the official programme. "Queen's weather" was a proverb in Scotland. Wherever Her Majesty went there was sunshine and warmth, but the inauguration of Loch Katrine Waterworks proved a most lamentable exception to the rule. The rain descended in torrents, and the wind howled dismally over the barren moorland in the near neighbourhood, lashing the waters of the romantic loch into blinding spindrift. The Queen and Prince Albert, with the young Princesses Alice and Helena, came from Edinburgh through the storm for the ceremony, and they had to return thither after it was over. All the civic dignitaries of Glasgow, its youth and beauty, its landed proprietors, and the county gentlemen of the surrounding district, with or without titles, were there in crowds, but the peer fared exactly like the peasant, and Royalty was no better off than either. A courageous band of Lanarkshire Volunteers travelled all the way from Glasgow to act as a Guard of Honour to Her Majesty, and they gained an experience of campaigning upon that occasion which had no equal save on the day of the Review at Edinburgh in 1881.

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEWS OF 1860 AND 1881

THE mere casual mention of the grand military demonstration held in Queen's Park, Edinburgh, in August of last year, suggests a fresh topic of interest in the happy relations of the Queen to her Scottish subjects. No record of Her Majesty's life in Scotland would be complete without reference to the noble part she played in fostering the Volunteer movement, and the two Reviews of 1860 and 1881 bear emphatic testimony to the interest she took in this development of a new national force. The origin of the movement is matter of history. At first the Government of the day seemed to have little faith in its permanency, and the early Volunteers were thus compelled to do everything for themselves. They bought their own arms and ammunition, paid for drill instructors and ground for exercise, provided their own uniforms, and manifested a spirit of devotion by self-sacrifice which was beyond all praise. The Queen was not slow to perceive that in this spontaneous display of military enthusiasm lay a fresh element of strength for the country. The review in Hyde Park, and the still larger muster of citizen soldiers at Edinburgh in 1860, proved that the force was worthy the intelligent appreciation bestowed upon it by Royalty, and these two magnificent displays went far to place the Volunteer army upon a solid and permanent basis. The Queen had already, as far back as 1850, occupied the palace of her ancestors at Holyrood, and the venerable pile, which had been the scene of regal festivity in the reigns of James IV., James V., James VI., and Mary, once more became the abode of a British sovereign. Feats of chivalry and daring had doubtless been often enough performed on the level ground that lies between Holyrood and the commanding eminences of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crag, but it is questionable if ever a more imposing spectacle had been witnessed there than the muster of Volunteers in 1860. Everything conspired to favour the display, and the "Queen's weather," which had not smiled upon the unlucky campaigners at Loch Katrine during the previous autumn, made the scene one of the most animated and beautiful that could possibly be imagined. A marked contrast was presented at the review in the same place last year. The Volunteer force, through judicious official treatment, had become consolidated and perfected during the twenty-one years that had intervened, and the citizen army which presented itself for inspection was far more numerous than before. The inclemency of the weather, however, completely baffled description. The "oldest inhabitants," from a volunteer point of view, were probably the surviving veterans of the Loch Katrine Guard, and they must have fought their battles over again when they ploughed into the sea of mire that lay so uninvitingly between Holyrood and the ruined chapel of St. Anthony. In 1860 the men marched past upon springy turf, so dry with extreme heat that it sent up clouds of dust as regiment after regiment passed over it. In 1881 the troops simply waded past through a slimy ocean which must have been seen and felt to be thoroughly appreciated. Amid all this war of the elements, and other circumstances of severe personal discomfort, the Queen remained steadily at her post, declining even the shelter of a closed carriage, and justifying the prediction of George Combe, already alluded to as having been made forty-three years before, that "if she once take up any position as morally right, it will be almost impossible to drive her from it." There was a tacit determination to share the evil fortune of the troops, and it had its full effect on the sturdy Scotchmen who underwent the hardships of that memorable day. One who had been an interested witness of the earlier review, who had been the "guide, philosopher, and friend" of an affectionate wife, and who had by his wise counsel helped to make the present reign memorable in history, had for ever passed away from the circle he adorned. Prince Albert, like the Queen, was foremost in every good work that concerned the welfare of Scotland, and the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the Edinburgh Post Office, towards the end of 1861, will always be remembered as one of the closing acts of a well-spent life.

BALMORAL AND ABERDEENSHIRE

BALMORAL is in the south-western corner of Aberdeenshire, about forty-eight miles from Aberdeen. It was on the 7th September, 1848, that Her Majesty and the Prince Consort landed at Aberdeen on their way for the first time to the Highland estate which the Prince had just acquired. Aberdeen is a town of no small note; its inhabitants believe it to be one of the most important places in the world. There is a legend current regarding Aberdeen, which we give for what it is worth. It is said there are no Jews

in Aberdeen. Once upon a time some Israelites, thinking they had discovered an entirely unworked field for their energies, settled there. They did not remain long. They were starved out; even their wits, sharpened by the hereditary influence of generations of bargainers and schemers, were blunted and thwarted by the keen heads of the Aberdonians, whose brains are popularly supposed to be as hard as the granite of which the town is built. This same granite, grey and massive, gives a very handsome look to the streets. On a clear moonlight night, the line of Union Street rivals in beauty any street in Great Britain. There is an old University in Aberdeen, and the town has produced learned men and some famous sculptors and painters—Phillip “of Spain” among the rest. It is a pleasant, clean, bright place, and Aberdeenshire is an agreeably diversified county, famous for its cattle, and the purity of its Free Church principles. The Findon haddocks that are dried upon its rocky beaches have made its name familiar at every breakfast-table in the land. The Dee finds its way into the sea at Aberdeen. Strathdee, through which it flows, is studded with old and new mansions, some of them showing considerable elegance in design and construction. At Ballater the railway line ends, and the journey to Braemar, some eighteen miles, has to be done by coach. About half way between Ballater and Braemar stands Balmoral Castle, on a natural platform that slopes from the base of Craigan-gonan to the margin of the Dee. Its situation is charming, the wooded hills that rise around it making a grand setting to the substantial granite pile. The building is irregular—there are wings and offshoots, and a tower with turrets rising to about a hundred feet high. The architecture is of the old Scottish baronial style, a style of construction that is one of the results of the long and close intercourse in the Middle Ages between France and Scotland. The private rooms front the west, and look up the valley of the Dee.

Sir Theodore Martin, in his “Life of the Prince Consort,” speaks thus of the acquisition of Balmoral:—“The attention of the Royal physician, Sir James Clark, had been called by his son, now Sir John Clark, to the fine air and other attractions of this part of Deeside as a summer and autumn residence. Having satisfied himself on these points, he had urged the Queen and Prince to acquire the lease of the Balmoral Estate from the Earl of Aberdeen, into whose hands it had come upon the death of Sir Robert Gordon in 1847. The lease was only for thirty-eight years from the year 1836, but the property was found to possess so completely the good qualities which had led to its being selected, that the Prince purchased the fee simple of it in 1852 from the trustees of the Earl of Fife. Apart from the beauty of the surrounding scenery, the dry bracing character of the air was precisely what, in Sir James Clark’s opinion, was most essential for the peculiar constitutions of the Queen and Prince. The whole of Deeside, from Charleston of Aboyne to Castleton of Braemar, he held to be one of the driest districts in Scotland, and especially of the Highlands, and no spot along the valley to be more favoured in this respect than Balmoral. The causes of this were twofold: first, the sandy gravelly nature both of the lowlands and of the greater part of the surrounding hills; and, next, the fact that the rainclouds from the sea break and discharge themselves upon the range of mountains which lies between Braemar and the Atlantic before they reach Deeside. On the 15th of September Sir James Clark writes:—“We have been here a week; the weather beautiful, and the place, as regards healthiness of site and beauty of scenery, exceeding my expectations, great as they were.”

From the very first the Queen took kindly to her Highland home. The rugged grandeur of “dark Lochnagar,” the majestic sweep of the Giampians, the roar and swirl of the brattling and “ever-vexed” mountain streams, the solemn majesty of the mysterious pine-woods, even the uncertain climate must have come as a wholesome change from the sweet tranquillity of Windsor and of Osborne and the placid greenness of English landscape. The fresh breezes from the Highland hills brought restoration and vigour after the excitements and feverishness of a London season, full of political anxieties and Society’s inexorable demands. And moreover, as her helper and adviser, the Queen had with her the well-loved husband of her youth, who threw himself heart and soul into every plan that had for end the beautifying of the Deeside residence. “One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin.” The humblest of her subjects must read with deepest interest—perhaps with eyes made dim with tears—the record in the Queen’s “Journal” of how she and “Albert” strove together to make Balmoral the centre of a healthy and a beautiful home life. We have all “gelebt und geliebt.” Read Her Majesty’s “First Impressions of Balmoral” as recorded in the “Journal.” With all the eagerness of a natural human being on entering on a new possession for the first time, the Queen and the Prince Consort had hardly arrived at Balmoral ere they were out to “spy the land,” and discover for themselves all its attractions. They reached Balmoral at a quarter to three o’clock on the 8th of September, at half-past four they were on the top of the wooded hill opposite the windows, and our Queen declares that from here “the view, looking down upon the house, is charming.” Then come the words, in the unaffected womanly spirit that brings her always so near the hearts of her subjects, “It was so calm and so solitary, it did one good as one gazed around; and the pure mountain air was most refreshing. All seemed to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and its sad turmoils.”

The old Castle that the Prince had purchased gave way ere long to a new and more commodious building. On September 28th, 1853, the foundation stone was laid of the present structure. The Queen, in her “Journal,” enters into the details of the inaugural ceremony with a loving minuteness that shows how much her heart was in the work. The Prince, of course, was there, the Duchess of Kent, and all the children. The sun shone out upon the proceedings, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Two years later, in September, 1855, the new Castle was ready, and when the Royal party entered the hall for the first time an old shoe was thrown after them for luck. The Queen was pleased with all the arrangements. And in this new house, so pleasantly inaugurated, the Queen and those near and dear to her have passed many happy days. Life, with queens as with peasants, is not all sunshine and fair weather. Crowned heads can ache as well as the most plebeian brow among us. Joys and sorrows, successes and failures, the close communion with loving and kindred spirits, the loss of the companionship that made life worth living,—all these our Queen has known since first she entered, with light-hearted gaiety, upon the occupation of Balmoral. Associations and memories give to its walls a consecration holier than priest or presbyter could confer. On October 13, 1856, the Queen writes:—“Every year my heart becomes more fixed in this dear Paradise, and so much more so now, that all has become my dear Albert’s own creation, own work, own building, own laying out, as at Osborne; and his great taste, and the impress of his dear hands, have been stamped everywhere.” Every autumn saw the Royal Family at Balmoral; it seemed as if its bracing air, its calm serenity, and innocent enjoyments grew each year to be more essential elements in their scheme of happiness. How that happiness was rudely broken broken in upon, and its continuity for ever shattered, all the world knows. In December, 1861, the Prince Consort died. Comment on a grief such as the Queen’s would be officious impertinence. We may picture to ourselves, however, how Balmoral, since her great loss, must have grown doubly dear to her, hallowed as it is by the memory of him who loved it well, and under whose fostering care it grew to its present fair proportions.

In the neighbourhood of Balmoral are Abergeldie Castle, the shooting-lodge of the Prince of Wales, and Invercauld House, the residence of Colonel Farquharson, generally acknowledged to be the most beautifully situated mansion on Deeside.

The moors and hillsides around Balmoral are an inexhaustible field

for the sportsman. Deer and grouse abound. The Queen’s “Journal” is full of accounts of the Prince’s prowess as a stalker; of his dealings with the ptarmigan; of his skill as a shot; of his unwearied patience in pursuit; and his good humour even when disappointed. He could laugh at his own non-success, and he could feel becoming pride when he brought down a “Royal” stag. At a deer drive in the Balloch Buie, or through the Abergeldie woods, he was almost more at home than in making a speech to the British Association.

The Queen takes her pleasures simply at Balmoral: there are no feverish excitements there, and no attempts at ostentatious display. Driving, walking, entertaining distinguished guests, visiting the neighbouring families, are her principal amusements and occupations. Her carriage, with its four “greys” and single outrider, is a familiar sight on the roads around the Castle, and she often rides about the grounds on a pony—the faithful John Brown ever in attendance. But work has to be looked after also! One of Her Majesty’s Ministers resides always at the Castle. Despatches have to be seen to, councils held, and State affairs discussed. Queen’s “Messengers” are kept continually on the move. The game of politics will not stand still, simply because the Queen of England has retired for rest and change to the wilds of Aberdeenshire.

In the cottages of the poor around Balmoral the Queen is an accustomed and a welcome visitor. Many a kindly word of comfort and advice she gives. She knows the wants of every one about the place, and is a true friend to her dependents. It is pleasant to read in the Journal the frequent mention of old servants, and the frank recognition the Queen accords to faithful service. John Brown’s name is a household word; he has earned the position he occupies in Her Majesty’s regard by his zealous fulfilment of duty. Into the amusements of the servants and tenantry the Queen enters with hearty goodwill. Highland games and torchlight balls—and the blithe festivities of Hallow E’en—seem to afford her interest and delight, judging from her frequent presence at them, and the anxiety she shows to promote the enjoyment of the merry-makers.

Two or three of the most delightful chapters in the “Journal” are devoted to accounts of excursions from Balmoral made *incognito* by the Queen and the Prince. Such were their visit to Glen Fishie and Grantown, when they passed as Lord and Lady Churchill, and their expedition to Invermark and Fettercairn, where they strolled at night through the almost deserted village, and were scared by a sudden eruption of music from an amateur fife and drum band. A melancholy interest attaches to the excursion in October, 1861. The Queen seems to have had a presentiment it would be their last. And their last it proved to be!

In the little village of Crathie, close to Balmoral, there is a church belonging to the old Kirk of Scotland, and Her Majesty is there an almost regular attendant. She even scandalises rigid sticklers for prelatical forms, by taking the Sacrament after the Presbyterian fashion. The walls of Crathie Church have echoed to the voices of almost all the most celebrated preachers in Scotland: Principal Tulloch, the late Dr. Robert Lee, Principal Caird, the late Dr. Norman Macleod, and Dr. Donald Macleod are among those who have preached frequently at Crathie. Tourists, with more curiosity than reverence, throng the church every Sunday, while the Court is at the Castle, in the hope of catching a glimpse of Royalty. They come not to pray, and they remain to gaze and pry, and to make themselves offensive to both Heaven and men by tittering comments and impertinent staring.

There are mountains and hills and lochs and straths in endless variety throughout the whole district of which Balmoral is the centre. Away to the south rises for nearly 3,800 feet Lochnagar, of which Byron sang in his “Hours of Idleness”—

England, thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roved o’er the mountains afar!
Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic!
The steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagar.

Braemar, about ten miles beyond Balmoral, is a tourist’s paradise. Just as good Yankees, when they die, all go to Paris, so the spirits of good tourists—men who never grumble at hotel charges and believe all the stories guides tell them, all flit off to Braemar. In the height of the season the little hamlet shows a lively scene. The two hotels are full to overflowing, a bed on a billiard table is looked upon as a precious haven of rest. Male tourists strut about in all the bravery of knickerbockers and kilts. It is a strange fact that the more “ill thriven-looking” a man’s legs are, the more certain is he, as soon as he smells heather, to adopt “the garb of old Gaul.” Female tourists, got up in fascinating costumes and “deer-stalker” hats, saunter along the streets, and carry agitation into the hearts of all the kilted heroes who are conscious of the deficiencies of their legs. Coaches rattle up to and leave the inn doors, the strains of the bagpipe every now and again float upon the air. Only perfervid Celts, in their “wild hysterics” of patriotism, call this music. It was a Braemar man who declared that he once heard twelve bagpipes playing twelve different pibrochs at the same time, and “thocht he was in Heevin.” There is a deal of life and movement everywhere in Braemar.

In the neighbourhood of Braemar there are many places of interest and beauty, such as the Falls of the Garrawalt, and the Falls of Corriemulzie, and the Linn of Dee, where a wild rush of water foams between steep contracting banks.

The coach road from Braemar by the Spital of Gleanshee to Blairgowrie is at parts one of the steepest in Scotland. There are bits in it as ugly as any careful family man would care to have to tackle on a dark night, and with a restive horse. Once at Blairgowrie, the traveller is out of the Highlands and into the tameness of civilisation. Perth lies at an easy distance, and Perth is but a stage on the direct road to London. The fame of its “Fair Maids” is now quite eclipsed by the reputation of its station refreshment rooms, where the Queen always breakfasts on her journey from the sylvan shades of Windsor to the rugged grandeur and the keen mountain air of her far-famed Highland home.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

BALMORAL FROM THE RIVER

BALMORAL CASTLE has been the favourite summer resort of Her Majesty the Queen since 1848, when, during one of her tours through the Highlands with the Prince Consort, Her Majesty decided to take up her residence by Deeside. No better description can be given of the charming locality than Her Majesty’s first impressions of the spot in a leaf from her diary of “Our Life in the Highlands:—

“BALMORAL,

“Friday, Sept. 8th, 1848.

“We arrived at Balmoral at a quarter to three. It is a pretty little Castle in the old Scottish style. There is a picturesque tower and garden front, with a high wooded hill; at the back there is wood down to the Dee; and the hills arise all round.

“There is a nice little hall, with a billiard room, next to it is the dining-room. Upstairs (ascending by a broad staircase), immediately to the right, and above the dining-room, is our sitting-room (formerly the drawing-room), a fine large room, next to which is our bedroom, opening into a little dressing-room, which is Albert’s. Opposite, down a few steps, are the children’s and Miss Hildyard’s three rooms. The ladies live below, and the gentlemen upstairs.

“We lunched almost immediately, and at half-past four we walked out and went up to the top of the wooded hill opposite our windows, where there is a cross, and up which there is a pretty winding path. The view from here, looking down upon the house,

is charming. To the left you look towards the beautiful hills surrounding Lochnagar, and to the right towards Ballater, to the glen (or valley) along which the Dee winds, with beautiful wooded hills, which reminded us very much of Thüringerwald. It was so calm, and so solitary, it did one good as one gazed around; and the pure mountain air was most refreshing. All seemed to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and its sad turmoils.

“The scenery is wild, and yet not desolate; and everything looks much more prosperous and cultivated than at Laggan. Then the soil is delightfully dry. We walked beside the Dee, a beautiful rapid stream, which is close behind the house. The view of the hills towards Invercauld is exceedingly fine.”

Another leaf from the “Journal of our Life in the Highlands” gives a description of the view from the new Castle:—

“September 8th, 1855

“The view from the window of our rooms, and from the library, drawing-room, &c., below them of the valley of the Dee, with the mountains in the background, which one could never see from the old house, is quite beautiful.”

The size of the older building was very much less than the new one, and must have been more in symmetry with its surroundings. The present Castle is too large for the valley in which it rests. It has the appearance of being cramped for room, hemmed in too closely by the wooded heights. Where this impression is less felt is when one comes upon the Castle going towards Braemar on the main road from Ballater. The Royal laundry is in the foreground, partly hidden by trees, with a foreshortened view of the river frontage of the Castle, the great Tower rising in the centre of the mass with the smaller minarets clustering round. To this view there is no immediate background. The hills seem far away and very rugged. In this position there is a certain degree of grandeur and romance in the appearance of the Queen’s summer residence.

THE SERVANTS’ BUILDINGS

THE servants’ and factors’ residences form quite a picturesque little village a short distance from the Castle, and on the road to the Lochnagar Distillery, which, by the way, is a very picturesque old still, and looks especially quaint when one has imbibed a glass or two of its mellow whisky. One or two more favoured servants have residences nearer the Castle, one of which has just been built by Her Majesty’s command for Mr. John Brown. The following leaf from Her Majesty’s diary will show how much this old servant is valued:—

“The same who in 1858 became my regular attendant out-of-doors everywhere in the Highlands, who commenced as gillie in 1849, and was selected by Albert and me to go with my carriage. In 1851 he entered our service permanently, and began in that year leading my pony, and advanced step by step by his good conduct and intelligence. His attentive care and faithfulness cannot be exceeded, and the state of my health, which of late years has been sorely tried and weakened, render such qualifications most valuable, and, indeed, most needful, in a constant attendant upon all occasions. He has since most deservedly been promoted to be an upper servant, and my permanent personal attendant (December, 1865). He has all the independence and elevated feelings peculiar to the Highland race, and is singularly straightforward, simple-minded, kind-hearted, and disinterested. Always ready to oblige, and of a discretion rarely to be met with.”

AWAKING HER MAJESTY

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN is awakened every morning by the strains of the Royal Bagpipe, played beneath the bedroom window. The music generally lasts from eight to nine or half-past.

THE MORNING WALK

IT is very unusual for Her Majesty to miss her morning walk between breakfast and luncheon, whether the weather be soft or hard, and she may be seen with the Princess Beatrice and her favourite dogs, a white and dark terrier and a collie, strolling through the grounds, or by the Dee side. A gillie is in attendance with extra wraps in case the weather becomes “too soft a wee.”

THE AFTERNOON DRIVE

THOUGH “far from the madding crowd” and the restraint of Court life, Her Majesty is not altogether free from the cares of State, and works for several hours a day, generally between her morning walk and afternoon drive. Then, in carriage and pair, and with outriders, Her Majesty drives with the Princess and lady-in-waiting to her favourite haunts in the neighbourhood. One day to the Linn of Dee, on Lord Fife’s estate, changing horses at that well-known hostelry the Fife Arms at Braemar. Another day to the Shiel of Derry, where Her Majesty will take tea in the most ordinary fashion in a simple hut in the most truly rural style.

WAITING FOR HER MAJESTY—CRATHIE CHURCH

AT CRATHIE CHURCH on Sundays in season there is quite a crowd of tourists from all parts of Deeside waiting on the chance of seeing Her Majesty go to church. Americans are especially interested in this event. Some tourists come as far as from Ballater or Braemar to catch sight of Her Majesty going to church, and having the privilege of gazing at the tip of her bonnet during the service.

Her Majesty can be seen every day of the week, driving or walking; but I suppose that is not by half so gratifying to the curiously loyal as the sensation of actually being under the same roof with the Queen. So people congregate every Sunday at Crathie for the purpose, and it is very refreshing to know that Her Majesty does not always satisfy this curiosity; for she does not go to the church every Sunday. And it is to be hoped that, while these loyal people wait for the Royalty that does not appear, the thought may possibly strike them that as they come to the Highlands for change of air; to escape business; to be away from the restraint of fashion and society, so also does Her Majesty; and that therefore it is rather inconsiderate to inflict upon her what they themselves would consider a nuisance and a bore.

BARRACKS AT BALLATER

WHEN the Queen is at Balmoral, there is always a company of some Highland regiment, as Royal Guard, quartered at Ballater, the terminus of the Deeside Railway. This little town, which is gradually growing into an Aberdeen summer resort, is not only famous for its close proximity to Balmoral and Abergeldie, but for the farm in its neighbourhood where the poet Byron spent some time when a boy at Ballatrach. The lofty Lochnagar is not only known for the good whisky that bears its name, but Byron has immortalised it in one of his poems.

The soldiers are lodged in exceedingly comfortable barracks—detached cottages. When off guard they are very often engaged by the gentry in the neighbourhood to assist to beat for game or drive for deer.

THE INTERIOR

THE interior of Balmoral is plainly furnished. The Tartan Room is rather interesting, as it is wholly draped in Balmoral Tartan,—a quaint warm grey design, I believe arranged by the late Prince Consort. It is far superior in design and colour to the startling and gaudy Royal Stuart tartan.

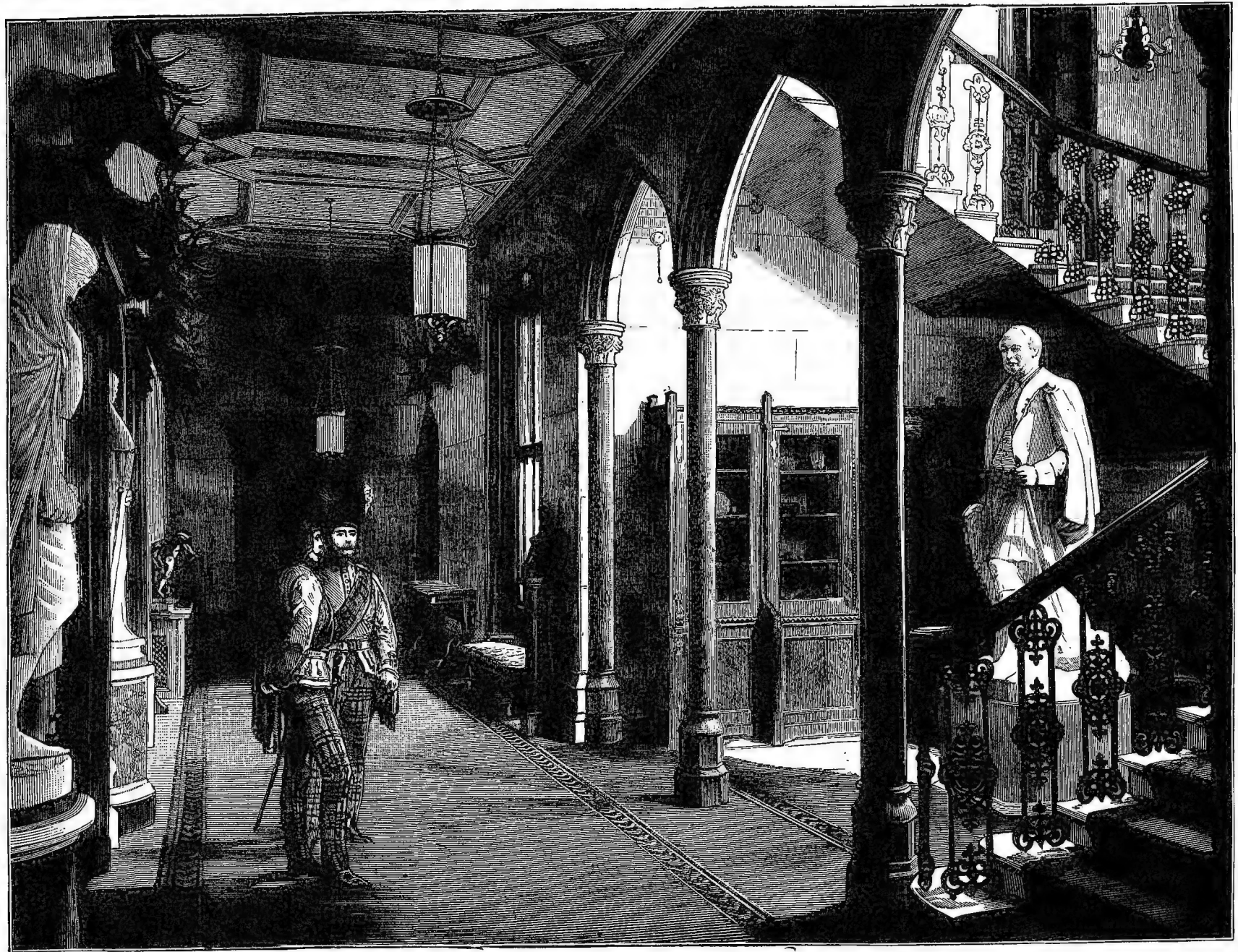
HIGHLAND KITCHEN

THE Highland Kitchen is a very picturesque interior of one of the cottages on the Balmoral estate, and one of the many homes the Queen and the Princess Beatrice visit when on an errand of sympathy to the sick and aged.



WAKING HER MAJESTY

"Her Majesty the Queen is awakened every morning by the strains of the Royal bagpipes played beneath her bedroom window. The music generally lasts from eight to nine o'clock."



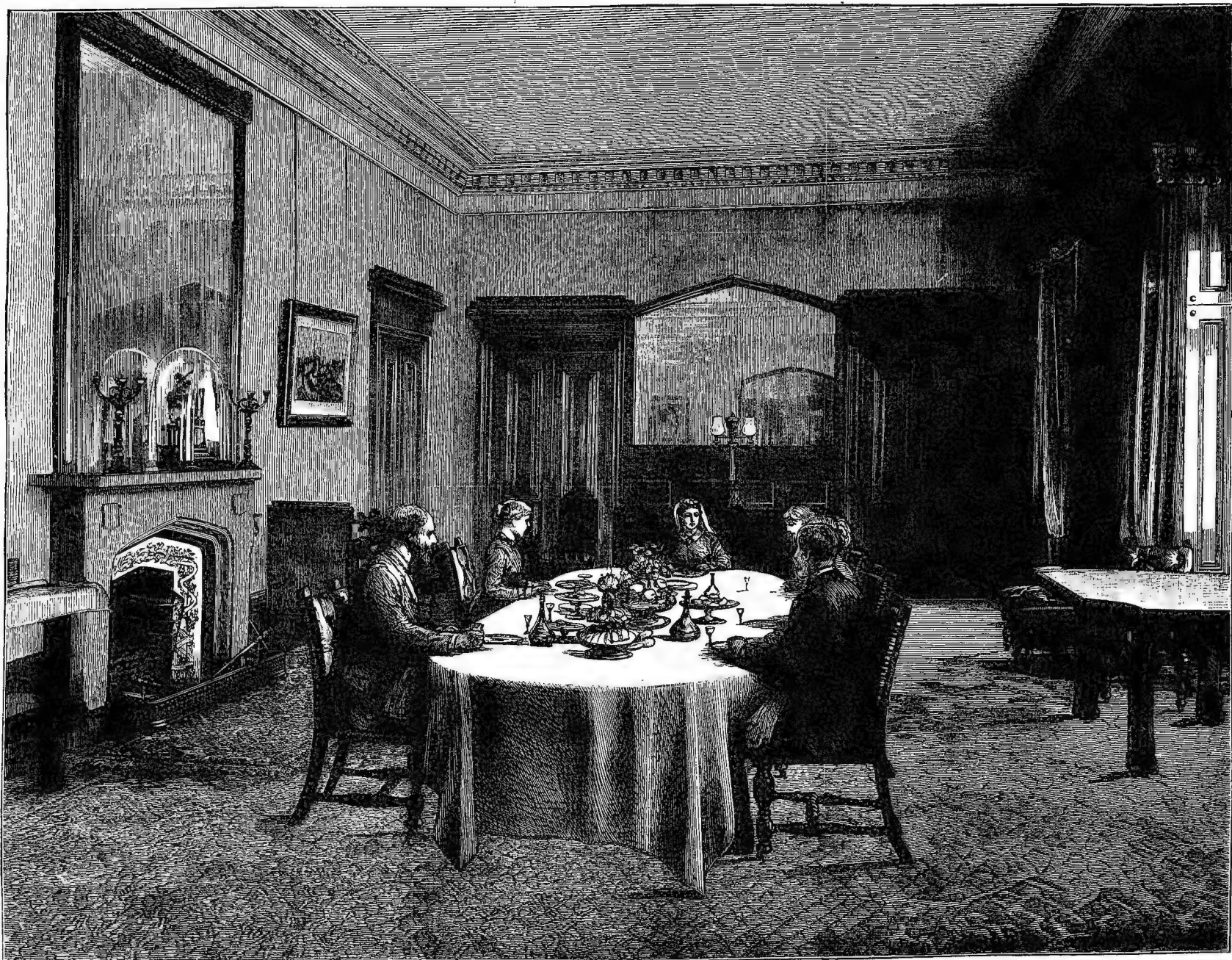
THE CORRIDOR

THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL



THE MORNING WALK

"It is very unusual for Her Majesty to miss her morning walk between breakfast and luncheon. She may be seen with the Princess Beatrice and her favourite dogs strolling through the grounds or by Deeside, a gillie being in attendance with extra wraps in case the weather becomes 'too saft a wee.'"



THE DINING-ROOM

THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

"WHAT can we do to pass away the dreary evenings between this and Christmas?" cried Amy Medlicott, one dull drizzling October evening.

The Medlicotts resided three parts of the year in an old-fashioned country house, a long distance from London, and time occasionally hung very heavily upon the younger branches of the family.

"Let us get up amateur theatricals," suggested Cousin Bertie.

"The very thing," exclaimed Amy, clapping her hands. "Oh, you dear, clever boy to think of it!"

"Amateur theatricals!" echoed Emily, breaking off in the midst of a yawn over the last new novel, "that is not a bad idea."

"Amateur theatricals!" reiterated Aunt Betsy, who happened to be in the room at the time, "how shocking!"

But there were three votes to one, and in spite of Aunt Betsy's horror the proposition was carried by acclamation. Of course, papa and mamma had to be consulted, but Mr. and Mrs. Medlicott were easy, cheerful people, and little difficulty was experienced in that quarter. Without a moment's loss of time Amy, who always rose to white heat about everything, sat down to write out invitations.

The next question, which ought to have been the first, was who should be invited to take part in the performance. And a very difficult question this was; of course everybody would be eager to act, and no doubt everybody who was not asked would feel a secret sense of injury at such a slight being put upon those natural histrionic abilities which everybody, in their own opinion, is supposed to possess.

The play fixed upon was *Caste*. Amy was to be Polly Eccles, Emily was to be the other sister.

"If we only had one of the family for the Marquise, there could be no jealousy among female friends, and the men are nothing," said Amy.

"Let us ask Ma to do it," said Emily.

"Oh, she wouldn't," said Amy.

"Oh, I'll get her to do it, you see if I don't."

And after some coaxing, and getting papa over to her side, my lady did succeed.

"Well, whatever ruin or disgrace may fall upon your children hereafter, Martha, you will have only yourself to blame," cried Aunt Betsy, solemnly; "it is the most shocking thing I ever heard of. I really don't think you can be in your right mind."

Mrs. Medlicott did feel some twinges of conscience as to the propriety of what she was doing, but these were quickly overruled by the impetuous triumvirate.

Bertie elected to play Sam Gerridge, and he knew a fellow with a lisp who could do George D'Alroy, and another with a drawl who could do Hawtree capitally.

"And what about Eccles?" said Emily.

That brought them to a stop; there was not one among their acquaintances who appeared at all eligible for that very important character.

"And there is another difficulty," said Bertie, after a pause; "we want some one to coach us up in the play. It is not enough to learn the words like parrots. We want a professional actor to put us through our facings."

"But how are we to get that?" said Amy.

"Well," replied Bertie, mysteriously, "I know a fellow who is playing over at —. He is not a swell, like Bancroft or Coghlan, of course, or he would not be playing there, but he's a gentlemanly sort of fellow—quite presentable; now, if we could get him he would do the stage management and play Eccles, and we should make a splendid job of it."

"Oh, do let us have him," cried Amy; "that would be the most delightful part of it. I never spoke to a real live actor in my life, never saw one, to my knowledge, off the stage. What is he like?"

"Well, I have not remarked in him any particular deviation from the general run of the human species," said Bertie, "he is about thirty, rather good-looking and agreeable."

"What will Aunt Betsy say?" exclaimed Mrs. Medlicott, when the proposition was placed before her.

"She need not know who he is," said Bertie. "She need never see him until the night of the performance."

And after a little struggle Mrs. Medlicott once more gave way, and Bertie started for —, which was only a few miles from Medlicott Lodge, to endeavour to secure the services of Mr. George Fitzroy, comedian.

Within a few days everything was arranged, the two young gentlemen with the lisp and the drawl had very eagerly embraced the opportunity of displaying their own abilities to their male friends, and those of their tailors to their female ditto; and Mr. Fitzroy had undertaken to arrange the performance, and at the same time to extinguish them all by his inimitable impersonation of Eccles; this *arrière pensée*, however, he kept to himself, or at least he kept it from his patrons.

There had not been such excitement in that quiet old country house for many a long day, they could neither eat, nor sleep, nor rest, for thinking of the coming event. Emily, in a quiet way, was almost equally absorbed; Bertie was as busy as a Secretary of State during a holiday, and the servants had all their time taken up by the preparations. And poor Aunt Betsy? Well, to describe the horror and indignation of that too proper old lady would require the pen of a special correspondent.

The back drawing-room was to be the stage. And the manner in which the house was ransacked for properties and decorations, and the furniture tumbled about, and this thing smashed, and another thing broken, and this cut and mangled, and that pieced and joined to make fit! The hammering, the noise, the universal topsy-turvydom that reigned for a month at least can be pictured only by those who have gone through it all themselves. Most bitterly did Mr. Medlicott rue his too easy permission, but, like the good-natured man he was, having given it he would not spoil the favour by grumbling over it.

Of course the rehearsals were considered to be "rare fun," although the professional presence of Mr. Fitzroy kept the fun within bounds. Everybody had a most acute perception of how stupid and awkward everybody else was. The young gentleman with a drawl drawled so perfectly, that his part alone, had he been left to himself, would have occupied as much time as that required for the whole piece; and the young gentleman with a lisp exaggerated his peculiarity to such an extent that it was all lisp and no words, and both in their attempts to imitate the natural ease of the Prince of Wales's actors, either sprawled about like lazy schoolboys, or screwed themselves into positions more suggestive of cramp than ease, while Bertie's idea of a British workman was that of a cross between a bear and a monkey.

Mr. Fitzroy did all he could to tone down these extravagances, but his remonstrances were usually met with—"Well, that is just how Bancroft or Cecil did it," and Mr. Drawl, who privately believed that he was "doing it" very much better than Bancroft, remarked that those professional fella—a—hs were a bore, and that they could have got on much better if they had been left to themselves. Everybody agreed that Amy was splendid as Polly, ever so much better than Mrs. Bancroft said some. Amateurs always are the finest actors in the world in their friends' eyes; but Amy really was very good; she so thoroughly entered into the fun and spirit of the part, did not try to imitate anybody, but acted as her own high spirits and good taste dictated. Emily was rather stiff and tame as the sister, and Mrs. Medlicott was very subdued, very shame-faced, and very nervous as the haughty Marquise.

At last came the momentous day. None of the juniors had slept

a wink the night before. Soon after the day breathed its bare existence carriages began to drive up, and visitors to pour in, and within the dressing-rooms the excited actors could hear the buzz of the arrivals. The back drawing-room, which was divided from the front by folding-doors, was to be the stage, and a row of tin sconces concealing wax candles represented footlights, behind which were drawn a set of chintz curtains from the best bedroom. Painted scenery was impracticable, but for Eccles' home the carpet was taken up, and some furniture was brought from the kitchen.

Aunt Betsy protested almost to the last moment that she would not witness the disgrace, folly, and wickedness of her relatives, but ultimately curiosity overcame her sense of propriety, and she consented to make one of the audience. But it was not to be. As she was descending the stairs, a man in fustian suit, hob-nailed boots, and hair of fiery red, rushing upwards, nearly bounced into her arms.

"Fellow!" she screamed, thinking it was one of the workmen that had been employed in the preparations, "what are you doing here? How dare you!"

"What, don't you know Bertie!" cried the man in fustian, laughing heartily.

"Is that Mr. Herbert Rowlinson?" said Aunt, in an awful voice. "How could you to expect me to recognise a gentleman in that garb—pah, it is revolting!"

And bristling with disgust she rustled past him. But as she reached the landing another horror awaited her, for a man suddenly emerging from a room at the foot of the stairs almost stumbled over her, a dilapidated, disreputable, unshaven, dirty man, evidently intoxicated, with battered hat, bleared eyes, unkempt ragged hair, muttering to himself about "A two of cool refreshing gin!"

Aunt Betsy started back with a cry of disgust. "Who is this—this—dreadful creature?" she demanded of a grinning servant.

"Eccles, ma'am, Eccles, a working man, at your service," said Fitzroy, taking off his hat, and keeping up the character.

"How dare you address me, sir?" cried the aunt indignantly. "Turn him out"—addressing the servant—"how dare you allow such people to enter the house."

"He be one of the actors, ma'am!" answered the servant, grinning wider than ever.

"And are these the kind of people my sister and my nieces are about to mix with! It is even more dreadful than I imagined. I will not witness their degradation."

And Aunt Betsy did not witness it, for she went back to her room and stayed there for the rest of the evening. In the mean time the young lady who had volunteered to be orchestra had thumped out the overture to *Zampa* upon one of Cramer's grands, and after a little interval the curtains drew aside, the buzz of conversation hushed, and the play began. Messrs. Drawl and Lisp were very drawly and lispy, and so confidential that they did not allow the audience to hear much of their conversation, although they afterwards indignantly protested they were under the impression they were speaking much too loudly; they made such long pauses that people thought they would never go on any more, and they never would but for some very loud prompting; they could not move an arm or a leg without suspending their conversation until they were settled down into their new position, as though they were speaking automata, and the voice-machinery and the movement could not act simultaneously. Sam Gerridge, who had been most blatant and boisterous and confident during rehearsal, found his tongue not so supple as usual, and a sudden huskiness subdued his voice, which besides seemed to have lost itself somewhere in his stomach, while he experienced the horrible sensation that all the words were gliding away, leaving his memory a blank. A milder and more unobtrusive young man it would have been impossible to conceive, the few words he did speak were only echoes from the prompter, and his attempt at a double shuffle was so mournful that a hush fell upon the audience—it was so like the agony of cramp or spasms.

But Amy made amends for all—she even exceeded the promise of her rehearsals; Mr. Fitzroy vowed she was a born actress, and would take London by storm, the audience went into ecstasies; she and Eccles carried off the honours of the evening, and covered up the mistakes, the blunderings, and shortcomings of the rest. If they came on too soon Polly would push them off with an impromptu, if they were slow in coming on she would pull them in as if it had been in her part to do so, and she would take up a "stick," and prompt and suggest—the audience said she saved the performance. But the actors were of a different opinion. After the performance was over Messrs. Hawtree, D'Alroy, and Gerridge resolved themselves into a mutual condolence committee.

"Amy spoiled me entirely," said Drawl.

"So she did me," echoed the others.

"Wouldn't wait for a fellow to think of his words. If she had given me time I should have remembered everything."

"I am afraid all the people would have departed by that time," suggested Fitzroy, drily.

Two very important consequences resulted from the performance. Aunt Betsy was so disgusted that she altered her will as soon as her solicitor could be brought down from London, and left all her money to build a church; and it is whispered that Amy Medlicott was so delighted with her first histrionic attempt that she has an idea of taking to the stage. If so, let comedy actresses look to their laurels.

H. BARTON-BAKER

THE FRENCH GALLERY

In the Exhibition which Mr. Wallis opened last week at his Gallery in Pall Mall, English art holds a very subordinate place. By Mr. B. W. Leader there is a landscape, "After Sunset," recently painted in his best style, but not differing greatly from many of his previous works; and by Mr. W. H. Bartlett, who has evidently studied his art in France, a picture of two nearly naked boys, "Gathering Mussels" at Venice, showing great skill in design and some good qualities of colour, but scattered in composition, and greatly inferior to his picture of a "Parisian Studio" which appeared here last year. The remaining English works, with, perhaps, one or two exceptions, are of ancient date, and many of them have been exhibited before.

Following the order of the catalogue, the first important picture that we meet with is a strikingly truthful scene of rustic life in Brittany, "Labour," by Julien Dupré, a young painter, whose works have lately attracted much attention in Paris. The picture, which represents peasants at work in a hay-field, is treated in a large and simple style, and is entirely free from trivial prettiness and affectation. The most prominent figure in the composition—a young woman endowed with beauty of a robust kind—is a true type of rustic character, ample in form, vigorous and spontaneous in

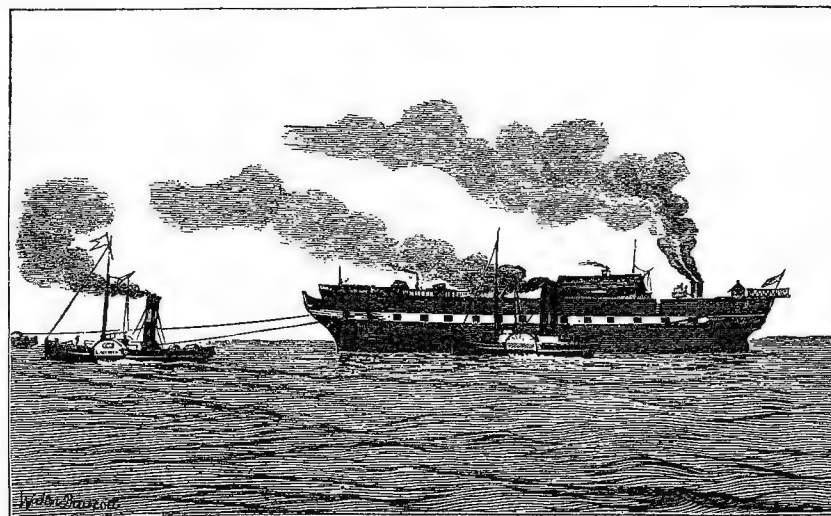
movement, and not ungraceful. The figures are designed with skill and knowledge, and the picture leaves little to be desired as regards composition, colour, or keeping. A characteristic scene of provincial life in Bavaria, by H. Oemichen, "Rent Day in Germany," provokes comparison with Wilkie's well-known picture, greatly to its disadvantage; but, though the subject might advantageously have been treated more dramatically, the picture has many estimable qualities, including well-balanced composition, correct design, and sound workmanship. The attitudes of the figures are natural, and the heads, though not animated by much expression, are distinctly characterised.

"The Guardian of the Sacred Well" is the title of a large and very effective picture by the Austrian painter, L. C. Muller. The well itself is not seen, but projecting from a wall of crumbling masonry are two brass spouts, to one of which a little girl standing on tiptoe applies her lips, while a blind old Arab stands beside her leaning on his staff. The scene, which is illumined by the midday sun, is thoroughly Oriental in character, full of colour and picturesque antiquity. The pervading light and rich harmony of colour which distinguish this picture are conspicuously absent in H. Corrodi's "The Crypt, Birthplace of Our Saviour, Bethlehem," and in the small picture of "The Well, Algeria," by H. Lazergues; both, however, are ably executed, and true to local fact.

One of the best pictures by Madame Henriette Browne that we remember to have seen occupies a central place. It is called "Alsace, 1870," and represents a Sister of Mercy with the Geneva Cross on her breast, standing in a simple attitude behind a table, on which is a metal bowl half-filled with money. The picture is rather thinly painted for its large size, but the head, which wears a deeply pathetic expression, is admirably modelled, and the treatment is in every way most artistic. A picture representing the shop of "A Flemish Bird Stuffer, Sixteenth Century," by V. Lagye, recalls the work of the late Baron Leys, by its luminous quality of colour as well as its executive method. The numerous inanimate objects are painted with great imitative skill, but the artist has not succeeded in infusing much vitality into the figures.—A very small picture, showing a middle-aged curé drawing the cork from a bottle of old wine, "Un Bon Vivant—Premier Crû," is a capital example of the work of M. V. Chevillard, humorously expressive, and painted in his best style. Two highly-wrought interiors with figures, "A Freischütze Bargain," and "Arguing the Point," by C. Seiler; a well-composed and characteristic rustic group, "Going to the Fair," by G. Von Bochmann, and a very animated head of a Venetian boy, "Ripe for Mischief," by E. De Blaas, are among the best of the remaining works.

TOWING THE SMALL-POX HOSPITAL SHIP

DURING the recent epidemic of small-pox the Admiralty lent the Metropolitan Asylums Board one of the few old wooden vessels which are still extant—the *Atlas*, a 100-gun line-of-battle ship of some 5,000 tons. At the outset the vessel was intended to be moored off Greenwich, but was ultimately, however, transferred to Greenwich. The labour of clearing the vessel of her fighting gear, &c., was considerable, but in a very short space of time she was fitted with all the requisites of an hospital. Three wards were erected between decks, the lowest, or orlop deck, having been made available by cutting thirty-four new ports through the sides of the vessel, and a deck-house was erected for the accommodation of doubtful cases, as well as a set of six small isolated wards and a laundry. The vessel was originally intended to receive 300 patients, but this number was subsequently restricted to 180, viz., 70 on the main deck, 60 on the lower, and 50 on the orlop decks. While the vessel was off Greenwich 1,105 patients were treated, of whom 120 died—a percentage of 10·8 per cent., and a rate of mortality which



TOWING THE SMALL-POX HOSPITAL SHIP FROM GREENWICH TO LONG REACH

compares favourably with the results shown by shore hospitals. Our engraving represents her being towed from her moorings before Greenwich Hospital, where, like the old *Dreadnought*, she has for some time been a picturesque element in the river view, to her original berth off Greenwich. Her removal, which will certainly leave a blank in the Lower Thames, was due, it is said, to the remonstrances of the good people of Greenwich, who objected to a floating hospital ship for so eminently infectious a disease being moored in such close proximity to their town, and whose representatives prevailed upon the powers that be to waive their opposition to the original mooring berth at Greenwich. This position is decidedly more suitable, having a fair expanse of water, and being surrounded by open country. Patients will be far better treated there than on a mud bank, which was the resting-place at Greenwich.

ARE OUR SEASONS ALTERING FOR THE WORSE?

ONE of the most common and most inveterate of prejudices about the weather is that the years have changed for the worse; that we have now no longer the warm and beautiful summers, and the sharp, cold winters, which we knew and rejoiced in in the days of our youth. One often hears from old people very pathetic reminiscences of that golden time; then England was indeed worth living in. The summer sun was almost never clouded, the winter's frosts were keen and clear; but now, through the sad changes which have taken place in these last days, summer's heat and winter's cold have been confounded. Clouds and tempests make the summer a sadness, and the rain and unseasonable warmth have taken away all pleasure from the winter. It is quite pathetic to hear the old make references to the halcyon days, which unhappily were past so long ago, and now return no more. There is one consolation left to those whose memories do not extend to the

perfect seasons of these far back years. It would seem that in ancient times people noticed the same thing as that of which our old people complain now.

In the last twenty years of the life of John Evelyn, he makes such frequent reference to the weather as to allow us to form a very clear idea of its general course in the later years of the seventeenth century. And it was to the full as changeable and uncertain as any we have in our times,—the summers just like those we know now, sometimes a very persistent drought endangered the harvest, sometimes again, almost constant rains for weeks; while at rare intervals he records the occurrence of a summer in which there was no cause for complaint. And the course of winter weather in those days was as diverse and uncertain as it can be now. In one respect at least the winters then in England seemed to be worse than now—they were more bitter and more prolonged.

We have no references, of course, to the daily temperature, such as we can command now, but in their room we have this indication by which we can measure with some degree of exactness the severity of the winter. Thus, in the great frost of 1684, he records that there was hardly any winter till Christmas, but then the frost set in with such severity that by January 1st streets of booths were set up on the Thames, and on the 9th he drove across the river in his coach from Westminster Stairs to Lambeth to dine with the Archbishop, and the frost continued without intermission till February 10th, during all which time booths were set up on the Thames. The next winter, after a very dry and warm summer intervening, there came a frost almost as severe as that of the preceding winter. He records: "The Thames was frozen across; but the frost was often dissolved, and it then froze again." Ten years after, in 1695, he again records that the Thames was frozen over on January 13th, and that the frost continued for five weeks. To have three times in ten years frosts of so great severity that the Thames was frozen over would seem to argue that the winters then were colder than they are now.

And yet on the other hand he records of 1690:—"This winter has been extremely wet, warm, and windy;" and of the year preceding—1689—he writes:—"This was one of the most seasonable springs, free from the usual sharp east winds that I have observed since the year 1660, which was much such a one."

The winter of 1660, to which John Evelyn refers as exceedingly mild, seems to have been quite exceptional in this respect. Pepys makes one of his rare references to the general character of the weather in this year, telling us that even in January there was no winter, "but the flies fly up and down." The exceedingly cold winters of certain years in that century seem to have been balanced by years of exceptional warmth in winter, so that we should do wrong to conclude that as a general rule the winters then were colder than they are now. That the cold continued longer than we have had experience of it within this generation is possible, but under what circumstances that great severity of cold happened, and whether the like might not take place in our time, we have no means of judging. The severity of the winters of 1860 and 1880, though very great, certainly did not continue so long as to lead to the consequences in the freezing of navigable rivers, and the destruction of trees, which are mentioned by John Evelyn as resulting from the severe winters of 1684, 1685, and 1695.

Yet these severe winters did not by any means ensure that the summers should be summerlike. Thus in June, 1685, he records:—"We have not had rain for many months. Such a dearth from want of rain was never in my memory." And in June of the next year, 1686, we find him writing, "An extraordinary season of violent and sudden rain, such storms, rain, and foul weather, seldom known at this time of the year."

The summer of 1692 is also an extraordinarily wet season, with great floods; still a very wet season in August of that year, and in October "the season has been so exceedingly cold, with a very long and tempestuous north-east wind," that no fruit ripened kindly. And, by way of contrast, in 1697 we find him writing:—"The heat this summer has been so great that I do not remember to have felt much greater in Italy, and this after a winter the wettest, though not the coldest, that I remember for fifty years last past." And of the summer of 1694 he writes, "Glorious steady weather; corn and all fruits in extraordinary plenty."

So that it would appear that two centuries ago there was the same uncertainty to the full about the weather as there is now. Winters sufficiently hard to satisfy the expectations of the most devoted *laudator acti temporis*, alternated with winters of extraordinary wet, and little or no frost; while the summers might be so hot and dry that no fruit would ripen, or so wet that there was again no fruit; or yet again genial, and richly dowered with fruit.

The most disappointing circumstance of all is that in these long-past years there is no indication whatever of the existence of any general law by which the succession of a summer of any particular type could be predicted after any particular winter. Warm summers sometimes follow directly after cold winters, but sometimes again they appear after the winter has been very wet, but not cold; while, on the other hand, the most severe winter of all came in a season in which there was no appearance of cold weather till the month of December. And in the very next year the Thames was again frozen over, and the frost began with the beginning of November. And as there is an entire absence of any apparent order of succession in the seasons, so there is also no indication whatever that the weather came in any cycle, eleven years or otherwise, over which the sun spots could exert an influence.

It is this absence of any trace of connection between the weather of one year and that of another, and the utter want of indication of a trustworthy law of the weather, that makes the comparison of weather observations for the most part so very unsatisfactory and fruitless. If there were any direction in which the action of a law could be traced by means of which we could predict in what order changes of weather would succeed each other, there should be some clue found to it before now from a comparison of the great multitude of observations that have accumulated in recent years; and that no such trace has been discovered does much to discourage the hope that it will ever be found.

Scientific meteorology seems to have the limits of its sphere more and more circumscribed, for in the observation of the changes which occur, and the deductions which can be made as to the probable weather for the next few days, is all the legitimate sphere which it can hope to fill. Yet it is not a little to have dismissed the imaginations which once were so dominant in the minds of our ancestors, that the moon, or the planets, or even the fixed stars, have aught to do with our changes of weather. If there were any possible connection between the varying position of the moon, or any other heavenly body, and the changes of weather on our earth, it would certainly appear as the result of an examination of a record of long-continued observations, but the results of so doing are absolutely final, so far as the cherishing of the idea of any possible influence from that quarter is concerned.

But though the sphere of meteorological observation is limited, it is not, therefore, fruitless within those limits. To be able to predict with a fair amount of accuracy what the weather will be for twenty-four hours or thereby in advance, and to be able to forecast with considerable success the approach of great storms, are in themselves achievements of which we may well be proud. If only we had some means of learning more speedily than we can yet do the character of the weather in the Atlantic some 500 miles west of our shores, we should be able fairly to compare our successes with those of the American Weather Bureau; and it does not seem improbable that before long means will be found to prepare and to anchor 500 miles to the West of Ireland a fit vessel, the daily telegrams from

which would be a more important element in the way of preparing a forecast of the weather than those from almost all the other stations combined. A. C.

MR. O'DONOVAN AT MERV.

THAT Mr. O'Donovan, a Special correspondent of the *Daily News*, undertook three years ago some remarkable travels east of the Caspian Sea, that he visited Merv, and there encountered strange experiences, has long been more or less dimly known to the public at large, through Mr. O'Donovan's own letters to the journal by which he was employed. It is in every way well that the records of these journeys and adventures should, by their republication in the form of two portly volumes, be put out of reach of the quick oblivion which overtakes all contributions to the periodical press. It is well within the limit of accuracy to say that they are among the most important volumes of travel ever issued from the press. And they owe their importance to no casual circumstances. The reader is not allured by any sparkling brilliancies of style, or touches of tender and poetic feeling, such as to make "Eöthen" the model book of travel. There is no literary charm about "The Merv Oasis;" for Mr. O'Donovan is a journalist, and journalism and literature are things apart. But these pages glow with the interest which necessarily belongs to unusual events well narrated by the chief actor in them. If Mr. O'Donovan's pen is not brilliant, it is ready; he sees clearly and describes fluently; he has out-of-the-way knowledge of all sorts of subjects; his good temper is constant; and his humour often wins a hearty laugh from the reader.

The object of these travels (undertaken under the auspices of the *Daily News*) was to obtain trustworthy information concerning the impending Russian expedition against the Turcomans beyond the northern frontier of Persia. With this end in view, Mr. O'Donovan, in 1879, joined the Russian forces under General Lazareff, by whom he was cordially received. On the death of General Lazareff he was forbidden to accompany the Russian forces, all further applications being politely refused. The first volume deals with his numerous attempts to obtain permission to accompany the Russian advance, his ill-success, his subsequent life in a Turcoman *kibitka*, his journey to Teheran, and final departure to Meshed, with the view of penetrating to the Merv oasis. The second volume recounts the incidents of the journey to Merv, the reception there, where at first the chances of life and death for the adventurous traveller seemed equal, his gradual rise in favour, until at last he became one of the ruling triumvirate, and his final escape. The period of time occupied in these adventures was three years, and the experiences of Mr. O'Donovan are probably as unusual as any which have fallen to the lot of a modern man. His description of the habits and customs of the Turcomans is of deep interest. Of art they have no conception. "Still," says Mr. O'Donovan, "they were never ceasing in their curiosity, and would gaze for hours and hours at a copy of *Punch*, turned sideways or upside down. . . . I only remember one occasion upon which a Turcoman succeeded in discovering, in one of Mr. Sambourne's allegorical cartoons in *Punch*, the head of Mr. Gladstone. The right honourable gentleman is represented as a hermit-crab, leaving the shell which served him as a former residence, and changing to a larger one—another constituency. 'This, I can see, is a man's head,' said the Turcoman; 'but what is this?' pointing to the body of the hermit-crab. 'That,' said I, 'is a kind of fish.' 'Does it live in the water?' 'Yes,' I replied. 'Then,' observed he, 'this must be a *su adam* (a marine man).' 'Just so,' I said, utterly wearied by my endeavours to explain. . . . I afterwards heard Agha Jik explaining to his friends that, as I had been telling them that England was surrounded by water, doubtless, when the population became very large, some were obliged to live in the sea."

It is not possible in a review of this length to do more than merely indicate the subjects dealt with by Mr. O'Donovan. On the question of Russian and English influence in Central Asia much light is thrown, and advocates of the "forward" policy of Sir Henry Rawlinson might smile at the irony of things by which this careful account of Russian success and intrigue near the borders of Afghanistan is published in a journal distinguished by its advocacy of the withdrawal from Candahar. On these subjects of policy our author himself is silent. He records what he saw and heard, and leaves his readers to draw their own conclusions. An excellent map, and several plans and facsimiles of State documents enrich these important volumes. They will be widely read, and they deserve to be, for they form a valuable addition to our knowledge of the geography of Central Asia, and they throw light on one of the great questions of Imperial policy which will have to be dealt with by the next generation, if not by this. And, besides their political and geographical importance, there is the additional interest which attaches to intrepid personal adventures. Finally, it need scarcely be pointed out that these volumes are the outcome of one of the most distinguished feats of journalistic enterprise yet planned.



A NEW CLAUSE IN A FARMING LEASE.—Sir Patrick Murray has invented a new clause with which his farm leases are now "adorned." It runs as follows:—"The rent agreed upon to be subject to adjustment every five years on the demand of either party, said adjustment to be based on the increase or decrease in the rent of farms of similar natural quality and advantages in the vicinity during the five years preceding." Very well, but why not make it a five years lease?

POTATOES.—We understand that Mr. Patrick Gray, of Rath-Apolothian, has during the last two seasons grown very successfully a new variety of potato called the "Hero." This new potato he hopes will prove a good substitute for the Regent, now fast going out of favour. Mr. Gray is not a dealer in potatoes, but we imagine the variety can be obtained through usual trade sources. The price of potatoes is now 35 to 40 per cent. above the currencies of November, 1881. The deficiency in the home yield is not heavy, but it appears so by the side of last year's abundance.

SMITHFIELD SHOW.—Entries closed on the 1st November, and the Show is fixed to open on Monday, December 4th. Sir Brandreth Gibbs reports that the number of entries is satisfactory, and that he has every reason for expecting a good Show. The prize list, in addition to various medals and champion cups, will reach nearly 3,000*l.* in money, and the number of classes in which prizes will be awarded will be eighty-six. Rigid regulations have been adopted by the Club respecting the health of the live stock. The Arcade, adjacent to the Hall, has been acquired by the Council of the Smithfield Club.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have increased their prize list for the Show at York by 100*l.*, which sum will go to increase the prizes for the best-managed farms in Yorkshire.—It is

* "The New Oasis: Travels and Adventures East of the Caspian During the Years 1879-80-81, Including Five Months' Residence Among the Tekkes of Merv." By Edmond O'Donovan, Special Correspondent of the *Daily News*. 2 vols. (Smith, Elder, and Co.).

proposed to visit Shrewsbury in 1884, but the Society have not come to a regular vote. The examination for the prizes offered by the Society to agricultural students has been the subject of much complaint, owing to a large number of marks being awarded for mechanics and natural philosophy. We now hear that this part of the syllabus is to be revised.

STOCK FARMING.—The splendid profits realised both for fat and for store stock have quite restored the fortunes of breeders. Not only have the prices been extremely high, but the cost of keeping the stock has been unusually light. The public suffer when beef and mutton rise to thirteen-pence and veal to fifteen-pence per pound, but the much complained-of butcher is not, we believe, making much money just now. Every penny over the shilling is a terrible fight with his customers. The public are not the only sufferers, for many grazing farmers have had to pay such prices for their stock that it is very doubtful if that stock, when fattened, will ever pay them for their trouble. The great sale of Mr. St. John Ackers's cattle was in every respect a success, an average of 8*l.* being realised on the entire number of animals sold. An important and almost contemporaneous sale in Cornwall gave an average of 34*l.* per head, the purchasers at this price being not large breeders as a rule, but tenant farmers. The quality of the cattle being considered, the Trethewy sale may be regarded as equally successful with that of Mr. St. John Ackers's stock.

COUNTRY DELIVERIES of letters are maintained with what on the whole is very remarkable regularity. Ingenuity, too, is not wanting on occasion, as was manifest at Canterbury and at Reading during the recent floods. At both of these places the postman was supplied with a horse and cart, and seated in the vehicle proceeded down the flooded streets, delivering the letters at the first floor windows by means of a long pole, the end of which had been split up so as to hold the letter to be delivered. With newspapers and book-packets it was, we believe, a matter of "catch."

ALLIED INDUSTRIES.—Orchards and hen roosts. It sounds a somewhat incongruous alliance, but those who have tried it find it pay. The trees shelter the birds in the summer weather, and give them that cover at night which is most natural to them. The natural dampness of orchards is against the plan, but some sorts of fowls stand this better than others, and after all it is only in the late autumn and winter that the matter is serious. The poultry manure is a fine fertilising agent for the trees, and the whole plan has, as we have said, been a source of good profit to several practical farmers.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Tiptree Hall, a farm which Mr. Mechi's long tenancy rendered historical, is now to let. It is 130 acres in area, with a suitable house.—The Langley Barony Estate has fetched 192,989*l.*—It seems we were premature in saying that all the swallows had left. At all events some two dozen were seen round Swanage Bay on the 2nd of November.—A fine osprey was shot at Poole on the 24th of October.—The Bath and West of England Society are going to meet in 1884 at Maidstone. Is it not time that this Association changed its name? Maidstone is not usually reputed a West of England borough.—The Lincolnshire Chamber of Agriculture have to announce a nett loss of 18*l.* on their shows and meetings this year. How the Secretary can "feel justified in making a favourable report" we know not, for this has been a fairly good year for farmers, and agricultural societies ought not to have been losing money.



IN "New Babylon," Mr. Paul Meritt was the author of a successful play, but in his novel of the same name (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), written in collaboration with Mr. W. Howell Poole, he has by no means added to his laurels those of fiction. Either the play was incapable of successful adaptation as a story, or else the fault lies with the adaptors—probably the secret of failure is shared between both alternatives. The plot, suggesting little beyond lime-light and tinsel, appeals only the vulgarest order of taste, and it is so badly, even so ignorantly, written, as to forfeit all claim to be considered as belonging to literature. Perhaps the success of the play was held to justify an experiment of book-making, and that is the best excuse that can be put forward for "New Babylon" in its new costume. If the book is intended to represent any sort of life, it is essentially the life of sensation dramas, which is certainly not intended to stand the test of quiet reading. Even when thus taken off the stage, the characters seem to be but simply stripped of their stage costumes, with the result of becoming mere wooden marionettes whose strings are pulled visibly and clumsily. Every trap to catch a laugh, requiring the art of the actors to give it point, is slavishly introduced, and found to resemble dialogue as little as the characters resemble nature. At any rate we should have supposed that two heads together, however ignorant of the radical difference between a novel and a play, could have brought to their joint work some slight idea of what writing English means. Mr. Meritt and Mr. Poole have between them concocted the poorest imitation of a novel that we have seen for a long time. No doubt, however, the title will prove attractive.

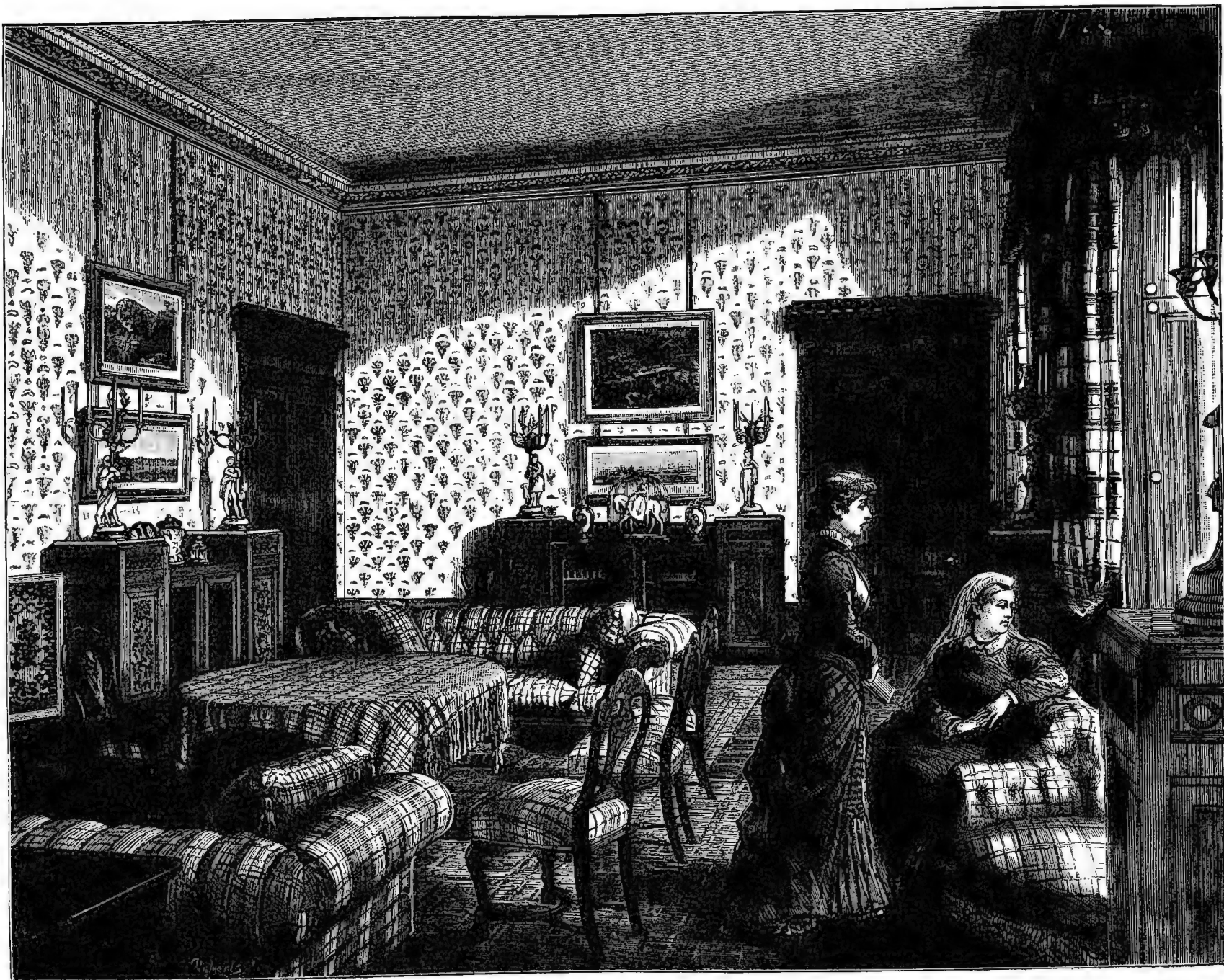
"Under the Downs," by Edward Gilliat, M.A. (3 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), though by no means a wholly satisfactory work, is nevertheless an able and clever one. Whilst the leading characters are wanting in life and individuality, those which have any touch of the grotesque or humorous about them are sketched clearly and vividly, and the interest of the story is at any rate sufficient, though perhaps little more. Probably the sentimental and domestic nature of the story would have suited a feminine better than a masculine pen, especially as the plot depends so much upon those misunderstandings, so largely favoured by lady novelists, which the faintest exercise of common sense would sweep away long before they could become of any importance whatever. Mr. Gilliat is at his highest when illustrating his views and opinions upon such topics as are of interest to him, and more especially when dealing with inconsistencies between practice and theory, as in the case of his Protestant saint-worshipper. His weakest point is decidedly in the matter of construction. On the whole, and apart from its more than ordinary literary merit, its unobtrusive thoughtfulness of tone and sincerity of purpose suffice to place "Under the Downs" above the average merit of current fiction. The sensational climax is out of keeping with the rest, especially as in this matter Mr. Gilliat's pen by no means rises to the occasion.

"The Way Thither," (2 vols.: Elliot Stock), is described by the anonymous author as "A story with several morals," and is introduced by the quotation from Baxter, "The space between is the way thither." The novel is unquestionably clever, is interesting whenever it leaves the main lines of the story, and is addressed to those readers who like to think that they are thinking. The characters are all more or less interested in theological questions, and, with equal honesty of intention, solve them in a diverse and characteristic manner. All forms of faith and of no faith, from Roman Catholicism to agnosticism, are treated with equal favour, so that at least one of the several morals may be taken to imply an agreement with Göthe's dictum that the belief in something, and not the something in which one believes, is the important matter. It will always remain an open question how far it is wise to blend



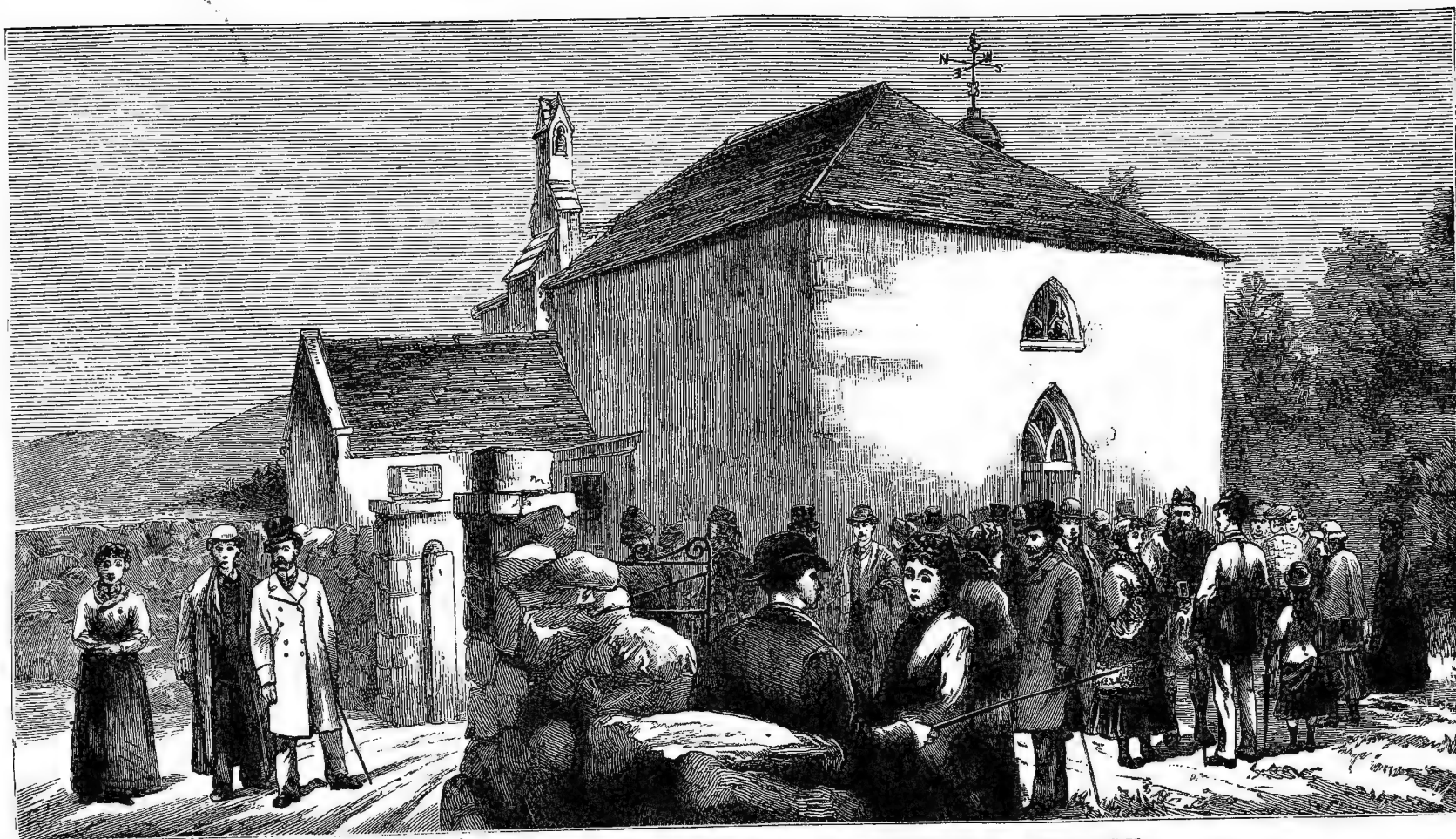
THE AFTERNOON DRIVE

"In the afternoon Her Majesty, in a carriage and pair with outriders, drives with the Princess and ladies-in-waiting to her favourite resorts in the neighbourhood."



THE DRAWING-ROOM

THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL



WAITING FOR HER MAJESTY AT CRATHIE CHURCH

"At Crathie Church, on Sundays in the season, there is quite a crowd of visitors from all parts of Deeside waiting on the chance of seeing Her Majesty go to church."



THE BALL-ROOM

THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL

speculations of this kind with ordinary love stories. The process seems to assume that the author's audience is meant to consist of people who require to be tricked into even the merest make-believe of thought, and we will venture to predict that not one of the many readers who find themselves attracted by the love stories of Kathleen Nugent will find their interest increased by anxiety concerning the religious views of whoever may prove her successful lover. However, the novel is quite good enough to make it worth the while of not too exigent readers to discover, if they can, the nature of the several morals for themselves.

Sofie Delfis, as the translator of "Abu Telfan, or the Return from the Mountains of the Moon" (3 vols. : Chapman and Hall), introduces her work as the faithful and conscientious rendering of one of the best novels that have lately appeared in Germany. Wilhelm Raabe, its author, she holds, paints life as it really is, while his humour is in the truest and most genial vein. After the achievement of so difficult a task as the translation of "Abu Telfan" must have proved—and that it is well done is obvious—the praise is a little surprising. For, at any rate to the English mind, the humour is forced, artificial, and clumsy to the last degree, while, if the views of life are correct, the views of everybody else must have been hopelessly wrong from the beginning of time. It is true that the book contains, here and there, what can only be termed splashes of insight into peculiarities of abnormal characters. But there is no real life in it—it is well nigh a burlesque upon what are supposed to be the distinguishing qualities of German psychological fiction. The bulk of the novel will certainly be found generally incomprehensible. It must, we are told, not be read merely, but lived through. And probably it would take a considerable share of any ordinary life to reach through Herr Raabe's manner of expressing himself to the profundities of his meaning. So obscure are these as to make it doubtful if they would prove to be worth much if, by the excision of his ponderous humour, they could be made clear.

YOUNG CHAMPAGNE

It is the especial privilege of champagne never to grow old, its motto is "A short life and a merry one." It may well be called the "Nectar of the Nineteenth Century," for it comes in with happy thoughts and joyous occasions when mortals put aside their cares and feel fit for the companionship of gods and goddesses. "Long life and prosperity to the heir," "Health and happiness to the bride," "Victory to the arms of England," "Success to the ship," and similarly cheerful invocations are always associated with champagne. When old Colonel — was about to send a detachment of the 3—th Regiment to the Crimea did he not say, "The fellows shall have a dance before they go, and a champagne supper?" That was the way we used "to open the ball" under Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and then at his toast, "Remember your colours, lads, English white and red," there was a merry jingling of the regiment's glasses, and the rosy bubbles were swallowed with a hope for more champagne suppers, pink and white faced partners, and a step in the service, when the battle should be over.

Surely, then, the festive wine that sparkles in such good company should have a bright infancy and be cradled in sunshine. On the hill slopes that look down upon the pleasant River Marne the vintage should be an autumn festival, an out-of-door *fête*, a holiday for young and old. Such indeed it sometimes is, but rarely of late, and in this October few more doleful spectacles could be presented to a visitor's observation than was the grape-harvest in Champagne. After all that may be said sunshine is the real wine that makes the world merry, and in its absence the vineyards are as melancholy as a reedy swamp. If the English farmer prays for the sun to make his grass into hay, so does the French *vigneron* ask the same power to make his grapes into wine. It has been denied this season, and consequently in the Department of the Marne the whole population find their hopes of a year unfulfilled. The thousands of acres under grape cultivation, in the vineyards of world-wide renown, have given but one gallon of juice where they should give three gallons, and the quality will be as poor as is the quantity.

The date of the commencement of the vintage was a fortnight late, and when picking had begun it was interrupted by rain, mists, and dampness in the atmosphere, so that the gathering was protracted through a month, when the work could have been done in good weather during a fortnight. The railway from Paris to the east of France runs through the grand champagne districts. From Chateau Thierry to Epernay, to Rheims and Chalons, the traveller passes the finest vineyard landscapes. Many of the vines are planted close up to the railway route, but oftener the flat fields next the line are devoted to corn cultivation, and where the ground rises the vineyards usually commence, and climb the slopes while the hill-tops are crowned with woods. The plants, about a yard in height, are tied to stakes, and it is rather the particolour of the leaves than the actual grapes which give local colour and character to the landscape. The grapes, being near the ground, are not readily discerned. Black grapes are in larger proportion than the white sorts, and both go to make a dark, aw-coloured, pink, or golden-white wine that becomes chamagn.

At the date of my arrival in Epernay, which is the great seat of the champagne trade, even more so than are Rheims and Avize, the weather had settled into a cold Scotch mistiness, that in the middle of October enforced idleness in the abandoned vineyard. Such days then I devoted to visits of the vast underground stores, in which may be seen enough wine, young and middle-aged, as would keep the world merry for two or three years; for if all comers take about twenty millions of bottles in one year, the great wine houses have already in their cellars upwards of sixty millions. A large proportion of these are worth 5s. a bottle, and thus an immense capital is employed. Grape juice is often worth 10s. to 15s. the gallon, and the cost of converting such wine into sparkling champagne is heavy—much heavier than is commonly supposed. Sparkling wine can be made everywhere, but it is only in the special districts of some 1,500 to 2,000 acres in extent that grapes can be raised, from which is drawn the peerless wine that firms of repute distribute all over the world—Australia and America, India and China competing with Europe for Champagne.

The chief street of Epernay, the Rue du Commerce, is a broad ascending thoroughfare, planted with trees in front of a series of large and expensive hotels, some costing 80,000*l.*, the houses of the great wine firms, and beneath these hotels, their courtyards and gardens, are the great excavations made in a compact, flintless chalk, where the wine is manufactured and stored. There is great activity underground, whilst on the surface and in the thoroughfare there is a remarkable absence of animation.

Many accounts have been given as to the processes of making grape juice into champagne, which I do not quote, preferring to give the simple notes I took down from word of mouth, as the senior partner of a firm, having forty years' experience, explained the subject. The long range of cellars in this instance, those of Messrs. Wacher and Co., were so many archways or tunnels made in the chalk, unsupported by stone or brickwork, and at a depth of some forty feet, the temperature being chilly to a most uncomfortable degree. Groping slowly, with a candle at the end of a flat stick, for more than an hour, I learned that—first, the pressed grape juice becomes *must*, which is put into casks, where, by effervescence, this must becomes wine from which, as the cask is not air-tight, much carbonic acid gas is dispersed; a residuum is

deposited in the cask, and during the winter the wine is clarified. In the cask, under the cold temperature of the cellars, the wine remains until May or June, and, of course, preserves a certain proportion of sugar. The first bottling takes place in May or June, and the residuum of sugar, in the hermetically corked bottle, forms naturally a quantity of carbonic acid gas which cannot escape, and this is the sparkle or fizz that gives character to champagne. Sometimes, however, natural fermentation fails to give sufficient "sparkle" through a want of sugar, and in such case a certain quantity of diluted sugar candy is added. The determination of how much or how little addition is desirable is a special estimate that only experienced experts can make. But at this stage champagne for the table is far from being ready; much more time and trouble has to be bestowed.

The next migration of the bottles is from the cellar to "upstairs," where, in stores above ground, and in a temperature of 54° to 60°, they are laid flat, in order to facilitate the deposition of sediment. At this period, which lasts fourteen to twenty-one days, where the carbonic acid gas is *in excess*, the usual breakage is from six or ten per cent., and a promenade amongst the stores is only made safe by protecting the face with a mask.

Again the "young champagne" is sent down stairs, and placed horizontally in the cellar bins, to sojourn there two, three, four, five, or six years, and proportionately mature. At two years, say, for Germany, four years for England—each country having special tastes—the bottles reckoned matured are placed "sur-point" in racks cut so that the necks slant downwards. Daily then throughout four to six weeks skilled men give each bottle a shake and a twist, without removing it, in order to drive all sediment downwards on to the cork. When such result is attained the wine in the body of the bottle is quite clear, but the deposit next the cork has to be discharged, and this is done by holding the bottle neck downwards, and releasing the cork, which is shot out, with the sediment behind it, by the pressure of the vinous gas. Quickly and dexterously the bottle is then "righted" and placed on its base with but little loss of wine. Immediately such loss is repaired by the addition of old wine and diluted sugar candy so blended as to make the whole bottle "dry," "extra dry," &c., as may be especially designed. Thus *dosed* the wine becomes a "bottle of champagne." It receives a second corking, is tied with string, and wired and daintily dressed up and decorated in the uniform of "the House," and goes to market.

But I must pass a "day in the vineyards" was my observation after having "done" the cellars, and drunk two glasses of "Vin-brût," of 1874, simple champagne, pure, undosed, unblended, with its sparkle, such as only the sun put in it when it sugared the grape. This day in the vineyards, from morn to dewy eve, was a joy I thought in store for me, and would be gay with sight, song, and exhilarating air on the sunny slopes of Avize, the special district for fine white grapes. Ay the celebrated, Ay the favoured, with the greatest breadth of vines exposed to the morning sun, was already stripped. Sunday, 15th of October, if cold, was at least fair, and I could dispense with a fire in the room of my hotel, but I would not devote this day to the vineyards, only take a run from Epernay to Rheims and back, see again the finest cathedral north of the Alps, and take a railway glance of Ay, Germaine, Rilly, and other special districts. Here and there a few stray vintagers were out, looking like groups of gleaners this Sunday afternoon. Last year, 1881, I was told was a fairly abundant one in champagne, quality middling. It gave a yield of juice that made old wine in demand for blending, so that reserve stocks improved 25 per cent. in price, and were speedily sold off in a fortnight, when, in the middle of June last, bad weather destroyed this year's good prospects. The Brût wine of 1874 is reckoned to be fully as sweet naturally as inferior wine when sugared 3 per cent. England in liking "dry" wine gets the best. The highest price ever paid for champagne was in 1880, when the must reached over 6s. the bottle, as 60*l.* was paid for forty-four gallons by Messrs. Geissler, of Avize:—a price that was paying 2*l.* for a sovereign to provide a special need.

I was reminded on Monday, 16th, of the spoiled *fête* made by a wet night at the London Botanic Gardens, as a rainy and dismal morning further ruined the vintage, and kept me hovering over a fire. Epernay was wretched, the streets and the people, for want of hope and sunshine. A fresh opera at the theatre, *Jour et Nuit*, by the composer of *Madame Angot*, was the brightest and gayest spectacle in Champagne in mid-October. "Sun at last" was sighted on Tuesday morning with something of the joy that shipwrecked mariners see land. My "day in the vineyards" dawned, and what a dawn! Up with the lark, yes, and before him too, for one has to be at 4 A.M. in the market place, and stand to be hired with some other 400 men, women, and children: a nondescript nation of workers willing to stoop and grope for grapes from 5 A.M. to 6 P.M., and all for 2s. per day! The men get about 6*d.* more than the women. Out of 400 on the place, 300 were hired. Mules to carry paniers of grapes brought 12s. each per day. From market place to vineyard there was no joyous procession, even the music of laughter was seldom heard, but the nation of nondescripts shuffled along the routes to their respective places—paid by the day, and not by the quantity picked, as is done in English hop gardens. Arrived at Avize, some six miles from Epernay, the workers, armed with a sort of pruning knife, and carrying small baskets, slung in front of the waist, clipped off the scrubby little bunches that by sharp searching were found hiding amongst the leaves near the ground. In a scanty season like the present the task is wearisome and monotonous, but in a plentiful year the work may be cheerful enough, as three baskets are filled in the time of gathering one this October, and consequently there are more hands, more mules and carts, and the vintage goes on cheerfully and briskly.

The price was fixed in this district of Avize at 9*d.* to 10*d.* the kilo (2 1-5th lbs.). This is the common custom, but many proprietors sell grape juice, pressing it themselves, and forward casks of 44 gallons to the champagne makers. This year the value of these 44 gallon casks is reckoned 20*l.* to 24*l.* for the produce of good vineyards. The earlier black-grape vineyards had been gathered in "catchy" weather—two days good, two days bad—the later white grapes (about two-thirds gathered on the 17th October) are being, and have been, collected mostly under bad conditions; the quality is rather middling than bad, the grapes lacking ripeness and sweetness, and being seedy. Still they have the flavour and character elsewhere unobtainable. From Ay, Bouzy, Verzenay, wine is being forwarded daily, pressed by day, and sent on by night train to Messrs. Geissler's stores here. In Champagne the grape juice is only put in the great "cuve" for a few hours, when it is drawn off into casks. At Bordeaux, &c., red wine remains from eight to twelve days for the "cuvaison," and often the progress of fermentation shows the wine better or worse than expectation. The great press, double screw power, takes a hundred large baskets of grapes—8,000 kilos—and four or five men's strength turn a great wheel. Twelve hours' pressing should empty the skins, and the juice runs on an oak platform into suitable tubs, from which the contents are pumped into the "cuve," and thence, in some six hours, is returned into casks. To say that there are hills of chalk at Avize means also that whilst vines grow on the surface wine is made and stored below in the cellars; those of Messrs. Geissler are of great extent, and admirably arranged and fitted; brickwork here is used for archways, &c., in the chalk. The plain apparatus, by which two men, top and bottom, can raise and make descend 30,000 bottles a day, from the lower to the upper floors, shows the old bucket system, "one up and one down," a sound principle. A new moon and clear evening sky promised another fair day in the vineyards, when I left Avize at

eight o'clock. Arable land here makes 40*l.* to 50*l.* per acre, whilst an acre of good vineyards is worth often 300*l.* to 500*l.*

It was not, however, at Epernay or Avize that I was to find those magnificent and special underground towns that at Rheims make the old Roman city one of the wonders of Europe. The mountain of Rheims, seen from and dominating the city, has many good vineyards on its slopes, and in contradistinction to what are called the Wines of the River (those along the Marne) their produce are called Wines of the Mountain. Together the champagne wines, in a "good average" year, reach about 4½ millions of gallons, and this year the quantity is put at 1½ millions. After seeing at their best—three to four o'clock—the great rose windows—windows of heaven!—as the full afternoon sun made them blaze in glory in the cathedral, I descended some 80 feet on a visit to the cellars of Messrs. Goulet and Co., which may be accepted as veritable samples of the others—many smaller, a few larger—that make Rheims famous. These cellars are, in fact, great excavations made to supply ballast, foundations, &c., for the building of the city. They are scientifically worked out, cloisters and domes supporting the roof, of chalk; the old workmen got out as much as they could without burying themselves! Modern ingenuity pierced the domes, and let in light, which is dispersed from the small point of entrance over the broad spaces beneath. Of course the stevedore of a ship, or the packer of a London warehouse, would think there was an immense waste of room in these splendid cellars. But the space vacant is in fact their perfection, and a temperature is maintained varying only three degrees of Fahrenheit—say one degree centigrade—throughout the year, and the two million of bottles and 2,000 to 3,000 casks of wine before which I passed only occupied six to eight feet from the floor; above them seventy feet of arched space formed a wine climate in which "young champagne" could grow up to manhood. It is in reality the possession of such cellars—very limited in number—that constitute the foundation of the great houses. They do not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn, in Rheims, but allow the workmen occupied amongst the wine three bottles daily of red wine, with a "bock" of white wine at breakfast time. There were five acres of cellars over which Mons. George Goulet conducted me, and as there is but one chalk hill in the city available, this firm has a good share of these Catacombs of the Living. Testing some of the wine of 1880 it was found to promise maturing of good character—next best to the fine vintage of 1874.

On Wednesday, my last day in champagne, I went to see the cellars reckoned the finest of all, those of the house "Veuve Pommeroy." The hotel is very fine, and its towers crowning the chalk hill even overlook the cathedral and command a view of the heights and vineyards of the mountain of Rheims; but between the hours of twelve and two o'clock the stores are not visible, and I missed the sight of them. On the arrival of a waggon load of casks from the vineyard one of the cellarmen said "they were fairly content with the quality." It would be better than first expected, although many houses announce they are not attempting to buy this season's produce.

Coming homewards *visâ* Dieppe, and staying a couple of days at the Chateau Bouleau, in the Department of the Oise, not a wine country, but where Monsieur the Vicomte Arthur de Chereles is giving an example of agricultural progress, reference was made to champagne, and I had a good word at dinner to say in praise of Messrs. Wacher's *vin-brût* of 1874, some of which is reserved for our own Royal Family, whereupon the lady of the house observed, "We will give you the best wine in France," and forthwith the butler poured me out a glass of liquid gold, smooth as Chartreuse, and with a body equal to port. It was "Chateau Yquem," direct from the proprietor of the vineyard, the Marquis de Saluces, and, in truth, as Leigh Hunt writes, "it slides to the heart by the sweetest roads," but when asked to declare if it was not the "Roi du Vin," I avoided a direct answer by quoting an old song, entitled

THE KING OF ALL WINE

Is Champagne or Burgundy with its Gold Hill
The spot which the vine loveth best?
Does Yquem or Tokay most rapture distil
The wine of most exquisite taste?
Is Montepulciano, King of all wine,
Reserved for an Emperor's bin?
Come all and be welcome—be each of them mine,—
To usher Wine's Royalty in;
That wine we will crown, boys, all others above,
It grows in the heart, boys—that wine it is—Love.

Plant first in a true breast, fine passion to grow,
Feed well with young fondness the slip,
Pour sunshine upon it, and soon shalt thou know
The King-cup that mortals may sip:
The fire that from Heaven it snatches will give
To lifetime warm gladness, and throw
A brightness about us like sunlight to live,
So long as our life-blood can flow;
Then crown we the vine plant all others above,
That in the heart ripens, the wine that is—Love.

In a last sentence I may note that the public scarcely suffers from a poor vintage, which rather imposes extra costs in price and manufacturing on the great wine houses, compelling a free use of the old valuable reserve wine to blend with and mature "young champagne." Consumers in most years obtain their wine at the same price—four to ten shillings per bottle,—and we shall only know the character into which this season's yield will develop in the years 1885-8, having first to exhaust 1880 and 1881, and the older reserves.

H. K.-J.

"WITHERED ROSES"

BENEATH a porch of jasmine scent,
And clustering roses white as snow,
With whispered words of soft intent
He lingers in the evenglow;
And she, the roses in her cheeks
Flushing with joy and glad surprise,
Looks up at him, and as he speaks,
Reads her life's future in his eyes.

The summer from the earth is gone,
The golden autumn grown to grey,
And all alone she still dreams on
Of love that will not pass away;
The chill night wind among the leaves
Is ever murmuring with a sigh,
The roses summer so deceives
E'en with the birth of winter die.

The summer sun may shine again
As brightly as it did of yore;
The roses, washed with summer rain,
Uplift their snowy heads once more.
Alas! the wind that wakes the flowers
Will touch her gentle brow in vain,
Her roses, washed with love's own showers,
Will never wake to bloom again.

WILLIAM BOOSEY

Kit—A Memory

(Continued from page 509)

and far away such incidents, and the life that contained them, seemed to be.

"No, the key is gone; I cannot see into the hall for something across the keyhole."

"What, what?" ejaculated Trenna, whose nerves were thoroughly disorganised.

"Well, I suppose a cobweb. There is nothing to be done here."

"Then we must go back, I suppose," said Trenna in a tone which was meant to be one of disappointment, but which savoured unmistakeably of relief.

"There are other ways of entering a house than by the door," he answered; "and I think I know one in this case."

He walked round to the pantry window which, to all appearance, was strongly barred by iron uprights shaped like javelins. Three of these he shook lightly; each of them in time yielded, and passing them through the holes in the bar that formed their cross support he laid them on the margin of the flower-bed that skirted the wall. There was now room enough to pass through the bars, and it only remained to open the window, which, as it happened, was unbolted.

Trenna expressed no surprise at this operation, and, indeed, her thoughts were too much occupied to feel it; but on Kit's lips was a grim smile. How often had he let himself out by that very way at night and let himself in again, and no one within doors been any the wiser. He was a man of business now, and the remembrance of the follies of his youth only evoked his contempt. It was seldom, indeed, he reflected, such peccadilloes bring anything but repentance, yet they were not without their use in the present emergency.

Having effected an entrance for himself through the pantry, he passed through the kitchen, empty and cold, and, unbolting the back door, admitted his sister.

It is strange how suddenly all the inanimate things that minister to man decay when the man is gone; even his memory with his fellow-creatures survives them. Though everything on which Trenna set eyes was of course familiar to her, they had already suffered change. There was green on the walls and grey on the floors, for where there was no damp there was dust. Nothing had been removed, save in her own sitting-room, where the family portraits of the Gisartos had been taken down, probably for transport to their native land. Having cast off his descendants, Mr. Garston, senior, had transferred his affections to his ancestors, who were not in a position to give him trouble. In their places were black spaces, themselves looking like pictures in the Rembrandt style, with the wall paper for their frames. On the ceiling was the hook from which her bird's cage used to hang—the only object which had the slightest association of pleasure or attachment for her. If Poll had been dead instead of at the Knoll (with nuts at discretion—though he had not much of that—and in the highest feather) the spectacle would have brought tears into her eyes. If she had not taken him away with her, it was her belief that he would have been left to starve to death.

In the hall hung a coat or two, retaining some ghastly similitude to the human form, but with nought but the moth in them, and on the floor lay a great heap of letters which had been thrust through the box and left by the postman. Kit noticed that his father's hat and umbrella were gone.

In the study, as the clients' room was called, the spiders, with a fine sense of the fitness of things, had spun their webs everywhere—on the tin boxes with the dummy deeds in them; on the very chair-back on which the lawyer used to lean, and across his desk and drawers. But instead of the usual litter of papers every thing had been carefully put away. The clock upon the mantelpiece pointed in silence to midnight or noonday.

All these things were plain enough, for Kit had flung back the shutters and let the wintry light in; but there was no brightness anywhere. The dust did not rise, for there was no air; but hand and foot left their marks in it wherever they fell. The absence of any such traces save their own showed that the place had remained inviolate.

"It is plain that he has gone," said Trenna, unconscious of the hushed and awe-struck tones in which she spoke; "is it worth while to go upstairs?"

"I shall go," returned Kit, firmly; "perhaps you had better wait down here."

The same idea, though moving them very differently, was in both their minds. The tenant of the Grey House—or what was left of him—might possibly be in his own room.

"Wait here? I dare not," murmured Trenna. "No; I will go with you." Her brother's resolution terrified her almost as much as its possible result. How marvellous it seemed that this bright and genial creature should have such stern stuff in him. Was it the courage of desperation, and if so, whither, under circumstances not more terrible, but more perilous, might it not lead him? Hitherto, with all her admiration of him, she had thought him mainly swayed by impulse.

After the first flight of stairs—so severely economical had been the state of things at the Grey House—there was no carpet, and their footsteps on the naked wood awoke the dreary echoes. Kit stopped at his father's door and tried it. It was locked. "Stand back, dear," he said gently, and with a blow from his fist against the panel he drove it in. There was a noise of something falling inside the room, which made the girl's blood run cold. "It is only some damp plaster from the ceiling," said Kit encouragingly; he was looking through the hole the crash had made. "There is nothing here."

Another, and another blow, which reverberated through the house like pistol shots, and then the door gave way. The room was empty like the rest, though the drawn-down blind and the blank silence seemed to suggest the presence of Death. The bed was made; it was probable that its former tenant had not used it during that last night of his sojourn. There were two candles on the table burnt very low, but they had not guttered down; they had been blown out. In the grate and under it was a profusion of paper ashes. "Preparations for departure," said Kit, pointing them out with his finger. "He has burnt his boats, and will not return."

Trenna made a sign of acquiescence; she could not speak. Her mind was too highly wrought. If that had been there which she had half expected to see, she said to herself, "It would have killed me." She used to think, notwithstanding his acknowledged superiority over her in other respects, that she had more command over her feelings than her brother had. She did not think so now. The very atmosphere of the room seemed almost to stifle her, and she said so.

"It is very musty," he answered quietly; "I will light a cigar." He lit one, and then went on with his investigations. "There is nothing more to be seen or to be found out," he observed presently. "The bird is flown and the nest deserted; let us go."

Trenna went downstairs with him nothing loath. "I cannot understand," she said, "why he made such a mystery of his departure." It was noticeable that they now spoke of their father, whenever it was possible, in the third person. "Mr. Raikes

(the owner of the Grey House) has, I hear, never had a word from him as to giving up the lease."

"I understand it very well," said Kit; "he wished to make us as uncomfortable as possible to the very last. I am very glad we came, and have seen how matters stand with our own eyes. As it happens he has done me a good turn by taking himself off."

They had reached the kitchen, and having taken the key from the back door, Kit let himself and his sister out, and locked it behind them. "Now I am Christopher Garston, Esq., of the Grey House, Mogadion," he said.

"Good heavens! what do you mean, Kit? You are surely not going to live in that hateful house?"

"Not I. But since he has left it for good and all, there is no harm in my using it for my private address. It will look very well in the prospectus. We can do without the General now. What the Company wanted was a good local name to put on the Board of Directors. And now they have got it; and I shall add 300*l.* a year to my income."

CHAPTER XL.

BAD NEWS

KIT drove back to the Knoll, after his visit to the empty house, in the highest spirits. Nothing, as he assured Trenna, could have turned out better than the result of their expedition. "I am a made man now so far as the Company is concerned, and, what pleases me more than all, it is to the Governor I am indebted for it. To think that he put 300*l.* a-year in his son's pocket without its costing him a sixpence should rejoice his parental heart."

Trenna answered only with a sigh and a shiver. The sense of impending calamity was heavy upon her. Now that her father was gone she had a dread of him, and of the consequences of his enmity, which she had never felt while under the same roof with him.

"My darling Trenna, that visit to the Grey House has shaken your nerves," said Kit, tenderly; "you want change of air and change of scene. As soon as I get back to London I shall look out for a suitable home for you, and then you shall come and live with me. That was always your dream, you know."

It was true that it had been so, but now that he spoke of its being realised it had no longer the charms for her that it had possessed in imagination. Not that she loved him less, or had any idea of having a home apart from him, but that that which he proposed to offer her would, she felt, be different from the one she had pictured so herself. Her views had not been ambitious; for herself, indeed, she would have required very little, and though Kit, she knew, would not have been satisfied with that, she had hoped he would have been content with some day of small things, till his talents had gained their reward in due season. She wanted "peace and quietness." Having sowed his wild oats—which included the commission of one perilous crime—she had imagined that her darling Kit would have "settled down" to some legitimate calling, at which he would work diligently every day, while in social life he would remain as ever the favourite of all who knew him; that she would keep his house and minister to his needs, and find the greatest pleasure in the contemplation of his prosperity. His present position, as he himself described it, with an income already sufficient and soon to be augmented by 300*l.* a-year, was far above her expectations in one way, but far below them in another. The society of his fine friends would, she perceived, be not to her taste; for—how different from those at the Knoll!—they were fine-weather friends. If the mine failed they would desert him, and doubtless blame him for its failure. She did not want to see Kit in splendour, but in security.

"Where you are I shall always be pleased to be, Kit," she answered, quietly, "and, indeed, I feel I have trespassed on the hospitality of our dear friends here long enough, and that I ought to be making my own living, or helping you—if I *can* help you—to make yours."

"You can help me very much, Trenna," Kit answered, gravely. "There is nothing that gives more confidence to a man of business in a large way than to know that the belongings of those who are assisting him in his schemes are of a high class; it is almost as good as their having money of their own to lose—'a stake in the country.'"

"But perhaps your friend, Mr. Braithwaite, may not estimate me as you do, dear Kit."

"Pooh, pooh, the man is not a fool, though his mind has run to scrip and share; you will represent to him 5,000*l.* worth of stock at the very least."

"I hope you will see the interest of it," she answered, smiling.

"The worst of it is," said Kit, thoughtfully, "the old man has neither wife nor daughter; and at first I am afraid there will be very little female society for you. When once the opportunity offers I have no fears, but in the mean time you will have to make your own way. I am afraid you will find London dull till you come to know people."

"I don't want any one but you, Kit. Of course I shall feel parting with dear Maud, but that will not be for ever, let us hope."

"Nor for long," answered Kit, gravely. "That is a matter on which I want to have a few words with you. Before I leave the Knoll I mean to ask Maud to be my wife."

"Kit, that would be sheer madness!"

For the moment she had forgotten that he knew nothing of the attachment that had sprung up between Maud and Frank Meade which she was quite convinced Kit had no power to shake, whatever might have been the case some months ago. The confidence of her tone perhaps raised some suspicion in her brother's mind, for he flushed to his forehead.

"Madness!" he echoed, "I do not understand you, Trenna. Maud has heard me ask that very question—though I admit not in so many words—and certainly did not doubt my sanity. Moreover, when I last hinted at this very thing, I was in a far less prosperous condition; indeed, it was my means alone, or rather the want of them, that prevented my speaking out. She knew, however, what I meant, and did not reprove, far less reject me. Yet now I am my own master, and half way on the road to fortune, you talk of 'madness' as though I had no chance with her."

"In my opinion, my dear brother, you *have* no chance."

"Why not? Maud is still herself, and if I am changed it is for the better. Why not?"

Trenna was silent. She dared not say that Maud was not what he had left her, since that would have involved Frank Meade's name. She could not bear, even from Kit, to hear him spoken of with antagonism, or, still worse, contempt.

"You may have great expectations, Kit," she said, at last, "but you have nothing sure. To me you are all in all; I am ready to take all risks with you; to endure adversity, to skate with you over very thin ice indeed. But look into your own heart and answer truly, is Maud fit for that?"

"That is for her to judge," he answered; "I shall tell her all."

"No, Kit, not all."

He turned upon her with fury in his eyes; but it was only for an instant. The remembrance of her devotion stayed the torrent on his very lips.

"Not all, of course, Trenna," he answered, in low tones, "why should I speak to her of what is over and gone? Do you suppose that any man speaks to the girl he loves of all his past? I have sinned, and I have suffered. Let that suffice. Is a man to go on all fours all his life because he has tripped once or twice?"

"Once or twice! I wish he had said 'once,'" thought Trenna to herself. "Is it possible that he has got into trouble *again*?"

"As to my future," he continued, "I shall lay it all before her."

I have nothing to conceal. Even now I can maintain her in the same luxury and comfort to which she has been accustomed; and in a few years I shall have a large fortune amply sufficient for her, you, and me. You will forgive me," he added, with a tender smile, "for putting Maud first, Trenna?"

"I will forgive you if she becomes your wife, Kit; I will endeavour, though it will be very hard, to give up the first place in your affections to the woman you may choose for your bride."

"I *have* chosen; none but Maud will content me. When I have set my heart upon a thing I am not easily moved from it, as you know. I had hoped to have your assistance, Trenna, in this matter; but there, it seems, I was mistaken."

"You have my good wishes, Kit."

"Tut, tut!" he put in impatiently, "say that I have your prayers at once. I prefer deeds to words."

"You are not angry with me, Kit?"

"No, no. I never can be that. Of your good word I may be surely certain." His tone nevertheless was one of inquiry. His intuition was so keen, that he read his sister's very heart in this matter, and felt that, while content to trust in him herself, she trembled for her friend.

"You may be very certain, Kit, that I shall never breathe one word in your disparagement."

"That's well," he answered cheerfully, and kissed her. "You are my Providence, Trenna, and like the hunter I will be satisfied, since if you are not for *me*, you will not at least be for the bear—see, there is the old Doctor driving away from the Knoll!" (for they had come in sight of the gates) "there can be surely nothing the matter since we left it."

There was nothing the matter at the Knoll, but Doctor Meade had brought sad news which had touched the little household nearly. His son Frank had been taken ill in London, and that so seriously that it was a question whether his father should not go up to him. What added, if it were possible, to the interest excited by this intelligence was that his illness had been contracted in the exercise of his profession. In endeavouring to relieve a little child suffering from some disorder of the throat, for which an operation had been necessary, the young man had placed his lips to the wound, and was now himself prostrated by the same complaint. With true womanly kindness Mrs. Medway had at once offered to go and nurse him.

"I can get ready in half an hour," she had said to his father, "and will accompany you to London this very day, if you think my services would be of any assistance."

The good Doctor had been deeply moved by this proposal.

"Frank must be ill, indeed," he said, "if the news of such an offer does not do him good; I thank you from the bottom of my heart both on his behalf and my own. But where he is—in his own hospital—there will be no lack of excellent nurses. If he recovers"—here the Doctor's voice grew very husky—"I shall send for him home, for he will need recruiting, and then you shall be as kind to him as you please."

"Is the disease so very serious, then, even to a grown person?" (for the child had died).

The Doctor nodded, and shut his lips together.

The tears rolled silently down Mrs. Medway's cheeks.

"Poor Frank, dear Frank," said Mark softly; "may God spare him to you, Doctor, even from a hero's death! Is it not just what we should all have expected of him, Maud?"

There was no reply, though her white lips moved a little.

"Give her air," cried the Doctor decisively, his personal affliction forgotten in a moment in his professional instincts. "Mark, fetch a glass of wine."

The breeze through the opened window, assisted by her own efforts to recover herself, revived the girl at once; but it was plain she had been on the very brink of a fainting fit.

"I had no idea your Maud was so impressionable," was all that the Doctor remarked upon the matter to Mrs. Medway, and, indeed, all he thought about it; but to the mother's eye the circumstance had more significance. Young ladies have the faculty of producing tears of sympathy in any quantity and on the shortest notice; but white lips and (especially) the inability to use them is a more serious symptom.

"Maud was so upset," as Mark explained to Kit and Trenna on their arrival, by this news about "dear old Frank," that she had retired to her own room. It was thought only natural that Trenna should repair thither to comfort her; but in truth Trenna herself was glad of the excuse to escape from the public eye. That old folly of hers (as she denounced it to herself) in relation to Frank Meade had not been so utterly stamped out, but that this news of his misfortune agitated her exceedingly.

"The man, then, whom I revere most of all men," she thought to herself bitterly, "is about to die in the conviction that I am a thief."

Her creed as to the future prevented her even from believing that he would have clearer insight in another world. Her distress of mind was such that she did not dare present herself at once to Maud, but diverged, on her way up to her room, into the boudoir in order to sit there a few moments to collect herself. The place was unhappily chosen, inasmuch as it was the scene of the interview with poor Lucy concerning the lost banknote, in which she herself had played so false a part, and the recollection of it pierced her heart.

"What a vile and worthless wretch I am," murmured the unhappy Trenna, as she stood before the pier-glass rubbing her cheeks and lips with her handkerchief to bring back their colour, which had fled from them. "Even unsuspecting Maud would read guilt in this tell-tale face. Perhaps he is thinking of her now as he lies upon his deathbed, and in the contemplation of her innocence and simplicity finds his chief comfort. If he thinks of *me* it is at best with contemptuous pity. Yet what have I done save for my brother's sake?"

She clasped her hands passionately together, and looked upwards half mechanically, or in imitation of a familiar action perhaps that had fallen into disuse. "No," she said, stamping her foot upon the ground, "Kit is right; there is no Heaven, for there is no Justice."

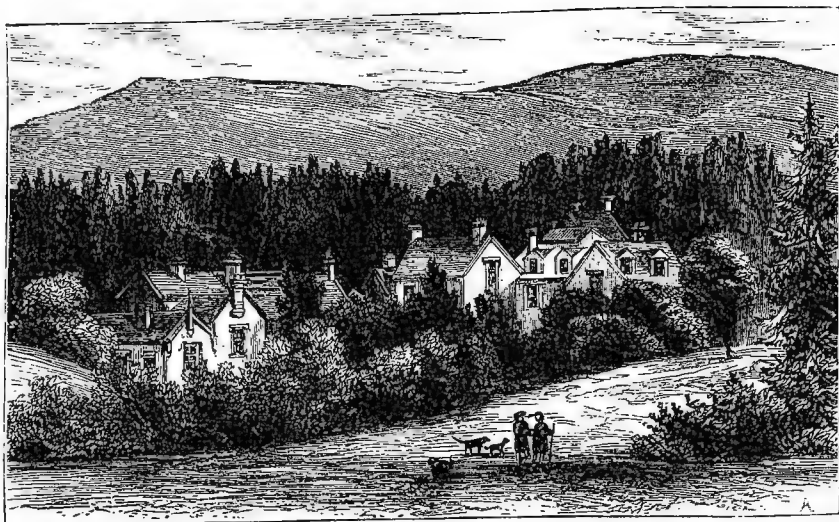
Then smoothing her hair with her hands, and with a glance that seemed to satisfy her at the cold set face in the mirror, she turned from it abruptly and went into her friend's room.

(To be continued)

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

"LET us have toast and wine, not toast and water," wrote Thackeray. He had seen, as he related, the head physician of a hydropathic establishment on the banks of the Rhine, after proposing the health of His Majesty the King of Prussia, "toss off a bumper of sparkling water." What wonder that the proceeding had seemed wanting in enthusiasm? Toasts must be vinous or they are nothing worth. The cup may be symbolical of conciliation or of reconciliation; but clearly the lining of the cup must be of a comforting and generous nature. There is a vast difference between a libation and the throwing of cold water.

The toast, the song, the sentiment, these were the old aids to toasting, the decorations of the dessert and the supper table, the flowers that wreathed the bottle and the bowl. The curtain rises upon the comedy of the past, and a group of merry gentlemen are "discovered drinking." Mr. Charles Surface complains of his acquaintances that although they have taste, spirit, and politeness, "plague on't, they don't drink!" Mr. Careless regrets the sobriety of society; his friends abstain from wine, and, as a



THE SERVANTS' AND FACTORS' RESIDENCES



MR. JOHN BROWN'S HOUSE

consequence, from wit; instead of "the spirit of raillery" that used to mantle over a glass of bright Burgundy, conversation had become just like spa-water, "which has all the pertness and flatulency of champagne without its spirit or flavour." Says Mr. Surface, "Wine is the test by which the lover knows his own heart. Fill a dozen bumpers to a dozen beauties, and she that floats at the top is the maiden that has bewitched you!" Then Sir Harry sings his song which bids the company fill pint bumpers "quite up to the brim," toasts the sex generally, applauding both old and young, clumsy and slim, dimpled and undimpled, merry and sorry, lavish and thrifty, fair and brown, one-eyed and two-eyed, in that each affords at any rate "an excuse for a glass."

The glasses seemed to need many excuses, or perhaps the excuses were numerous because the glasses were so many. "Bumpers, you rogues, bumpers!" cries Mr. Surface. And Sir Harry's song had even suggested "pint bumpers." How little was human nature considered in those days! or how great were the powers of endurance and of imbibition of those departed tipplers and carousers! A private party of gentlemen after dinner make speeches and propose toasts, sing songs and utter sentiments, as "excuses for the glass," and the glasses are bumpers—pint bumpers it may be—and how many of them have to be drained! "A savage period of life," Thackeray calls it. Yet it was not so very long since. And even in Thackeray's time there were discoverable traces and remains of the old customs. The song-singing had passed away, the practice of making complimentary speeches was dying out, was "happily almost entirely discontinued," and the giving of toasts or sentiments did not happen much in good society.

"But I once," the novelist narrates, "shared a bottle of sherry with a commercial traveller at Margate, who gave a toast or a sentiment as he filled his glass; he would not take his wine without this queer ceremony before it. I recollect one of his sentiments, which was as follows: 'Year is to 'er that doubles our joys and divides our sorrows—I give you woman, sir,'—and we both emptied our glasses." The sentiment was a "lumbering ceremonial," an obstruction to the "free intercourse" of society, and so it was suffered to fade away and fall from our manners. But the worthy bagman was only out of fashion by some fifty years or so. The commercial traveller's sentiment was ridiculed; but delivered, as it might assuredly have been delivered, by a fine gentleman in an earlier age it would have been received and honoured with prodigious applause.

And our public banquets still preserve many of the traditions that are lost to the private dinner-party. Professional musicians now accomplish the songs for which the guests were formerly called upon. And the abstract sentiment can perhaps hardly be said to figure now upon the list of toasts. But of the making of many speeches there is as yet no end. The toastmaster is still with us, and, as his predecessors were wont to do, down from remote periods, does he not still bid his audience "charge their glasses," and now and then fill up "Bumpers, gentlemen, bumpers?" Oftentimes, indeed, the "bumper toast" goes round very much as it used to go round a century ago. But those who advocate the shortening of speeches, and a reduction in their number, may care to be reminded that certainly there are nowadays fewer toasts proposed—and toasts are the provocatives of speeches—than was once the case. Records

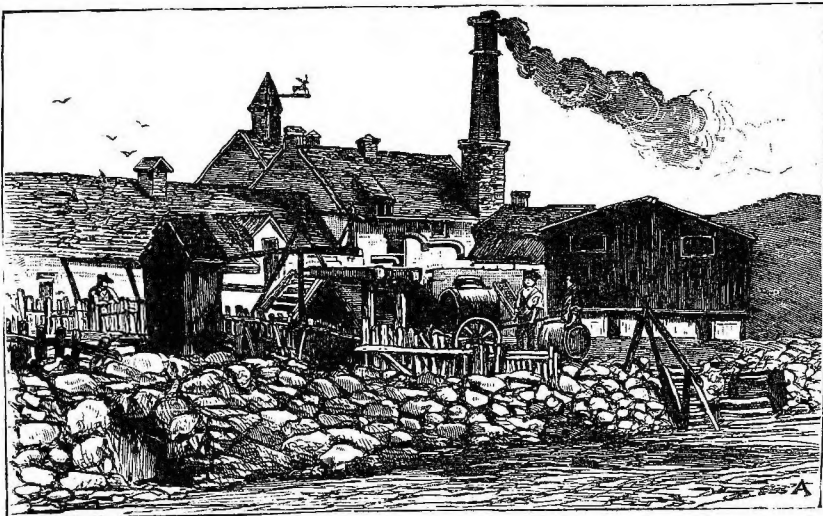
have survived of a political dinner given in the last century by fifty members of the Strabane Patriot Club to celebrate the birthday of the Duke of Cumberland. No less than twenty-five toasts are enumerated, with an indefinite "&c., &c." After the royal and loyal toasts political references are freely indulged in. The healths of the Marquis of Hartington, the Lord Lieutenant, of the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, of the Earl of Kildare coupled with the name of Liberty, of the Patriot Club of Tyrone, are proposed in turn, and then toasts are drunk to "The Immortal Memory of the Glorious King William," and to "The Ever-Memorable Battle of Culloden." Then follows a choice collection of sentiments. Here are a few specimens: "Right to those who suffer wrong, and to every knave a halter," "May the misrepresenter be truly represented," "May all corrupt Ministers be speedily banished from the presence of His Majesty," "Amendment and repentance to those who make themselves tools to avarice or ambition," "May the people ever distinguish between the ambitious views of a Minister and the true interest of the Crown," &c., &c. Presumably these sentiments were proposed with "charged glasses," and—for those were not "heel-tap" times—bumpers were drained by the more enthusiastic of the convivialists.

Or, to take a later instance. In the complete editions of the Waverley Novels there is contained among much other introductory and annotatory matter an account of the proceedings at the Theatrical Fund Dinner, celebrated in Edinburgh in the year 1827. The occasion is so far memorable that it elicited from Sir Walter Scott, who was present, a public confession that he was in truth "The Great Unknown,"—the author of the Scottish novels. But the dinner

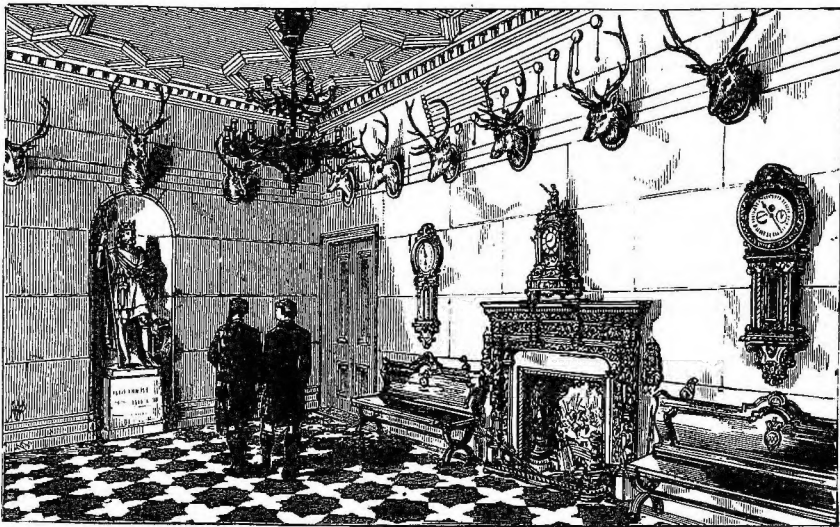


THE PRINCE CONSORT'S ROOM

THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL



THE LOCHNAGHAR DISTILLERY



THE HALL OF THE CASTLE

is here referred to because of its speeches, toasts, and sentiments—and the number of its bumpers. It may fairly be viewed as a sample of the public banquets of fifty years since.

"The cloth being removed," as the reporter says, and "Non Nobis" having been sung, "the following toasts were given by the chairman of the evening, Sir Walter Scott": (1) "The King," with all the honours; (2) "The Duke of Clarence and the Royal Family;" (3) "The Memory of His Royal Highness the Duke of York," drunk in solemn silence.

The Chairman then requesting that gentlemen would "fill a bumper as full as it would hold," proposed (4) "The Theatrical Fund," with three times three. Mr. Mackay, the actor, returned thanks, and proposed (5) "The Patrons of the Theatrical Fund." Lord Meadowbank returned thanks, and proposed (6) "The Health of Sir Walter Scott, the Great Unknown, the Minstrel of our Native Land," &c. Sir Walter returned thanks, and proposed (7) "Mr. Mackay," the representative of Bailie Nicol Jarvie. Mr. Mackay proposed (8) "The Lord Provost and the City of Edinburgh." Sir Walter apologised for the absence of the Lord Provost, who had gone to London on public business. Song: "Within a mile of Edinbro' town." Sir Walter gave (9) "The Duke of Wellington and the Army." Glee: "How merrily we live." Sir Walter gave: (10) "Lord Melville and the Navy." Mr. Patrick Robertson gave (11) "Mrs. Henry Siddons, and Success to the Theatre Royal of Edinburgh." Mr. Murray returned thanks for the honour that had been paid to his sister. Sir Walter proposed (12) "The Health of Mr. Murray," the manager of the Theatre Royal. Mr. Murray returned thanks. Sir Walter gave (13) "The Health of the

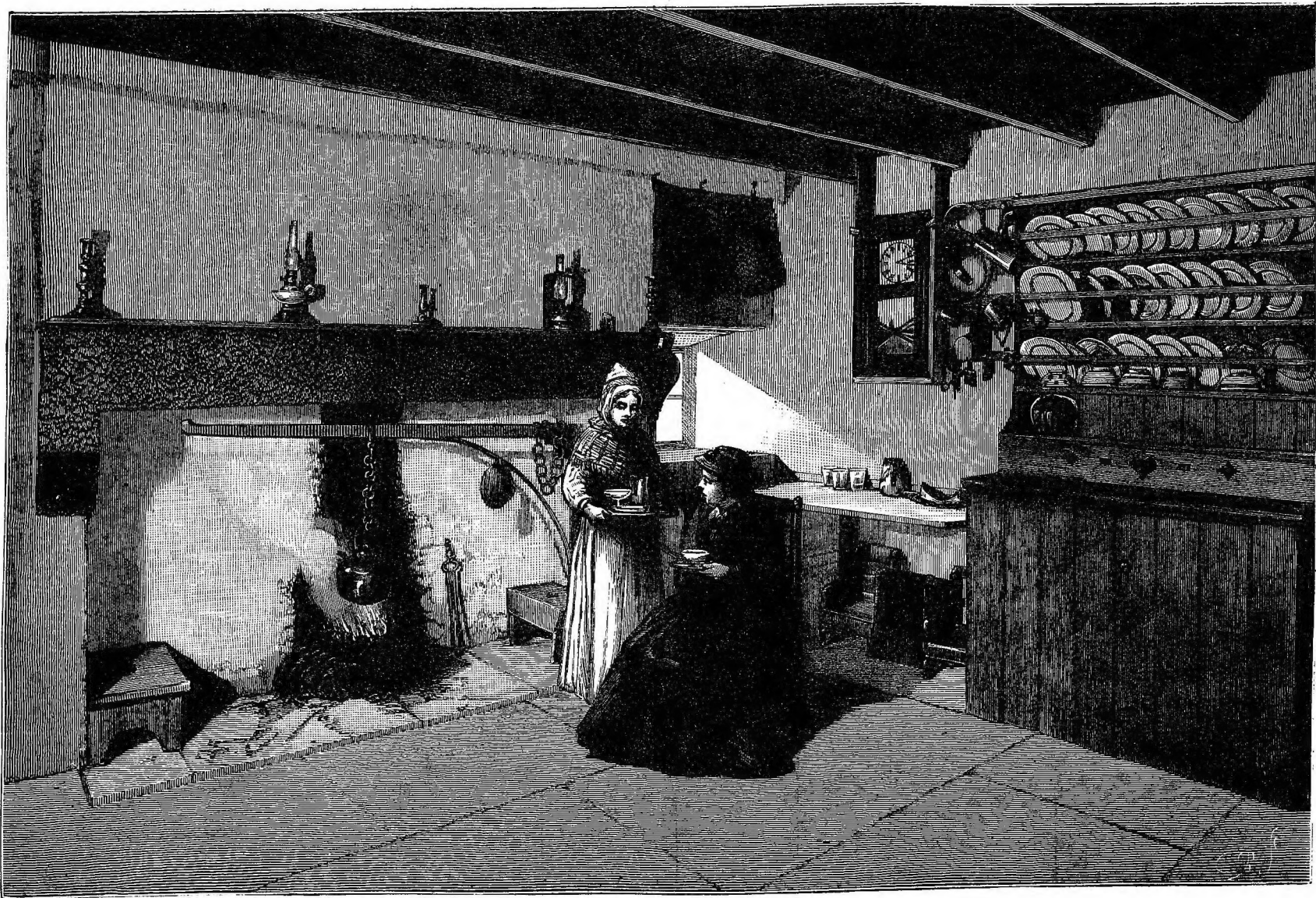
Stewards." Mr. Vandenhoff, the tragedian, returned thanks. Mr. J. Cay gave (14) "Professor Wilson and the University of Edinburgh." Lord Meadowbank gave (15) "The Earl of Fife." The Earl of Fife returned thanks, and gave (16) "The Health of the Theatrical Company of Edinburgh." Mr. Jones, comedian, returned thanks, and proposed (17) "Health and Prosperity to the Edinburgh Professional Society of Musicians." Mr. Patrick Robertson proposed (18) "The Health of Mr. Jeffrey," whose absence was owing to indisposition. Mr. J. Maconochie gave (19) "The Health of Mrs. Siddons, senior, the most distinguished ornament of the stage." Mr. Dundas gave (20) "The Memory of Home, the Author of 'Douglas.'" Mr. Mackay thereupon entertained the company with a pathetic song. Sir Walter now gave (21) "Scotland, the Land o' Cakes." "He would give," says the report, "every river, every loch, every hill, from Tweed to John o' Groat's House—every lass in her cottage and countess in her castle, and may her sons stand by her as their fathers did before them; and he who would not drink a bumper to this toast may he never drink whisky more!" Sir Walter then gave (22) "Lord Meadowbank," who returned thanks. Mr. H. G. Bell proposed (23) "The Health of James Sheridan Knowles." Sir Walter, craving "a bumper all over," proposed (24) "The Memory of William Shakespeare." Glee, "Lightly tread, 'tis hallowed ground." Sir Walter proposed (25) "The Health of Joanna Baillie." Mr. Thorne, called on for a song, sung "The Anchor's Weighed." Mr. Menzies proposed (26) "The Health of Mr. Terry," the actor. Sir Walter proposed (27) "Mr. Baron Clerk and the Court of Exchequer." Mr. Baron Clerk returned thanks. Sir Walter proposed (28) "The Memory of Allan

Ramsay." Mr. Murray sang "'Twas Merry in the Hall." Mr. Jones proposed (29) "The Patronesses of the Theatre—the Ladies of the City of Edinburgh." Mr. Patrick Robertson proposed (30) "Better Accommodation to the Old Company in the Next Theatre." Sir Walter proposed (31) "The Health of Henry Mackenzie."

Sir Walter then with apologies, pleading his age and infirmities, left the chair amidst "long, loud, and rapturous cheering." But the business or the pleasure of the evening was not yet over. By common acclamation Mr. Patrick Robertson was called to the chair. He proposed anew (32) "The Health of Sir Walter Scott." Even this did not suffice. But the reporter now lost count of the incidents of the night. He was perhaps no longer capable of reporting. He says vaguely "several other toasts were given," and then Mr. Robertson retired. Still the end was not yet. "A few choice spirits," we are told, rallied round Captain Broadhead of the 7th Hussars, who was called to the chair, and the festivities were prolonged until the "small hours." Without doubt toasts were proposed to the last. How many in all? Who shall say?

It is satisfactory to read that the dinner was "very handsome, though slowly served in, and the wines good." All the same bad headaches must have abounded on the morrow. Did every guest drink every toast? It would have been churlish to refuse. Did every toast involve a bumper? How many bumpers were contained in a bottle? And how many bottles did each reveller consume? These are the arithmetical inquiries which occur to us as over an interval of half-a-century we coolly contemplate that famous carousal of the past.

D. C.



A HIGHLAND KITCHEN
"A picturesque interior of one of the cottages on the Balmoral Estate."
THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL



THE *Nineteenth Century* is so very good this month that it is hard to say which papers please us most. "Superstition in Arcady" is a delightful peep into the inner life of the East Anglian rustic, his old-world beliefs in ghosts and charms, in "wise women" and "cunning men," his humour, common sense, and strong capacity for religious emotion.—Mr. John Morley writes of the "Irish Revolution and English Liberals" with sympathetic insight, yet somewhat in the manner of a man who feels that he is standing on so steep a slope that he can only see his way to the next step; and Lord Ebrington contributes some serviceable statistics of the work of "The Irish Land Commissioners." Lord Ebrington holds that the letting value of land in Ireland has fallen off so much in the last twenty years—partly through faulty cultivation—that on this account alone some reduction of rents was really needed; yet strangely enough he seems to see no difference between reductions made in England by the free act of the landowner, desirous of securing a good tenant, and reductions enforced by Act of Parliament.—"Modern Miracles," by R. F. Clarke, S.J., winds up a subtle argument for the genuineness of the wondrous cures wrought at Lourdes and elsewhere by advising the sceptic to go and see for himself. Should he do so in the spirit of a simple seeker after truth, he will go away exclaiming with the Queen of Sheba, "I saw with my own eyes, and found that the half had not been told me."—Mr. Shaw-Lefevre contributes a highly interesting and elaborate paper on "Public Works in London," notably the new Government Offices in Whitehall, the projected improvements at Hyde Park Corner, and the contemplated restoration of "the inner wall" of the Tower; and Mr. Dicey, writing, we presume, before Lord Dufferin's mission had been announced, suggests that if we are not to annex the land of the Khedive, which still appears to him the best solution of the difficulty, our next best course would be to send out Mr. Goschen as Special Envoy with full power.—Sir F. Roberts's authoritative article on "The Present State of the Army," Mrs. Harkness's "Railway Labour," and Mr. Matthew Arnold's welcome reprint of his "Liverpool Address" upon lucidity are other first-class papers, of which we can only give the titles.

The *Fortnightly*, under its new management, runs a good second to the *Nineteenth Century*. "The State of the Opposition"—though its anonymous authors have been somewhat snubbed by the accredited organs of the party—expresses, we fancy, a very real amount of latent discontent with the "dual leadership," and the want of life and energy in Conservative organisations throughout the country. These organisations cannot profit so long as they are mere gatherings of supernumeraries, called together from time to time to applaud some party "star."—Mr. Healy's "Irish Parliamentary Party" has at least the merit of plain speaking. Peace with Ireland may be procured, he tells us, at a price, and that price is Home Rule. It is useless for us to expect that Irish Members will make themselves pleasant; they will never get what they want from either side of the House of Commons if they do.—Of two writers upon Egypt, Sir Samuel Baker, who would have us reconstruct the government of the country after the Indian pattern, will carry probably with most readers the greater weight.—A good word *en passant* for that best-abused of men, the ex-Khedive, comes gracefully from one of his old servants. The ruler was not wholly without merits who changed the Egypt of 1864 into the Egypt of 1878.—India again is the pattern which Sir B. Frere's "Future of Zululand" would have us keep in view in dealing with South Africa. The advance of the white race and the subjection of the native will go on with or without the consent of the British Government, nor will our political withdrawal lessen our moral responsibilities. Sir Bartle Frere would recommend the appointment of "political officials" after the Indian model beyond our boundary. Annexation would not be stopped, but it would be regulated, and colonial and native rights be equally safeguarded. Nothing can be worse for the colonists and for ourselves than the mistrust engendered by repeated reversals of a previous policy. "The French Republic and M. Gambetta" points to the near approach of another attempt to establish a strong Cabinet on the basis of a compact Parliamentary majority. France is tired, so M. Gambetta thinks, of Ministries which only register the decrees of an unruly Chamber, and wants a nearer approach to a responsible Government. But for this the introduction of the *scrutin de liste* is an indispensable preliminary.—A memoir by Professor Mozley of the late "Professor Balfour" and a study by Lord Carnarvon of that too perfect hero, "Lucius Carey, Lord Falkland," are other highly readable papers.

The *Contemporary* for November is a little heavy. Mr. A. L. Walker's interesting details ("An Alsatian Manchester") of the working of the Société Industrielle at Mulhouse, with its *cités ouvrières*, its clubs and museums, its *salles d'asile*, its primary and secondary schools, its savings banks and its *caisses de retraite*, leave on the whole a less favourable impression than the writer probably intended. After all, the great advantage Mulhouse offers to the workman seems to be the opportunity of becoming a house-owner on easy terms. In matters of food and wages the English factory-hand has no cause to envy the Alsatian.—Mr. Jules Simon's "Public Education in France" ably combats the present tendency to secularise instruction at all hazards, as though in order to prove oneself a Liberal it were necessary to be anti-Clerical or even anti-Catholic. Schools from which all religion is excluded will never, M. Simon thinks, succeed in a country where thirty millions of the population are nominally Catholics, and three-fourths of these thirty (M. Simon, of course, includes the women) Catholics in more than name. Laws like these, he more than hints, are passed in deference to an active minority, "in the hope, nay the certainty, that they will not be obeyed."—Mr. Gundry's "French in Tongking" is an able *résumé* of the doings of the French in Cochinchina, more especially since it has been ascertained that the Red River is a commercial highway into the heart of Yunnan. But the annexation of Annam, if carried out, can scarcely fail to bring them into collision with the Chinese, whose suzerain rights over that country date back for many centuries.—Canon Farrar contributes a paper on "Dean Stanley as a Preacher," of deeper interest than mere criticism. The Dean threw his whole heart into his sermons, and suffered much in the last few years from a despondent feeling—greatly aggravated by party attacks—that the world had ceased to listen to him. And, in fact, his last week-day sermons on the "Beatitudes" were delivered to very scanty audiences, though when published after his death in pamphlet form they sold by hundreds of thousands.

In the *North American*—almost wholly devoted this month to questions of Social Science—we must be content to notice an exhaustive article by Mr. Steele Mackaye on "The Safety of Theatres" from fire. The introduction of some kind of turning seat by which, in the event of a rush for the doors, all the seats in the auditorium might be automatically converted into a series of aisles, is perhaps the most novel suggestion, though Mr. Mackaye does not say how this is to be effected. No chemical composition, he assures us, has yet been discovered to make scenery fire-proof which will not also ruin it in a few days as scenery.

Equal alike in quantity and quality of literary matter to the foremost among its costlier rivals, *Longman's Sixpenny Magazine* is a wonder even in these days of enterprising publishers. Mr. J. Payn contributes the chief serial; Mr. Howells a delightful paper upon

"Lexington," the scene, as all Americans and some Englishmen are aware, of the first encounter between the "Red-coats" and the "Continentalists;" and Professor Tyndall a learned article—a little, perhaps, *caviare* to the unsentimental—on "Atoms, Molecules, and Ether Waves." Of all, however, the most delightful is Professor Owen's "Our Origin as a Species"—a stinging rebuke to those who, in their eagerness to anticipate the "hoped-for proofs of our descent, or rather ascent, from the ape," dwell rapturously on "the low foreheads with high bosses" and "the big canine teeth" of the skulls of the cave-men. The Professor, who has examined more of these skulls than most men, has found no traces of canine teeth, and of low foreheads with high bosses neither more nor less than in existing races of mankind. The highest ape and the lowest man are still distinguished from one another as creatures of two separate orders.

The *Cornhill*, too, as always, is most readable, though perhaps only the memoir of Miss Edgeworth, with its well-told narrative of her visits to France and of the solitary love affair, which, for minds less well regulated than her suitor's and her own, might easily have become a tragedy, is in the *Cornhill's* best style. "A Corner of Devon" should interest West-country readers with its explanations of the Devonshire names of towns and rivers; and "The Menacing Comet" goes some way to relieve our fears of sudden destruction when the time arrives—probably before many months are past—for the "Comet of 1843" to be absorbed for ever in the sun. The serials, too, are decidedly attractive, though "Damocles" is becoming to our taste a little lackadaisical; and there is a very slight, but very charming, sketch of an old house in the country, "Back from the Road," by J. E. Pantton.

In *Temple Bar* the memoir of Helena Modjeska tells very prettily how the heroine learned to speak and to act in English at San Francisco, winning at once the hearts of the Californian audience, although so utterly unknown at her first appearance that she had the utmost difficulty in persuading managers to give her a trial, even for a night. "The Last of the Georges" is an interesting account, based chiefly on Oscar Meding's reminiscences, of the late King of Hanover; and "A Love Tragedy," a somewhat melodramatic, but powerfully conceived tale, by that Royal authoress the Queen of Roumania.

To *Harper* Mr. Pyle contributes an opportune paper on the "Early Quakers in England and Pennsylvania," with a *fac-simile* of the original deed conveying New Castle to William Penn. "Southern California—II," and "The Land of the Doones" supply subjects for some pretty illustrations of the New World and the Old; and there is an outrageously fantastic, but not unamusing, story of a mechanical horse, "How Aluminium won the Grand Prix."

In the *Argosy*, beside the principal serial, some half-a-dozen readable short tales are pleasantly varied by a fair account of "The Latest Wonder of Antwerp," the Musée Plantin.

From a very good and varied number of *Blackwood* we must be content to notice a pleasant description—"Notes from the Dutch Seaside"—of Scheveningen, and the picturesque sketch in "Jewish Tales and Jewish Reform" of the "Wonder Rabbi" of Sadagora.

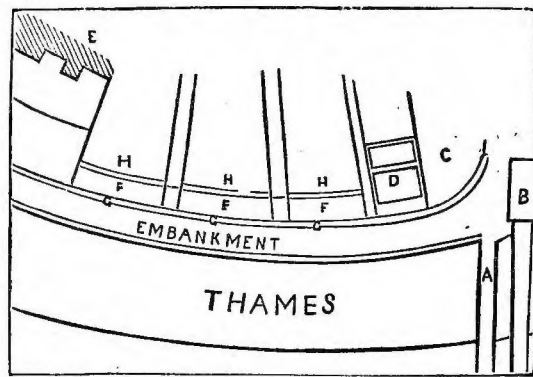
—In the *Gentleman's*, next to Mr. Hawthorne's novel, is nothing more readable—and we might add more romance-like—than the speculations in "Science Notes" on what will happen when the comet lately in such close proximity to the sun is at last absorbed in that mighty furnace. Shall we witness, the writer suggests, a return to the days when Greenland was so named by reason of its verdure, and Iceland boasted its rich cornfields?—In *Macmillan* Mrs. Oliphant begins a new serial, "The Wizard's Son," and Mr. Grant Allen discourses learnedly on "The Pedigree of Wheat," a kind of lily, so we gather, when it first appeared among the list of plants. —The *Army and Navy* has a good paper on "The Spithead Defences," and another of Colonel C. B. Malletson's ever-welcome "Decisive Battles of India."

In *Scribner* we note a charmingly-illustrated paper upon Venice, the letterpress by Mr. Henry James; an excellent description by Lucy A. Mitchell of "The Sculpture of the Great Pergamon Altar," and a critique of Victor Hugo by Alphonse Daudet.—In *Tinsley*, the conclusion of "Talbot's Folly," a promising novel by, we think, a new writer; in *Belgravia*, besides its serials, a pleasant ramble through Nidderdale; in *The Squire* a readable short paper upon Sheppey, "a despised island;" in *Household Words* a host of family recipes and romantic short tales; and in *Good Words* some interesting "Rambles with the Romany," and a pretty account of a "Quaint Old Town in the Tyrol."

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT

"You have always advocated," says Mr. H. W. Brewer, who sends us the annexed plan, "that the Thames Embankment should be preserved in as ornamental a condition as possible. But I venture to suggest that the proposal of the Corporation of London, if carried out, will (to my mind) quite ruin the picturesque effect of a large portion of this fine esplanade, *i.e.*, the part which extends from the Temple Gardens, West, to the City of London Schools, East.

"The proposal in question is to bring forward the houses erected upon this site to the line of the street, or rather footway, instead of keeping them back to the inner line of the Metropolitan Railway. The effect of this will be to make the Embankment look very narrow, and the fine view of the Temple buildings and beautiful gardens will be entirely built out, when looking from the City end or from Blackfriars Bridge, while the noble gable of the City Schools will be blocked out, when looking from Westminster. Unless the matter is brought to the notice of the Corporation in some of the papers this plan will be carried out, and the opportunity of making a really grand thing of the Embankment lost, and this after so many thousands have been expended upon it. It was proposed that the new buildings of Sion College should be erected upon this site, and a design was made for the buildings in question, but there was some legal difficulty about the matter, and now a board is set up with a notice that the land is to let. On this board is a plan of the proposed frontage.



A. is Blackfriars Bridge. | C. De Keyser's Hotel. | E. Temple Buildings.
B. Metropolitan Station. | D. The London School. | F. Underground Railway.

"From this it would appear that it is proposed to bring the fronts of the houses or buildings up to the line G, instead of keeping

back at the line H in the subjoined plan. The ground does not appear to have been sold at present, and it is not impossible that an appeal to the Corporation, upon artistic grounds, might cause the reconsideration of the present scheme. Although setting the houses back some thirty or forty feet would cause a certain pecuniary loss, yet I believe that the City authorities would be willing to make the sacrifice if they could be convinced of its extreme advisability. If, however, the question is not taken up at once it will be too late, and the opportunity of reserving this fine open space, with its remarkably picturesque outlook, will be for ever lost."



"TASSO" (Blackwood), for most of us, is much more of a mere name than Dante. Leonora, too, real flesh-and-blood princess though she was, is somehow a far less substantial personage than the more doubtful Laura or Beatrice. The reason is that "Jerusalem Delivered" is not only less read, but less talked about, than the "Divina Commedia." Petrarch and Dante, again, can hardly be passed over by any one who follows the bare outlines of mediæval history. For Petrarch was the very first in whose hands Italian became a language instead of a mere dialect; Dante was a power in the great contest between Guelphs and Ghibellines. The interest in "Tasso" is more purely personal; and, therefore, though as Mr. Hasell says, a "thousand romantic associations cling round his very name," it is possible, unless one reads Goethe's drama, to slip through a quasi-cultured life without knowing much about him. Hence this volume of the "Foreign Classics for English Readers" is all the more welcome. It gives us full details of the poet's life; of his boyish poem, the "Rinaldo"; of his Laureateship at Ferrara, and his devotion (pure, if not platonic, thinks Mr. Hasell) to Leonora; of the strange state of nervous excitement which almost justified Duke Alphonso in putting him under restraint; of the way in which he risked spoiling his great poem by remodelling it so as to leave out all the compliments to the House of Este. Whether Tasso stood to Leonora in any much closer relation than Elizabeth's poets did to Gloriana has, like the question whether his madness was real or feigned, had an amount of thought bestowed on it in Italy, which to most English people is simply incomprehensible. We have accepted Tasso as one of the first of second-rate poets, to whom our own Spenser was under great and unacknowledged obligations; and hitherto, leaving Fairfax on the shelf, we have been content to read the "Jerusalem" in the "Faery Queen," and to marvel at Voltaire for preferring the Italian epic to the Iliad. Henceforth many will be led by Mr. Hasell's careful analysis to take up the original; and those who know the poems will be grateful for his chapter on the prose writings which some Italian critics prefer to the poems.

The title of Mr. Mattieu Williams's "Science in Short Chapters" (Chatto and Windus) exactly explains its subject. Clear and simple, these brief reprints from all sorts of periodicals, *The Quarterly Journal of Science*, *The Grocer*, *The Oil Trade Review*, *Knowledge*, &c.—are just what Angelina may profitably read to Edwin while he is sorting his papers, or trimming the lamps, if (like some highly domesticated Edwins) he insists on doing that ticklish bit of house-work himself. In this case "The Social Benefits of Paraffin" would have a special fitness, and might be followed by "The Colouring of Green Tea" in the case of a young couple anxious to spare their nerves. "The Origin of Soap" has a prehistoric smack about it; while "The So-called Volcanic Bombs in Ireland" leads us to suspect that nature occasionally leagues with man in the work of agitation. "Home Gardens for Smoky Towns" is full of useful suggestions. "The Philosophy of the Radiometer" shows that Mr. Williams can dive deep as well as skim the surface; and "The Oleaginous Products of Thames Mud" will be consoling to those who are compelled to use butyrene, and who yet would fain eschew the fat-nodules which are congealed from the soap-suds carried down by our London sewers.

We cannot pretend to have read through the 300 pages of Dr. Hubert Boem's "La Vaccine au Point de Vue Historique et Scientifique" (Charlery, Auguste Piette), which has been sent to us by the Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination; but we have read enough to enable us to recommend it to all who want a clear *résumé* of the case as against the Jennerians. Dr. Boem was President of last year's Cologne Congress. He is an enthusiast who thinks that vaccination is already as doomed as paganism was in the days of Herod. If the doctors fight for it, so did the heathen world for gods in whom it no longer believed. He brings forward a notable array of facts from almost every part of the world, insisting specially on the cases of disease occurring among conscripts after re-vaccination. These cannot be dismissed as hereditary, as such cases among infants so generally are. Facts, however, can always be met with counter-facts. Thus the Norwich small-pox epidemic, which some have tried to lay on vaccination, is by others attributed to dirt and bad drainage. Some of Dr. Boem's facts are old; it was in 1863 that Sir Culling Eardley died of pyæmia a fortnight after revaccination. The remarks on the physiology of the subject, and on the view taken by M. Pasteur, are full of interest.

For most of us "The History of the Catholic Archbishops of Tuam" (Dublin: Hodges and Co., publishers to the University) is begun and ended with the famous Dr. MacHale, whom *The Times* used to think it especially witty to call (in O'Connell's words) "the Lion of St. Jarlath's" or "the Lion of the Fold of Judah." This really great man, son of humble Irish peasants, fills more than a quarter of Mr. Oliver Burke's book, and his view of "godless education" may still be studied with profit by those who are really anxious that Ireland should be governed by Irish ideas. English people, who are too much given to look on the Irish as ready to jump at secular education if only they could be freed from the tyranny of their priests, should read the last half of Mr. Burke's book. Whatever may be the case with the present Archbishop M'Evelly, a strong advocate of Papal Infallibility, Dr. MacHale was no Ultramontane; yet he was firm against "the unhallowed system" in spite of the countenance given to it by Archbishop Murray. Unhappily the question is still unsettled; and Mr. Burke's book may be useful in helping us to a true estimate of Irish feeling in regard to it. The earlier part of the work is less valuable than it would have been had the author given his authorities more fully. It is, however, rich in interest for those who care to trace the ebb and flow of the Anglo-Norman power in the West. As early as the middle of the thirteenth century we find Walter de Salerno among the native names, and he is followed within some thirty years by Walter de Bermingham. Most interesting of all is the sketch of the prelates who, like O'Hely and Conry, played hide and seek with Elizabeth and James during the very dark times which preceded the plantation of Ulster. We commend the life of Dillon, Archbishop during '98, to those who wish to hear the other side in regard to that lamentable struggle.

We have before pointed out the importance of the "Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute" (Sampson Low and Co.). This thirteenth volume is specially valuable as containing Mr. R. G. Webster's thoughtful paper on "England's Colonial Granaries," a paper which may well alarm our farmers, reminding us as it does that besides the present wheat-growing countries there is India. For those who try to live by wheat the prospect will be even worse than it now is when the Indus Valley Railway is completed. Mr. Staveley Hill's speech in the discussion on Canada deserves careful

reading. Ten weeks in the country have led him to the conclusion that "this fiscal policy which is called Protection has made Canada very rich." Corn from Canada, he thinks, will soon come by the shorter route of Hudson's Straits, but he expects that, besides corn, Canada will send over cattle to be fattened here on the cheap breadstuffs which we gather from all parts of the world. This is only a sample of the way in which these "Proceedings" help in forming a right judgment by bringing together the opinions of competent men of divers views.

We are very glad that Mr. C. Fleet's "Glimpses of Our Ancestors in Sussex" (Lewes: Farncombe and Co.) has reached a second edition. Such records, not only of past times, but of a time that is passing away—more slowly in Sussex than in most other counties—are too precious to be lost in the columns of a newspaper. Had we been re-editing, we should have left out the pages about Shelley, who is one of the world's poets, though he belonged to Sussex by the accident of birth; but the chapters on the "Sussex Diarists," among them Thomas Turner of East Hothly, on "the Old Sussex Radical," and, above all, on "Social Changes in Sussex," are delightful. We wish some one in every county would do for it what Mr. Fleet has done for his.

Mr. Wilkins, of the London Missionary Society, has solved the difficult problem of describing "The Hindu Mythology, Vedic and Puranic" (Thacker and Co., London, Calcutta, and Bombay), without writing an Oriental Lempière. Steering clear of this danger, he has also avoided another to which a missionary is perhaps more exposed than an ordinary writer. He has not given us only the bad side, but, along with the childishness he has pointed out the true sublimity of many parts of the Hindu Scriptures. He quotes freely from late as well as early authorities; his illustrations (wholly unidealised) are from original sketches. He himself felt the need for such a manual at first starting; and we feel sure no one ought to go out as a missionary, nor, we will add, as a civil servant, without having mastered all that this book can teach him.

ROUND LINCOLN'S INN

AN ordeal through which all newly-appointed Queen's Counsel have to pass is that of being admitted within the Bar, a ceremony that has to be gone through in all the Courts where the judges are then sitting; and on several occasions I, sitting among the stuff gownsmen in the rear, have been witness of the scene, always a rather ludicrous one.

When they enter the Court the business of the moment is suspended, and they crowd together, waiting at the entrance of the seats they are about to be made free of, looking in their new full-bottomed wigs the most absurd imitations imaginable of portraits of our respected great-grandfathers! Then the Judge, adjusting his spectacles, takes a slip of paper in his hand, and, addressing each one in turn, reads a short sentence to the effect that Her Majesty, having been pleased to appoint Mr. — one of her Counsel learned in the law, he will now be pleased to take his seat within the Bar. Mr. — upon this enters, bows profoundly to the judge, then almost as profoundly to the brother Q.C.'s already in possession, who, all standing up, bow in return, and then, turning round to the junior Bar, their new leader bows to them with a solemnly elaborate air, as if he was then first making their acquaintance, instead of, as the fact is, having been one of their number for the whole of his previous professional life. He then subsides into his seat, the Judge invites him to "move," which he declines to do with another bow, and thereupon the same process is repeated with the next in order of seniority. From Court to Court in Lincoln's Inn they make their round, the same ceremony being gone through in each one, till at last, heartily glad to be able to return to the ordinary wig and keep the gown, which only differs from their previous one in the fact of its being made of silk with long pendant sleeves, they return to the everyday manipulation of briefs, arguments, and cases. Some such round of visits, which, however, shall be without any ceremony at all, I propose to make to the scattered Chancery Courts of Lincoln's Inn; and the occasion is an opportune one, as in a few weeks all these Courts under different roofs will no longer exist, the one common roof of the New Royal Courts of Justice covering them all.

Passing up Chancery Lane from Fleet Street, the intelligent stranger perceives on the right-hand side an archway with the inscription, "The Rolls Yard," on its sides. If he chooses to pass through this archway he finds himself in a large courtyard, in which stand the Rolls Chapel and the block of buildings where successive Masters of the Rolls, ranking next to the Lord Chancellor and Lord Chief Justice in dignity, have for many years held their Court. The following, taken from an old book published in 1672, is part of an exposition of the duties of these functionaries: "The Master of the Rolls is one of the twelve Masters in Chancery, and his title is 'Clericus parvæ Bagæ, Custus Rotulorum, et Custos Domus Conversorum,' Clerk of the Petty Bag, Guardian of the Records, and Guardian of the House of the Converted," which is so-called because Jews in ancient times, as they were any of them brought to Christianity, were bestowed in that house separately from the rest of that nation in London, and the House with its appurtenances was destined by King Edward III. to the Keeper of the Rolls and Records in Chancery, and therefore to this day it is called "The Rolls." Of the curious reversals that time brings with it not the least remarkable is this, that Sir George Jessel, the present Master of the Rolls, is not only of Jewish descent, but himself is an unconverted adherent of the Jewish faith! Under the new order of things (for the Judicature Act has wrought grievous changes in the old-established order) he will probably be the last holder of this office, and it is now some time since he left the Rolls Court and entirely devoted himself to the work of the Court of Appeal, of which for a number of years he has been the most distinguished member. The Master of the Rolls is certainly the greatest lawyer on the Bench at the present time. There is hardly a barrister in practice who could not recount the tremendous snubbings and painful "quarters of an hour" that he has had in arguing before this Judge, or, on the other hand, who does not gratefully remember the kindness and assistance rendered to him when, a newly-called junior, he nervously stumbled through his first case in "the Rolls." In this Court Mr. Justice Chitty, the whilom umpire of the University Boat Race, and one of a family renowned in law for several generations, now sits.

Advancing up Chancery Lane, and entering Lincoln's Inn by the fine old archway on the left-hand side, we come to a small collection of one-storied buildings standing in the midst of the lofty brick edifices tenanted by a swarm of barristers ever ready to descend and take part in the tourney of the Courts. This block of buildings consists of the Court of Appeal—the largest and most commodious, once the Dining Hall of Lincoln's Inn—and the Courts occupied by Vice-Chancellor Bacon, Mr. Justice Fry, and, until lately, Vice-Chancellor Hall, who has now resigned. The remaining Chancery Court is hidden away in a most inconvenient little room under Lincoln's Inn Library, and the Judge who presides there is in a rather peculiar position—no Chambers are attached to his Court, and he only hears causes transferred for hearing to him from the other Judges. In fact, he is like the last Bishop in the House of Lords, and has special work to do until another appointment is made, and he is relieved from the position of the last comer.

The Vice-Chancellors to whose rule in the Chancery Courts of First Instance we have for a number of years become accustomed, are not a very ancient race. In the good old days of Lord Eldon, when no one ever thought of expedition in connection with a Chancery suit, the Chancellor himself heard causes, adjourned them, and some time or other gave judgment, without the assistance of any

deputies at all. But at last this state of things became too grievous to be borne any longer. In 1813 an Act was passed "to facilitate the administration of justice;" and Sir Thomas Plumer took his seat on the Bench as the first Vice-Chancellor of England. In 1841 two additional Equity Judges were appointed, and now, since the passing of the Judicature Act, which old lawyers sometimes complain of as having produced a perfect *bouleversement* of ancient precedent and decent order, all new Judges on the Chancery side are simply Justices (in the Court of Appeal Lord Justices) of the Supreme Court, and must occasionally share the work of going circuit with their brethren of the Common Law Division. Sir James Bacon, the oldest Judge on the Bench, is the last surviving Vice-Chancellor, just as Baron Huddleston is the last of the Barons of the Exchequer. The "middle wall of partition" between Law and Equity is now supposed to be broken down and done away with; this is ingeniously exemplified and enforced by the frequent practice of making Chancery Judges sit in Common Law Courts, and Common Law Judges visit Chancery Courts, with an experience of novelty that must be eminently refreshing to the Judges themselves, though possibly not quite so satisfactory to the clients whose cases are adjudicated on.

It must often be difficult for a stranger entering one of the Courts in Lincoln's Inn to understand what is going on, and a reference to the Notice Paper on the wall will assuredly not assist him, for a list of "short causes," "further considerations," "petitions," "demurrers," "adjourned summonses," will hardly have any meaning for him at all. The fact is that a Chancery action is in most cases very different from a Common Law one, where, when judgment is pronounced, the matter is usually at an end. But in an action for the administration of the estate of a deceased person, or of a partnership estate, or in the winding-up of a company, the judgment is really only the commencement of the affair, and frequently is only a formal matter, the real fighting coming on some time afterwards. After the decree for administration, for instance, accounts of the estate have to be taken before the Chief Clerk, and at last a certificate is given by him stating what the estate consists of, who the parties interested in it are, and so on. After this comes the "further consideration" already mentioned, when the legal questions and the claims of the contending parties are discussed and decided on. In the course of these actions there are also matters constantly arising that require the Judge's sanction and direction, matters by the way—interlocutory, as they are called. Hence "motion day" every week is an occasion on which a vast amount of business is got through. This day is a different one in the different Courts, and junior barristers are thus enabled to appear in all in turn if they have work there. All sorts of things are dealt with by "motion;" if a man is infringing my patent, or building a wall that will darken my windows, or pouring refuse into my stream, or selling up my property under a Bill of Sale, or injuring me in a great many other ways, I can by motion obtain an interim order from the Judge, *before* the trial of the action, restraining the defendant from continuing the acts complained of, the usual condition being that I make myself liable for any damage which may result to him from this discontinuance in case my charge turns out in the end to be unfounded. Then applications can be made by motion to commit to prison persons guilty of contempt in not obeying the order of the Court, for the appointment of receivers or managers of estates in course of realisation—and so on. The practice on "motion day" is for the Judge to address the Senior Q.C., "Mr. —, do you move?" From the heap of briefs before him this gentleman proceeds to take two of the opposed ones, and then, however many more he may have, he must sit down, and the Judge addresses the same question to the next in order of seniority; and so, first the Q.C.'s, and then the Junior Bar in the rear, take their turn until the round is completed, to be again commenced as before. "Petitions" are generally for such matters as the winding-up of companies, the investment or payment out of funds in Court, or the appointment of trustees. "Adjourned summonses" are summonses which have been taken out in Chambers, and adjourned by the Judge for fuller argument in Court. And a "demurrer" is where one of the parties contends that the other party, on his own showing, on the pleadings he has himself put in, even before any evidence is given, neither in Law or Equity "has a leg to stand on." Far more cases with witnesses are now taken in the Chancery Courts than there used to be, and for dreary dullness and inordinate length commend me to a disputed right of way or water, trade mark, or patent case, such as almost any day may be heard in one or other of the Courts at Lincoln's Inn!

J. B.



MISCELLANEOUS.—It is a pity that "Fiore" could not find less feeble words to wed to his pretty music than "Onwards Flows the Deep Blue Sea;" there is something ludicrous in the words "I were hard to think that gentle Sea, Went arm in arm with Death" (W. H. Ross).—"Far, Yet Near," is a song of a sentimental, depressing type which does not add much to the reputation of Maud Rodney, who wrote the words, nor to Emile Jacques, who composed the music (Messrs. Reid Brothers).—The picture of romping kittens is irresistibly comic on the frontispiece by Stannard and Son of "A Scramble," the music of which, by Archie Keen, is as full of fun and frolic as could be expected; it is one of the amusing novelties of the season (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—"The Granny Polka" has for a frontispiece the portrait of so very ugly a little girl that we hardly expected to find such pretty music beneath it by W. E. Helbin, who has also composed a tuneful and easy march for the pianoforte entitled "Youth" (Messrs. Everard and Co.).—"Poppies in the Corn" is the name (so suggestive of sunshine) of a very danceable and tuneful set of waltzes by Edward A. Sutton (Messrs. Conrad Herzog and Co.).—Twelve songs from "The Months: a Pageant," is the collective title of a series of poems, by Christina Rossetti, set to music by C. A. Ranken. We cannot say much in favour of these compositions which, however, reflect more credit on the poetess than the composer (Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.).—Replete with devotional feeling is "Where is the Place of Thy Rest?" by J. P. Knight (Messrs. Morley and Co.).—Canon Kingsley's pathetic poem, "Three Fishers Went Sailing," has been so charmingly set to music by Hullah, that we took up a setting by W. F. O. Lancelotti with doubt, but found it excellent (John Guest).—A pretty present for two soprano singers is "Songs of the Bells," twelve two-part songs for trebles, by Franz Abt, collected together in a neat little volume, with an excellent portrait of the composer, whose death left a void in the ranks of tuneful ballad writers which will not soon be filled up. The whole dozen are very charming—some are grave, others gay; they will be found particularly useful in the schoolroom, and always welcome in the drawing-room (Messrs. Patey and Willis).—Well worthy of their title are "Out of Town," a set of humorous part-songs for mixed voices, by Walter Maynard, who has done most wisely in stating that "the right of performance is not reserved." No. 1, "A Glimpse of the Pastoral," expresses pity for all who are compelled to stay in town during summer-time; Nos. 2 and 3 are adapted to melodies from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," the one called by the same title; the other, "The Charms of Rural Life," to the sprightly air known as "The Clown's Dance." No. 4 will cause

plenty of laughter and fun, "Beware of the Bull" is its title; both words and music are well suited for a Christmas festive gathering. There is a mock gravity about No. 5, "In the Woods," which will also provoke mirth, if not quite so boisterous as its predecessor. No. 6, "On the Water." No. 7, "The Picnic," in which a very good effect is introduced by the male voices imitating the buzzing of a wasp; and No. 8, "Good-Bye," are equally funny in their way; we can most cordially recommend this amusing volume to our readers for Christmastide (Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.).—"Only a Song," a ballad, words by "Brunella," music by Isabelle de Lara, is a fairly good love ditty of a very sentimental type.—Of the comic school, is "Once Upon a Time," written and composed by Messrs. Charles Bradberry and George Fox, both of whom have done better than with this ballad (Messrs. Duff and Stewart).—"Wherefore, Sweet Maiden" words by Henry J. Moxon, music by F. Julian Croger, is wanting in originality, but will find favour with some tenors as an easy medium for expressing their affections (Messrs. Morley and Co.).—As being the last words written by Longfellow, "The Bells of San Blas," will be valued by his numerous admirers. F. Foot has set them to music in the desirable form of a quartet for equal voices with taste and sentiment (Oliver Ditson, Boston, U.S.).—"The Kingston Gavotte," by F. Higham, has nothing special in it, whereby to distinguish it from a host of similar compositions (Messrs. Augener and Co.).

SUBURBAN LITERARY INSTITUTES

THE lengthening evenings of autumn, so soon to be succeeded by the longer winter nights, means ostracism to most families resident in suburbs which are distant several miles from our great towns,—ostracism from lectures, concerts, pianoforte recitals, and other forms of intellectual relaxation. To the youth of both sexes of these families, at whatever season, it means a deprivation, an absence of facilities, for continuing secondary education at the only period of their lives when they are likely to have both leisure and inclination for study. The suburbs of Birmingham are unique in their possession of the facilities; this town being encircled with Literary Institutes which are very unlike the Mechanics' Institutes of old.

The Institutes in active operation there are named after the localities, and are situated at Perry Barr, north of Birmingham, Harborne (west), Sutton Coldfield (east), Acoc's Green (south-east), Balsall Heath (south), King's Heath and Moseley (south-west); all of these suburbs lie within five or six miles of the borough of Birmingham, and their average populations are from three to seven thousand inhabitants.

The programme of each Institute just published is divided into two parts, separate and distinct, one part, called the "General Department," consists of lectures, concerts, dramatic and pianoforte recitals, with a conversazione at Christmas, and the use of a news-room all the year round, for which annual tickets of membership are issued on terms as follows: for the head of a family, 21s.; other members of the same household, 10s. 6d. each, entitling the holders to the privilege of attending twenty lectures, concerts, &c., and the conversazione.

The conversazione is, perhaps, the most attractive feature in the programme of the year. It consists of a display of microscopes and scientific experiments, and is followed by an amateur dramatic performance invariably; each Institute having properly constructed stage arrangements for this form of entertainment; the evening always concludes with dancing, from 9.30 to 12.30. Very many persons take out annual tickets of membership for the sole privilege of being present on these evenings; the best families of the respective neighbourhoods making a point to be present.

The other part is called the "Industrial Department," which consists of classes for the study of languages (generally French and German), elementary and advanced drawing, painting, mathematics, book-keeping, algebra, chemistry, physiology, and choral and instrumental music. The advanced drawing and painting classes are usually morning classes for ladies. The fees of admission to these classes vary from 2s. 6d. to 5s. per term of twenty lessons; except the morning classes, which are 10s. 6d. to 21s. for the same number of lessons.

Each Institute boasts of from three to six hundred guinea or half-guinea annual subscribers to the General Department. This circumstance gives rise to a natural inquiry, What is the secret of their success? The first of these Institutes only dates back to 1874, when Mr. M. A. Bass, M.P.—now Sir Arthur Bass, Bart.—laid the foundation stone of the one at Perry Barr; and Henry Irving, Esq., the eminent tragedian, in 1878, laid the foundation stone of the one at Harborne, the largest Institute, with one exception. The largest and handsomest is a private benefaction of the late J. H. Nettlefold, Esq., erected last year at King's Heath, at a cost of about 8,000*l.*, including the land; though another is being promoted in the neighbouring township of West Bromwich, four miles distant from Birmingham, which is to cost 10,000*l.*, the funds for which are nearly raised.

The secret of success may be attributed to two happy ideas.

The promoters in the first instance were impressed with the fact that if success were attained it could only be done by uniting all the various sections of opinion in each locality. This was accomplished by determining at the first outset that each projected Institute should not be used, on any occasion or pretence, for either sectarian or political purposes; that they should be, as each is in fact, "neutral ground" for its own locality. That such ground is needed, and such meeting places would be welcomed, those who know how Birmingham has been distracted and almost given over wholly in the past to Imperial politics will readily understand. The second idea has been a resolve to give the annual programmes an all-round character, not having too many scientific lectures, nor yet overwhelmed with the purely literary element, but at all risks to keep out "Professor Dry-as-dust." A list of the names which appear in the programmes of each session would show that both as regards lecturers, reciters, and musical professors a high standard of excellence has been maintained.

It may be information to state that each Institute is governed by a Council, generally consisting of twelve members, and in addition a President, two or three Vice-Presidents, and an Hon. Secretary. Two innovations have been made (and are worth noting) that are in opposition to the generally received traditions; the first is, that during the delivery of a lecture they have no chairman dividing with the lecturer the attention of the audience. The second that there are no reserved seats on any occasion, thus placing members on an equality.

The latest phase of development to be recorded is the formation of what is known as the "Birmingham Suburban Institute Union." The officers of each Institute compose the Council of the Union, whose object is united action in any emergency, and the engagement of the most popular and eminent lecturers, scientific, literary, and musical, on behalf of the Institutes in union. By this principle of co-operation the advantages to lecturers and Institutes is mutual. The Right Hon. Earl Dunraven, K.P., the retiring President of the Union, has recently delivered the Presidential Address, to which the members of all the Institutes were invited, who number upwards of 2,500 annual subscribers. The Right Hon. Sir Stafford Northcote, M.P., has accepted the presidency for 1883.

The Midland Institute, Birmingham, of which the foundation stone was laid by the late Prince Consort in 1854, is considered the parent of all these Suburban Institutes. It is said that such a vigorous progeny is unique in the United Kingdom.

S. W. R.

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THE DIPLOMA OF HONOUR and GOLD MEDAL, South Africa, 1877
THE GRAND MEDAL OF HONOUR and DIPLOMA OF MERIT, Philadelphia, 1876.
The DIPLOMA OF HONOUR, Paris, 1874, and the HONORARY MEMBERSHIP OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF FRANCE.
THE GOLD MEDAL, Paris, 1870.
THE DIPLOMA OF EXTRAORDINARY MERIT Netherlands International Exhibition, 1869.
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THE PRIZE MEDAL, London, 1862, &c.

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Illustrated London News, Oct. 22, 1881.
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NEURALINE seldom fails to give relief. It is in demand throughout the world. As a sure specific against Nerve Pains it is deservedly celebrated, a single application (in many cases) permanently curing the sufferer. Sir James Matheson received the following letter from Mr. Edgar, of Butt Light-house, Island of Lewis, N.B.: "Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved the most successful REMEDY SHE HAD EVER APPLIED. The relief experienced was almost instantaneous."

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Prize Medals, London, Paris, and Philadelphia. Damp and Dust Proof, 18-carat cases, adjusted and compensated for all climates. Gold, £10 10s., £14 10s., and £18 10s. In Silver Cases for Ladies or Gentlemen, £5 5s., £6 6s., and £8 8s. Forwarded on receipt of remittance.—J. SEWELL, 30, Cornhill, London. Established 67, South Castle Street, Liverpool. Illus. Catalogue Free.

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BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS. THE GREAT REMEDY OR GOUT and RHEUMATISM. All Chemists at 1s. 1/2d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

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On the 11th ult., at the parish church of St. Peter's, Sheffield, by the Rev. Canon Blakeney, D.D., Vicar, EDMUND KNOWLES BINNS, F.G.S., and F.R.G.S., of Sheffield, to ADA CAROLINE, eldest daughter of the late ALEXANDER LIEBERT, of Swinton Hall, Lancashire.
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Suddenly, at his residence, 13, Bath Street, Brighton, on the 5th inst., EDWINES EDWARDS, in the seventy ninth year of his age.

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Upon Receipt of Letters or Telegram PETER ROBINSON'S EXPERIENCED DRESS MAKERS and MILLINERS TRAVEL to ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY (no matter the distance) FREE OF EXPENSE TO PURCHASERS, with Dresses, Mantles, Millinery, and a full assortment of MADE-UP ARTICLES of the best and most suitable description. Also materials by the Yard, and supplied at the same VERY REASONABLE PRICES as if Purchased at the Warehouse in "REGENT STREET."

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THAT WILL NOT SPOT WITH RAIN.
Special qualities finished by the manufacturer in this desirable manner solely to the order of PETER ROBINSON.
Good qualities from 5s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. per yard. Others, not finished by this process, from 1s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.
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THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS.—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." These famous lozenges are sold by most respectable chemists in this country at 1s. 1/2d. per box. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "slight cold," or bronchial affections, cannot try them too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious pulmonary and asthmatic affections. See that the words, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.

PARR'S LIFE PILLS Will keep people vigorous, healthy, and make them cheerful and hearty. They are unrivalled for the cure of sick headache, indigestion, loss of appetite, impurities of the blood, disorders of the stomach, liver, or general derangement of the system.
Sold by all Medicine Vendors, in boxes, 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 9d., and in Family Packets, 11s. each.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.
This pure Solution is the best remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion.

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